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Vol. XII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., OCTOBER, 1892. No. 1.

THE RISE AND FALL OF MAXIMILIAN I.

One of the most interesting events of the political history of the New World had its scene south of the swift current of the Rio Grande, in the sunny clime of Mexico. For audacity and even absurdity of kingcraft, the French intervention in Mexican affairs stands without an equal. However, occurring as it did, in the sixties, to the Southern mind it dwindles into minor importance, and, in comparison with the bloody scenes of the "late unpleasantness," when men's very souls were tried, it becomes likened to a "Garden Tragedy," or a sylvan drama.

But the wonderful rise, fall and tragic end of Maximilian I. of Mexico, and his beautiful young wife, when considered of themselves, rise to the height of dramatic and even pathetic interest.

One morning, in the latter part of the year 1861, might be seen the flags of three European nations floating over vessels in the Mexican harbor of Vera Cruz. These vessels were there with the outward purpose of collecting some claims against the Republic, just in its fourth year, but with the inward determination of uprooting the great principle of liberty deep fixed in the hearts of a few brave Mexicans—in fact, to oppose the Anglo-

Saxon by the Latin on American soil by establishing an absolute monarchy in Mexico. Monarchy across the ocean had fearfully watched the growth of Republicanism in America. The head that wore the crown lay uneasier still, when, with the advance of liberty, they saw, in the dim dawn of the future, princes topple from their thrones, empires sink to rise no more, and from chaos to rise regular and beautiful lines of self-government instead.

Recognizing a golden opportunity in the outbreak of civil war in the United States—the nation which would not countenance such procedure in times of peace—the Court of the Tuileries formed its plans; for, when the forces of right contend with each other, the evil ones make their sallies and win their battles. As a result, we see English, Spanish and French vessels riding at anchor in the harbor of Vera Cruz. The claims on the government were readily acknowledged, and the English and Spanish vessels sailed away, not favoring the French scheme.

Upon some excuse an army was introduced, and, aided by one of the great parties of Mexico, it began to make preparation for the coming of the new monarch who would be at the head of the Mexican Empire. The one finally selected to become France's vassal in America was Ferdinand Maximilian, brother to the Emperor of Austria. As the possibilities of future power brightened, enlivened by his own fertile imagination as an unlimited monarchy supported by a simple-hearted devoted people, sustained by rich cities and broad fields of surpassing fertility, abounding in all the rich luxuries, fruits and flowers born of a tropical climate—as all these possibilities loomed up before him he eagerly accepted the offer, regardless of responsibilities, and with the title Maximilian I. of Mexico he began to sport with destiny. In fact, this man was a dreamer. He was descended from Charles V. of Germany, one of the mightiest and craftiest of earth's monarchs. Maximilian was precluded from wielding an European sceptre, but in Mexico, which had raised its voice entreating him to come, he would equal in battle the deeds of his ancestor, surpass him in victories of diplo-

macy and in magnanimity. He would shower silver and blessings upon the populace from the palace windows. Clad in purple embroidered with gold and studded with diamonds, he would pass daily to the hall of judgment, first awing by his majesty, then received with shouts by an adoring people, who would press forward even to touch the hem of his garment.

The French army which was to support the new sovereign was continually opposed by the loyal Mexican subjects, who, with their President, Juarez, slowly retreated before the French veteran soldiers. At Pueblo a small band of Mexican troops repulsed a vigorous attack of the French, who were driven off and forced to retire to Orizaba. Though small in its effect, that 5th of May has ever since been cherished in the Mexican heart, celebrated to-day even as our 4th of July, for on that day Mexican patriotism shone as a beacon to all the world.

Not long after this memorable day, Pueblo was obliged to surrender to the enemy. Town after town fell to the French army until they neared the capital. Juarez, with his faithful cabinet, withdrew to the north, where he yet had his government and was recognized as the President of the Mexican Republic.

Not till May, 1864, did Maximilian and his young wife, Carlotta, arrive at Vera Cruz. On the route to the capital, Maximilian and his party were the object of many a curious glance from the dark-eyed Indian as the pageant moved onward—viewed with no blessing by the patriot, but welcomed by the Church party, who were the first movers in this great scheme. Enthusiasm was not wanting for the new sovereigns, and their entry into the City of Mexico was an ovation.

Chapultepec, chosen as the royal palace, was adorned by nature in the richest profusion. "From a tangle of shrubbery and climbing masses of roses can be seen below the extensive landscape, and from the terrace incomparable views of volcanoes." Such was the palace. "The young empress, animated and brilliant, was the center of her court. Fêtes, receptions, dinners, dances, every form of gay life, ruled the home at Chapultepec."

Marshal Bazaine was in command of the army, and it was his intent to drill a native army to support the government when the French should retire, which would be but a few years. Maximilian styled his government after the model of the Middle Ages—an absolute monarchy—and pictured the blessings he was conferring upon humanity, lazily feasting his eye upon the imposing scenery surrounding his magnificent place of abode, while the kingdom was left to his ministers, and his army to Bazaine.

But this was not to be always. The civil war in the United States was ended,

“When the war-drum throbbed no longer,
And the battle flags were furled.”

The Government at Washington, so long engaged in a mortal strife, again peered forth to find how the rest of the world stood. At once the foreign usurper in possession of fair Mexico, and the band of patriots crowded in a corner, gained its attention.

As historians of the North tell us, the fate of the Empire of Maximilian had been hanging tremulously upon the fate of the Southern Confederacy. But that seems inconsistent; for why should the descendants of patriots of Valley Forge, and the followers of Scott at Monterey, brook the usurpation of an American nation by a foreign monarchy, more than the followers of Grant? However that be, when the war-clouds vanished and the sun of righteousness again occupied its proper place in the political sky, the French scheme wilted. As the odor which hovers over the jasmine banishes distasteful odors, so the sweet incense of American liberty arose to banish forever the rule of monarchy from Mexico, and has continued to exert that gentle but persistent influence, until to-day, from Greenland's icy mountains to the bleak plains of Patagonia, no crowned head disfigures the view.

Maximilian now awoke from his dreams, when the French army, bidden by the United States, began to withdraw. Before, it had been a romance. A French emperor paid the debts; a

French army, full-fledged, protected them. Now it was no longer the case. Napoleon cowered under a just wrath, and called back his army. Entreaties of the emperor and empress were of no avail, and Maximilian took up his pen to abdicate—to sign away his hopes and ambitions. The brilliant empress stayed his hand, and herself set out for France to demand the fulfilment of royal promises. Almost unattended, she arrived at Paris. Obtaining an interview with Emperor Napoleon, eloquently she set forth her rights and demands. When no impression was made, violent words, reproaches, were used, and in wrath she left the Saint Cloud for the Vatican, where she likewise availed nothing. From that time she became mad. Poor Carlotta! a martyr to ambition.

Through a telegram Maximilian learned that the empress was mad. He made preparation to depart, slowly making his way to the seaport. At Orizaba the emperor spent a week. There he was received with joy by the inhabitants. His personal magnetism was great, and many men of note were attracted to him. It was hard to renounce the crown of his visions. Fidelity to church urged him to remain. A small force of about 8,000 men were yet subject to his control. He decided not to give up the cause once undertaken.

The French army withdrew from Mexican soil in February, 1867, and Maximilian began the hopeless struggle of bigotry against freedom.

Juarez, in the meantime, since affairs had taken for him a favorable aspect, stirred himself and advanced upon the army of the emperor stationed at Querétaro. The rest of the story is short. The cause of Maximilian was given a lease of life by the character of his generals. Many of them were men who fought in the civil war, and were attracted by the unique situation of affairs or the character of Maximilian. He admired men of noble qualities, and could never rid himself of the idea that "a fine human form contained a noble soul." Querétaro was besieged; food was scarce; the emperor accepted the coarse provisions of his soldiers. Chance of escape was presented

often, but, from a sense of honor, he would not avail himself of it. In this adversity he won the highest admiration of his men. General Lopez treacherously admitted two battalions of the enemy, and Maximilian became a prisoner. Though many a plea was offered in his behalf, and able counsel represented his cause in the court-martial, he was condemned to death—a sentence which Juarez could not be induced to revoke. He died bravely. When being conducted to the place of execution, he said: “What a beautiful day! On such, I have wished to die.” In death he realized what he could not in life. Addressing the Mexicans assembled, he said: “May my blood be the last spilt for the welfare of your country. *Vive Independencia!*”

His life was a pathetic failure of his dream in early manhood: “I, too, poor fluttering insect of a day, have felt such pride throb in my veins, to stand thus at the height of an ascent, feeling myself the First, like the sun in the firmament.”

No idea was transplanted, no vestige remained, of this great scheme. Juarez again resumed control of Mexico. The waters, momentarily cleft asunder, closed but slightly disturbed. Mexico became as of old, in spite of foreign intervention. L.

THE SHRINE OF APOLLÓN.

Among the Greeks the belief in prophecy was very general; and here, too, freedom had her way, for anyone might be a prophet. The gods of the Greeks were no respecters of persons. The voice of the deity might be heard by anyone as well as by a priest. If the latter was more frequently in communion with the supernal powers, it was only because he dwelt near some shrine or sacred haunt which the god delighted to frequent. The signs by which, in earth or sea or sky, the deities made known their will were not of private interpretation; and so the many rather than the few heard and recognized the voices from on high.

But in the case of the oracles, the divine responses were delivered by the priests. The inquiries of those who would learn the mysteries of the future and of fate were borne to the inner place by priestly hands and submitted to the god for answer. In the rustling of the oak leaves were heard the breathings of that great immortal who was held to be first among the powers of heaven; but the noise in the oaks was unintelligible save to the sacred persons who were by holy life and residence in the groves acquainted with the meaning of the mysterious messages. Such was the method of obtaining responses at the famous shrine of the prophetic Apollo at Delphi. This oracle was the most celebrated in Greece, perhaps in the world. In the classical age the greatest intellects recognized the validity of the Delphic responses, and the weightiest affairs of state were undecided until the answer was delivered through the oracle.

The spot chosen by Apollôn for his favorite resort was a wild ravine at the foot of Mount Parnassus. The scene was grand and solitary. Only the murmur of a brook broke the oppressive silence. On either hand rose vertical walls of rock. Here in this gorge the god of light and poesy and song had slain the Python, the great dragon of darkness and barbarism. The Castalian fountain sprang from the spot, and the Muses made it their home. Here from a cleft in the rock issued that intoxicating vapor which benumbed the senses of man and brought him in communion with the deity. The tongue of the intoxicated became the oracle of the god. Around this sacred spot holy men gathered to muse and pray. Houses were built. A shrine was erected for the deity. Here arose the holy city of Delphi, whose fame as the seat of divine inspiration spread first throughout all Greece and then to the ends of the civilized world.

He who would inquire of Apollôn came bringing gifts. Something precious must be brought in recompense for prophecy. Treasures of gold and silver and sculpture and painting were cast in profusion into the divine treasury, until the shrine

became rich beyond estimate. In times of turbulence and war the eyes of the irreligious were cast longingly towards the accumulated treasures in the house of Apollôn. On his way down from Thessaly Xerxes ravaged the country. Phocis was taken, her towns were destroyed and her people driven to the hills. The cities of Plataea and Thespiæ were plundered and burned. At Delphi occurred an extraordinary episode. Apollôn by his oracle forbade the removal of the treasures of his temple. On came the victorious Persians to lay sacrilegious hands on the accumulated gifts of centuries of devotion. They began filing through one of the gorges at the foot of Parnassus, making their way towards the temple. Suddenly there were peals of thunder overhead. Great crags were loosened from their places and rolled down upon the terrified ranks of the barbarians. Spectral warriors of gigantic dimensions were seen hovering, with revengeful look, in the rear of the terror-stricken host, as it turned to fly from its profane purpose of plunder. The Persians were driven from the country, and the shrine and its precious offerings were saved.

The Delphic responses were obtained through the lips of a priestess called the Pythia. She was chosen from the women of Delphi, and was especially consecrated to her sacred office. Once every month she purified herself by fasting and ablutions. She chewed laurel leaves, bathed in and drank from the Castalian Spring. Then she went into that part of the temple where the fissure in the native rock still gave forth its vapor. She seated herself on the tripod, and was soon intoxicated with the gas. Then she would fall down in a swoon and utter wild ejaculations in her delirium, and these were caught up by the attending priests and wrought into oracular, generally ambiguous, responses to the inquiries which had been propounded. As a rule, the answers were rendered in hexameter verse, but in later times, the priests growing less careful, gave back the reply in prose.

In these conditions were laid the foundations of the priestly lore which was cultivated at Delphi. It was the business of the

college to know the actual state of affairs, not only in Greece, but, as far as practicable, in all the surrounding nations. By such information the priests could know, and did know, beforehand the kind of inquiries which would arise out of the political and social conditions of the country. They accordingly busied themselves in framing and answering supposititious questions, and in this line of work acquired not a little skill. In the ordinary affairs of politics and war they were very well prepared to give intelligent advice, or even to predict with approximate certainty the natural course of events. When, however, it came to the actual domain of prophecy, and to matters of which the priests could know no more than another, they had necessary recourse to fraud, and this they found in the construction of ambiguous responses—couplets which could be made to read both ways. Thus, Crœsus was told that if he crossed the Halys he would destroy a great kingdom. Whose kingdom? His own, or that of Cyaxares? The former, it proved; the latter, as it was hoped. Thus was the credit of Apollôn and his friends maintained against the hazard of contingency.

There were, however, those among the witty Greeks who fathomed and derided the double utterances of Delphi. The comic poets found the Apollonian ambiguity a precious morsel. They imitated the style of the confused priest and made him the butt of profane mirth. But despite the sharp darts that were thus leveled against them, the Delphic priesthood held their own for many centuries, and did not perceptibly wane in their influence over the public mind until after the establishment of the Roman Empire.

Of all the worship known to the Greeks that of Apollôn was most widespread and influential. His voice speaking through the oracle not infrequently changed the current of Hellenic history. Under the shadow of his temple the Amphyctionic Council of the Greek States, the greatest and wisest body of the nation, held its meetings, as if to gain for their deliberations the highest sanction of wisdom and religion.

As a god Phœbus Apollôn was the bringer of light. Light was the harbinger of knowledge. He became the patron of learning and art and song. "The morning of civilization arose with the resplendent sun, drawn in the car of Phœbus." Darkness shivered and died in the sweet dawn of poesy. The flash of beauty and the victory of thought began in the luminous myth of Apollôn.

"He had limbs for strength and whiteness,
Like the war-maid Amazon's,
And his eye shot forth the brightness
Of the Oriental suns;
By his mighty side and shoulders
Hung the quiver and its darts,
And the world has grown no older
Since Apollôn gave the arts."

P. A.

GENIUS UNBOUND—AN ETCHING.

Amid surrounding hills and mountains lies a quiet little lake, its waters held pent up by the massive dam, over which weeds and grass have grown till it blends harmoniously with the forest on either side. The water, clear as crystal, reflects, like a faithful mirror, the blue sky and green trees, except when the soft breezes start little ripples that chase each other like merry smiles of wanton happiness. A diamond girt about with emerald, the spirit of the lake dreams away the idle summer days, nor thinks of freedom.

Below, in the smiling valley, humanity laughs and weeps and dies—tears down the present and builds for future generations. From childhood the lake has been to them a companion and a friend.

Sometimes the wind comes, ruffling the surface, sending impatient little quivers to the heart of the waters, and with them brings a consciousness of power, latent but living—a desire to rouse, to stir, and to astonish mankind; but, as one

inspired by a mighty burst of eloquence, or touched by sad and solemn music, feeling the impulse to noble thoughts and nobler deeds stirring in every tingling nerve, is confined by the bars of time and place, so the spirit of the lake murmurs against its old taskmaster, and then sinks back to rest and dream. Sweet dreams are they, in the idle halcyon days, where there is naught but beauty. Soft breezes whispering in the tree-tops make the shadows and the sunbeams merrily play hide-and-seek over the yellow leaves of an early autumn. Maidens come from the vale below, and, beneath the pine-trees on the shore, gaze dreamily into the limpid depths, while happy pictures, soft with love, make life elysian and bar grief out.

But the spirit now is dreaming. Will it ever waken?

Winter has come, and lowering skies make dull as painted glass the water's crystal surface. The cold north wind comes rushing down from mountain-tops; then follows a calm, and the first large drops of rain start infant ripples on their errand shoreward. Now comes the storm in all its fury, borne swiftly onward by its wings of wind. The spirit is awakened and the dream is ended, but as yet the after-glamour is not cast off.

Rain and wind! Wind and rain! The water, churned with swelling fury, dashes its yellowish foam on the grass-grown dam. Waters from distant sources, maddened by the rushing flow from peak to vale, swell and rouse to terrible action. A tiny stream trickles noiselessly over the dam; a pebble is loosened, and another—now faster, till you cannot count; a stone is undermined and goes crashing after the pebbles; a yellowish stream pours over, rock after rock gives way, and the dam is demolished! Then bursts and rushes through and over, a vast volume of foaming water, hissing with pride at its power, murmuring hoarsely with joy and exultation. Intoxicated with the first taste of liberty, it sings its weird war-song as it leaps from rock to hollow, sparing none, tearing away in mad merri-ment lowly hut and haughty mansion. Behind is the waste of Death and the desolation of Despair!

ARBY.

BLACK BEAUTIES OF YURUBALAND.

There is a land where monkeys play wild in the trees, elephants herd like cattle, and men have the same freedom that Adam and his spouse enjoyed in the Garden of Eden. The organ-grinder's merry Jocko dances free of charge, and Barnum's circus parades the secluded streets every night in the week. Oranges grow at almost every corner and can hardly be sold at a penny a dozen, while cocoanut trees are used for shade and the fruit allowed to go unplucked, except when the ladies wish to prepare a very choice hair oil from its meat, or the mat-maker seeks its shell for fibre, from which is made the cocoa door-mat. Bananas can be had in plenty simply by planting, or, if the consumer is too genteel for work, he may buy them at one-twelfth of a cent a piece. Wine flows almost as free as water, since it can be tapped by sticking a hunting knife into the root of a wine-palm, or purchased in the market at three cents a gallon. Bread grows on trees, but we will not comment on this freak, as it is too much like the magic soup-stone, requiring at least a half dozen additions to render it palatable. Guinea fowls fly wild on the prairies, and the Roman's favorite culinary animal, the porcupine, finds a congenial home among the granite hills.

No native of Yuruba need starve unless he has so far succumbed to the depressing influence of the climate that he is too lazy to go forth and reap. He can hardly be condemned for his traditional inactivity, when nature has so bounteously provided him with the necessities of life. The earth brings forth at every turn of the soil, thus rendering farming a pleasant pastime, rather than an onerous task. Food can be obtained with little inconvenience. An indescribably meagre supply of clothing will suffice, and a house without floor or chimney, but having a strong grass roof, supported by mud walls, is all that is needed to protect one from the most chilling blast which blows over that land, where winter comes but

once a century. But there are other attractions besides the hordes of kingly game and the luscious fruits which ripen at all seasons of the year. There are interesting and alluring subjects that will open a new field for thought to the student of human nature.

It is but natural that a boy of fifteen, landing for the first time among a foreign people, should be most impressed with the bonny lassies. Although their dress may lack some of that completeness which he considers necessary in this country, and their well-rounded cheeks serve as very forcible reminders of the mud-cakes he used to pat in childhood, still they are intensely interesting, because *they are girls*.

The life of the African female does not practically begin until she has reached the age of two years. Previous to this time the infant is inseparable from its mother, since her back, assisted by a cloth, takes the place of both cradle and carriage. Here it goes through its first course of schooling, and learns all things that any child of the same age could be expected to know.

It naturally seeks first to become proficient in the art of eating. It is easy to learn to convey the food from the vessel to the mouth, since they use gourds for plates, and knives and forks are unknown. The diner just reaches his hand into the chop-dish, closely compresses a lump the size of his mouth, then sends it home as the college boy would a baseball. Anyone with sheet-iron digestive organs can learn to eat the native food in an hour, but the weak stomach and the tongue that tastes must wait until these little failings have been overcome. It was about six months after my arrival at Lagos before I could relish an African meal. The chop consists of meat or vegetables, palm-oil and pepper. The last ingredient is by far the most important, since it is about the only part that can be tasted. Many are the times when I have seen a happy family gathered about the board with their faces bathed in tears because of the highly flavored mess, and the muscles of their throats rigidly contracted in the effort to retain the little that had been forced down. I have often wondered why the babies

do not become disgusted and die while striving to learn life's first lesson.

The child next begins to acquire a vocabulary in order to give expression to its simple thoughts. It is not an insurmountable difficulty to learn every word in the Yuruba language, as they are few in number and almost all of the verbs are monosyllabic; but foreigners find it no easy task to make their sentences intelligible to the natives. It is a language of accents, and while the intonations of the voice come spontaneously to the Yuruban, yet they are very treacherous to a stranger. A word may have a half dozen or more different meanings, according to the accent given. I knew of one lady who ordered her servant to bring her a hoe and he brought her a husband. She had merely misaccented the word *awkaru*, that means both hoe and husband. The dialect has a soft musical sound that is especially noticeable when spoken by the women, who are usually quite animated conversationalists. They speak a full third faster than the Carolinians, singing their sentences like the Spaniards. Their tongues are employed principally in gossiping and quarreling, though I have heard them make love, as will be seen later on.

When the girls are large enough to hold a steady foot they are taught to use their heads as a truck. This is almost the only means of transportation known in equatorial Africa. Carriers are trained from childhood to carry heavy burdens, which make their necks truly powerful when the age of maturity is reached. It excites no surprise in Lagos to see a woman trudging along with a hundred-pound load on her head and a fat urchin strapped to her back. Once in an interior city I saw four men bring a full-size organ out of a house and place it on the head of a little woman weighing about ninety pounds, who walked smilingly off with her burden to the river, about five miles away. Wood and timber are carried in the same way, and the inhabitants seem to have no wish to invent a better mode of conveyance.

A certain missionary, who went imbued with the noble resolve to improve the country physically as well as spiritually, displayed his inventive genius by making a wheelbarrow, which he gave to a porter with an order to haul a lot of gravel for one of the walks. The man obeyed with alacrity, and soon passed the door with the barrow full of dirt upon his head. The poor preacher was discouraged, and never again attempted to introduce wheel vehicles among this unappreciative people. They are born under the shadow of certain influences that oppose development, and these influences must be counteracted before civilization and progress can hold supreme sway. Though laboring under such disadvantages, the women are perfectly contented; their small sphere of mental observation precluding even the possibility of a spirit of dissatisfaction being generated. They go on with their work or pleasure, allowing the morrow to care for itself, and, in this way, spare themselves the torture of anticipating good or evil.

There is a time even in the African girl's life when she throws open the wings of her soul and receives some lover in her embrace. She is recognized by many as belonging to the brute creation, and hence not possessing any of those finer traits commonly attributed to her more favored sister; but if one of unprejudiced mind makes a careful analysis of their inner natures, he will there find many crude gems, which only need the polish of a christian civilization to convert them into brilliants. But we will not attempt to paint their characters in vivid colors, for the effort would not be appreciated by a Southern reader. Though they have symmetrical forms, capricious eyes and rich musical voices, yet they can never find a place in our hearts because of the dark skin, which acts as a stage-curtain, seemingly having no purpose except to hide the beauty of the scenery from the spectator. Naaman had riches, rank and title, but they all faded into oblivion before this one truth, *he is a leper*. So beauty, grace, wealth and knowledge are all effectively concealed beneath the folds of a black skin. While it is impossible for us to give them their just dues, we are all com-

pelled to admit that they have affections, and very passionate ones, too. It may be interesting to notice some of their courting customs.

The usual procedure adopted to facilitate marriage does not allow the girl any right of opinion whatever in the selection of a mate. The courtship is often completed before either of the principal actors have even learned the meaning of childish love.

I was walking with my father one afternoon through a village near our home, when we were accosted by a woman leading a child about four years old. We exchanged the usual number of salutations with the strangers, which, in this instance, was confined to about a dozen; then the parent began to divulge a secret that was causing her much anxiety. The little girl by her side was very promising, and it was the one desire of her heart to find her a suitable husband. She had looked about among the young men of her acquaintance, but none of them were worthy. It was decided that no one but a white man could wed her daughter, and I had been selected as the only available person of that description. She went on further to state to father that he could care for my betrothed until she should be matured, then we could enter upon the pleasant scenes of married life. The plan was an intensely interesting one for me, but the better judgment of the elder man did not favor such a project; so he told the solicitous mother that the youth of the child would necessitate my waiting longer than might be agreeable; therefore he would decline her kind offer. We left them both laughing, and pursued our walk in silence, for it made me sad to think that it had been necessary to reject my first proposal.

A contract entered into by the parents of two children is seldom broken, the girl never being allowed to break the agreement made by her guardian. They seem perfectly satisfied to be mated in this way, although it is often the case that a wife looks upon her husband for the first time at the hymenial altar.

The above is not, however, an inexorable custom; for perhaps one-third of the young ladies are allowed to reach their 'teens

free from all claims. Then they have some voice in the choosing of a husband, though their wills are subservient to those of the old folks. There are very few restraints thrown about them, they being permitted to go where they please and converse with everybody. They are, up to the age of fifteen, seemingly ignorant of all modesty, whether living on the coast where clothes are fashionable, or in some forest village whose etiquette grants to the young folks the free license to use their own discretion about wearing dress.

The total absence of shoes among the fair sex allows the feet to attain their hugest dimensions, but I am glad to inform my gentle readers that there are scores of women in Yurubaland who have gone barefoot all of their lives and who could wear a number three shoe without discomfort.

Cosmetics are just as necessary to the black beauty as to the American belle, though of course there is some difference in the color of rouge employed. The dusky damsel smears a red paint over all of the exposed parts of her body, darkens her eyelids with plumbago, dresses her long curly hair with cocoanut oil and gathers it upon the crown of her head in the shape of a cone or some other fantastic design, then sallies forth to captivate the heart of some unsuspecting man. It was once my misfortune to fall into a trap of this kind.

While on my way to the swamps one day for a monkey hunt, I was halted by a noble-looking chief and his daughter. They were arrayed in holiday attire, which consisted principally of velvet and satin cloths wrapped loosely about their bodies. She had an intelligent face, that might have been called pretty if my eyes had possessed the same power as a photographer's plate. The loose folds of her dress revealed a form that a Boston society lady might well envy, and her dark-red lips, as they parted for a salutation, showed a row of pearly-white teeth that would have given the whole North Carolina Dental Association the blues.

The father acted as spokesman, informing me that the brunette before us would be glad to take me as her companion

through life. He continued his speech to some length, enumerating all of the good qualities that would be likely to attract a white man; then awaited my answer. She added a word here and there during the conversation, smiling and looking into my face with a pair of sparkling black eyes, which constrained me to acknowledge her to be the most irresistible African girl that I had ever met. I drew a deep breath, and told her that I appreciated the honor she had shown me in the offer of her hand, but thought it best to seek a companion of my own color.

A Yuruba maiden rarely wastes her attention on a single man, but aspires to obtaining a husband with at least a dozen wives; for a man's honor depends, to a great extent, on the size of his harem. There may be yet another reason why she prefers to divide her happiness. The wives support their master; so it is but natural for her to conclude that twenty can do this much easier than one. The only limit placed to the exercise of polygamy is the scarcity of women. We will not consider the immorality of the harem system. Suffice it to say, that I have never seen a *home* among the heathen inhabitants.

The true test of conjugal affection is made when the head of a house dies. Especially is this the case when the family is of royal blood. If the regal wife is a faithful one, she will follow her husband through the dark gloom of death, even to eternity. This custom can be best described by relating a tragedy that occurred at Awyau, the capital of Yuruba, about a year ago.

When it was known that the monarch was dead, a great grave was dug. A number of his wives were called from the market place and ordered to prepare for the journey into the unknown land. While yet alive, their legs were broken and they were strewn on the bottom of the trench that served as a sepulcher. Upon these the inanimate form of their master was placed; then a score or more of slaves were subjected to the same treatment as the women, except that they were scattered over the corpse to act as a shroud. For three days the grave was left a yawning abyss, while the agonies of its tortured victims rose in sorrow to the ears of an unknown god, and the awful stench

arising from the rotting bodies was wafted through the city on the morning breeze, telling to the other inmates of the harem the direful fate of those who were buried alive.

It is a well-known fact among the colonists that these *post-mortem* slaughters are fast decreasing in number, and it is expected that in a very few years they will be entirely obliterated from the customs of the country.

The Yuruba females deserve a better fate than an untimely death, or a worthless life of servitude to degrading superstitions that forbid culture; for social history teaches that they are capable of high development. They do not desire to usurp the thrones of the society ladies of our land, but merely ask for a little heaven in the dark continent where they can shine as stars.

AFRICANUS.

IS SCIENCE A NECESSITY?

After comparing the conclusions reached by modern scientists with the practical and imperative demands of society, one might reasonably ask whether science as taught to-day is a necessity or an amusement. By necessity we mean that which is a convenience and benefit to the great masses, because whatever of energy and labor is spent otherwise than in uplifting and bettering the condition of the human family is, in the main, spent in vain. In the upward march of progress, no sensible, conscientious man has the time to throw away in making costly experiments for simple amusement. The true end of all education should be to qualify men for the better and more advantageous performance of duty; hence we ask if science, which forms such an important factor in modern education, is what it claims to be, and does what it claims to do.

Every science had its origin of necessity. "The origin, the progress, the causes of failure and success, have been the same for almost every branch of human knowledge." However humiliating it may now seem, every one of our sciences, though called by grand, dignified titles, can be traced, directly or indi-

rectly, to the most humble occupations of barbarous or half-savage tribes. It was not simply a love for the good, the beautiful and the true which spurred the early philosophers to deep research and bold discoveries, because a man who had the patience and ability to make systematic researches had no desire for making researches which did not practically concern him and which did not promise to result in immediate good for himself. Hence discoveries were first made and rough theories formed by those who were compelled by circumstances to make experiments. In this way the foundation of the most glorious structures of human ingenuity and knowledge were supplied by the pressing needs of an energetic but semi-barbarous people.

Let the names of a few of our simpler sciences, which tell their own story, illustrate what has just been said. Geometry, which at present claims to be free from all sensuous impressions and treats of all its points and lines as purely imaginary, began, as its very name implies, with the measuring of a field or garden. Botany does not literally mean the science of plants, but has been derived from a word meaning to feed on grass or fodder. Not until comparatively recent years did it assume its present meaning. The real founders of Astronomy were not the poet and the philosopher, but the sailor and the farmer. The early poet may have sung of "the mazy dance of distant worlds," the philosopher may have speculated on the "heavenly harmonies," but it was to the sailor alone that the glittering guides of heaven became a question of life and death. It was he who calculated their risings and settings with accuracy and skill before he entrusted his life and goods to the raging winds and waves of the sea. The names assigned to stars and constellations plainly show that they were given by the plowers of the sea and land. The moon was called by them the measurer—the measurer of time. One group of stars was called by them the Sailing Stars or Pleiades, because navigation was considered safe after their return. The Latin name for the same stars is *Vergiliæ*, meaning sprouts. This name was given them because they marked the return of summer, when vegetation

would begin to grow. Another constellation was called *Pluviæ*, because their rising was supposed to foretell rain. The Astronomer retains many of these names, but is apt to forget that they are not the result of scientific observation and classification, but were borrowed from the language of those who were wanderers on the sea or desert, and to whom these stars were in reality what their names imply.

We could, in the same way, refer to the origin and early history of nearly all our sciences. But although historically we are justifiable in calling the first geometrician a plowman, the first botanist a gardener, the first astronomer a sailor, and the first geologist a miner, it may reasonably be objected that in this early stage a science is hardly yet a science, and that measuring a field is not geometry, that growing a crop is not botany, that carving a rock is not geology, etc. Yet, all the above things being true, it is nothing more than right that each science be reminded of its more humble beginnings, and the practical requirements which it was originally intended to meet. Thus we see that each science had its origin through necessity, and hence, as necessities, are taught in our schools to-day. For let it once be known that the successive strata of the geologist are a deception to the miner, that astronomical tables are useless to the navigator, that chemistry is nothing more than an expensive amusement of no use to the manufacturer and agriculturist, and they will cease to be taught as important parts of a practical education.

We then conclude that for any science to claim and hold a place in our system of modern education it must be a necessity, and must be conducive toward supplying the wants and desires of the masses. The true scientist, then, is by no means a "dead weight," but a most important factor in the achievements and triumphs of modern progress. Before him lies a broad field, a field in which he has opportunity not only to make contributions to the store of knowledge, but where he can actually add to the conveniences and comforts of mankind. The scientist, if actuated by correct motives, is a benefactor, and not a hindrance.

PSAMJ.

EDITORIALS.

SALUTATORY.

In new dress and with changed page the twelfth volume of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT greets its readers. The staff of last year has departed, and the untried falteringly takes up the quill. New dim streaks are seen across the dawning of its new year, and it anxiously watches their development. The editorial departments have been enlarged. Athletics merit a place in every college magazine, and we give it a page in ours; and education will likewise find more space.

THE STUDENT now visits the room of every boy in college. Boys, it is yours. Yours to read; yours to support. It is to you individually that it must look for matter to fill its pages and preserve the literary tone that has characterized its career. Our ideal is not a Southern monthly, but the superior college magazine that the past has given us—a field of labor for the *students*—and an appeal to them for well-written contributions seems unnecessary to us, the advantages of writing are so obvious.

And again, to the *alumni* we hold out our feeble hand. Among your number are some of our warmest supporters. To you we offer our gratitude, and would commend your course to that inactive and parasitic class that is worse than an enemy. With this class THE STUDENT has pleaded year after year, and still you hear not. Are you blinded to the interest and success of the organ of your *Alma Mater*? Are you content to see it shiver and clothe it not; to deny it the daily bread? Will you now ignore one of the fields of knowledge in which you once labored? But this is the story of the past.

THE STUDENT is the broadest and only circulating advertisement of the College, and in the face of this the Board of Trus-

tees have likewise denied its petitions. When asked for help you send us away empty. You say no to all its requests, and will not distribute a single copy among young men who are still out of college. Less than fifty per cent. of the Board are subscribers, and a portion of these are parasites. It is recommended by resolution and abundant sympathy expressed, but there is no nourishment in these. It cannot exist without some *means*.

Beyond self-esteem the weary editor has little to encourage and stimulate his efforts. Those from whom he should expect most he gets least, and the Faculty do not seem to properly appreciate his labor. Some Southern institutions value his editorial work as one recitation. Surely no one can doubt that it is equivalent; then why might not the Faculty of Wake Forest College show their appreciation for our magazine in this manner? We believe it is second to no other college monthly. You want it to be worthy of your college and faithfully represent the work you are doing; then join hands with the editors in their efforts and measure out your sympathies in deeds, not words, and help them to improve its literary character.

But don't think we are despondent or addicted to fault-finding. We only mean to remind others of duties neglected while an opportunity appears, because we expect to be criticised and censured when we fall short of our duty. With meager support former editors have kept it steadily climbing for eleven years, and we have no less of self-esteem and love for our magazine than they. We thank them for its past, and feel specially grateful to the retiring staff for the fruits of their labors, which ripened into the unparalleled volume of '91 and '92. May we dig judiciously around the roots and water with care, that the old leaves that have shed may be replaced by more vigorous though smaller ones. If this volume yields any fruit, pluck it, and remember that production costs *money*. When the fruit is wanting, spare the barren branches, they will perhaps be productive later on.

C. W. W.

TO THE FRESHMEN.

We are a Senior, and having spent three long years at Wake Forest, deem that we are highly capable of advising the late crop of Freshmen. That they sadly need advice is admitted by everyone; for many are the doubts and dangers incident upon an association with two hundred students whom one has never known.

Among two hundred boys there must necessarily be at least twenty fools, liars, idiots, and those ever prevalent examples of asininity, conceited men, against whom the unsuspecting should be warned before it is too late. That Wake Forest has her full share of fools is doubted by no one who has had opportunity to see. Take a walk to the ball-ground and you will meet half a dozen; go to the reading-room at 3 o'clock P. M., and you will easily recognize a dozen, and at the evening mail you will see every fool that attends Wake Forest. The depot is their stamping ground, and verily is the Freshman in danger if he forms the habit of frequenting that place.

Let us go to the reading-room and see its fools. First, we see a crowd around the illustrated weeklies. Part of the fools are looking for pictures of noted pugilists and race-horses, and part looking at the pictures generally, to pass away the time until the coming of the train. They usually stand before the papers until they hear the train blow, and then all join in a wild rush for the depot, which they usually reach in time to run through the cars and jump off just soon enough to save their necks. But if, by chance, they get there too late to board the cars, they use all their powers in a successful attempt to show all passengers that Wake Forest possesses the most accomplished set of asses extant.

But let us return to the reading-room, for it is frequented by another set of fools, worse, if possible, than the sporting fool. They may very properly be named the Tom Dixon fanatic, as they spend their time in looking up back numbers of the *New*

York Herald for the latest utterances of the Reverend Thomas. Now, here, be it said, that we admire Tom Dixon from head to foot, in fact think him the greatest of Wake Forest Alumni, and if his followers at Wake Forest would attend the reading-room regularly and keep up with the news in regard to him, we would have nothing to say; but they never hear that Tom Dixon has said anything until at least a week after the average man has forgotten it, and, of course, in looking up back numbers of the *Herald* they prevent everyone else from reading the latest news. This species of the Wake Forest fool is not as plentiful this year as last, perhaps because Rev. Thomas Dixon is saying very little just now, and consequently the reading-room has no attractions for them. But however that may be, they are always to be avoided, and their habit studiously guarded against.

We will not consume further time in discussing the different varieties of fools, for most of them can readily be recognized as such, even by Freshmen, but we think it our duty to say a few words here concerning the conceited fool.

You will see him everywhere, in all classes, in the reading-room, at the depot, on the campus and the ball-ground. They can hardly be identified by their names, habits or personal appearance. Some walk through the campus slowly, their heads proudly erect, their eyes turned upward dreamily, as if they were reading the mysteries of the future. The Freshmen need have no fear of these, for they seldom condescend to seek acquaintance with anyone, their time is so occupied with dreams of future greatness. But there is one set that is most dangerous. They are the most conceited people living. They will give one any amount of advice, beginning by telling him which Society to join, and then how to obtain all the honors awarded at Wake Forest, and then how to become as great in all things as the adviser may think himself to be. This class are, in their own estimation, as wise as Socrates, as eloquent as Demosthenes, and as shapely as Apollo. They are usually candidates for some Society office, and are most boringly intimate with everyone, and

sometimes succeed so well in impressing a few fellow-idiot and Freshmen with their greatness that they succeed in carry their election. On a week's acquaintance this class can easily be recognized as full-blood brothers to the jennet by everyone who has been informed of their habits beforehand. But woe to the uninformed, for the contagion of conceit is easily spread, and nothing but ruin remains for its victims.

The only way to avoid them is, first, to identify them from the fact that they always advise one as to which Society he should join, and then tell them that you have already decided to become a member of the opposite Society. *This rule never fails.*

The Freshmen may cast this advice aside as beneath their contempt, but after spending three years here, if they do not in the meantime identify themselves with some class of fools above-mentioned, they will doubtless admit that we were right.

Now, by the above we by no means wish to convey the impression that Wake Forest is crowded with fools. We stated in the beginning that there were about twenty, perhaps more, and we really believe that the College is blessed by fewer fools to the square inch than most institutions, and we have written this in hope that this contemptible "legging" a man for a Society may be stopped, and this way of rushing "to the train" every day to see or be seen may in some way come to an end, and the only way by which these two results may be brought about is through the Freshmen, and hence our advice to the Freshmen.

J. W. B.

MEN TO WHOM WE ARE INDEBTED.

"I shall devote myself now to training young men to do their duty in life," said Robert E. Lee, when, having dismissed his army, he entered upon his duties as a College President. Having been with men in all kinds of trying circumstances,

he knew, probably, as well as any one, what man is, and what is required for the development of the whole character. His entering upon this duty gave new dignity to the profession of teaching, and made a definite impression as to the educational needs of the then subdued and crippled South. Many of his soldiers who had followed him bravely on the field of battle also followed him into the school-room. The leader and his followers who had been fighting for their country's rights now laid down the sword and the musket, and, without despairing, manfully betook themselves to the task of dispelling the ignorance which, as a mighty enemy, had marshalled itself in the strongholds and homes of our Southland. Many a poor fellow, crippled and impaired, undertook the duties of a country-school-teacher in the little public school-houses; some assumed the control of academies, and others who had enjoyed superior advantages were called to professorships in our colleges. All these men have done, and many are still doing, good honest work—honest, we say, because no corps of teachers has doubtless ever been more earnest, conscientious and practical than they have been.

One secret of their success has been that they have seen something of the world—the rough side as well as the smooth. They teach from experience as well as by theory. Their teaching has something of the same spirit which characterized their fighting—they go about it in a business-like, practical way. They regard their pupils as having character and common sense, and as a result create within them a sense of esteem for their instructors and self-respect for themselves. To those who took an “advanced course” in a four years war, we owe much of the progress which has been made during the last few years in education in the South.

Many of the younger men who served in the late war were summoned from the peaceable duties of student-life to the sterner and more trying duties of the field. It seemed a pity at that time that they should thus be abruptly called from pursuing their studies, but, the war being ended, these young men,

whose hopes and ambitions had been clouded and imperilled for four years, again turned their minds to their studies. The rough experiences through which they had just passed gave them strong and determined purposes, and rendered them able to appreciate and improve the opportunities which came to them only by making strenuous efforts and great sacrifices. Time has proved that many of these boys are now men of sterling worth and character, and to them we owe no little. From beginning to end their task has not been an easy one. The circumstances in the lives of many of these men are worthy of observation, and teach many lessons which every student of to-day will do well to learn.

SAM. J. PORTER.

JABEZ A. BOSTICK.

The friends of Wake Forest and the Baptist denomination throughout the State have heard of the death of the subject of this editorial with profound regret. Well known in the North as the great Standard Oil magnate and philanthropist, he was better known in the South, and particularly in North Carolina, as the great benefactor and friend of the indigent student.

Besides many princely gifts to various charities in his adopted home, New York, he added upwards of \$70,000 to the endowment fund of Wake Forest College, and, by the gift, is distinguished as the College's greatest benefactor.

And now that he has gone from among us, we think nothing would be more appropriate than that the authorities of the College set apart one day in each session to his memory. Let orators be appointed to tell the story of his life each year to the students of Wake Forest College, that they may learn of him who has done so much for them and their denomination, and thus the memory of him and his good deeds may be kept young in the minds of generations to come. He is gone, but the influence of his life will be forever felt in North Carolina.

Requiescat in pace.

J. W. B.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

THE most noticeable feature of the present campaign, which is easily the greatest since the war, is the unprecedented quietness as regards political matters among the great mass of the people. One by one the dates set by the political prophets for an outburst of enthusiasm have passed. This summer they were waiting for Congress to adjourn; then they said the weather was too warm; then the "cholera scare"; and then they only wanted to wait for the President's letter of acceptance; and now, after all these things have come and gone, and even Grover Cleveland's long delayed letter has been read and thrown aside as very dull matter, still the people are not perceptibly stirred. They tell us that we will have to wait until the crops are harvested. The truth of the matter is, that the people are tired of campaigns as they have been conducted during the last twenty years. They are past believing the partisan campaigner and the partisan papers. It seems that their minds are made up and nothing can move them. But there is one thing that has never failed to make votes, and that is the almighty dollar, and on this the directors of the different parties will have to rely on the 8th day of November, and the party that has the greatest fund and the shrewdest managers to use it will doubtless be the victor, no matter what its principles.

It seems to be the order of the day for newspapers, magazines, etc., to discuss nothing else but the political status of the country. None of the dailies give any of their editorial columns to anything save politics, and a magazine that has not a political department is reckoned out of date. Just at this time this is as it should be. The people cannot be told too often of the merits and faults of the different parties and candidates, but now, when the demagogue is king, the papers, no

matter how fair they may be and by whom they are read, are not believed. The high-tariff disciple will, by no arguments, be converted to Cleveland. The Democrat will not forsake his party for any of the lurid promises of the Republicans. The third party alone is making progress, and it would be worse off than either of the old parties, but for the fact that the people are growing tired of their old leaders, and some of them are following the banner of the new party for want of a better. And thus, without money and only with promises, has their party grown to a dangerous size in six months. But, as we said above, in the end the money will tell.

The Democratic or Republican stump-speaker may talk for hours to thousands of interested listeners, but in the end they make no converts. The campaign papers of the old parties may publish arguments upon arguments, and all will be in vain. They will make promises upon promises and may tell facts upon facts, and yet the people will doubt. They have grown tired of campaign lies. At regular intervals of four years for the past twenty years the campaigners and campaign press have made thousands of promises to the people which were never fulfilled, and to-day the people know not whom to believe; and this year it looks as if part would conclude to stand by their old party, regardless of everything, and part, a very small part, indeed, will believe neither and give their vote to the new party, which is, in our opinion, no better than either of the old parties. All are controlled by "rings" for the benefit of the few, and it is in the power of none to give relief.

As we said before, people cannot be told too often of the merits and faults of the parties, but newspapers should be zealously careful to speak unprejudicedly, and by no means lie for the sake of votes. We can say that in the few campaigns that have occurred in our experience the different organs of the parties have lied unceasingly, and the campaigners contradicted each other daily. A few weeks ago we noticed that the *News and Observer* and *State Chronicle*, both ardent Democratic papers, stated that the attendance at the People's Party rally was

between 2,000 and 3,000. The week following, the *Progressive Farmer*, one of the strongest People's Party papers, stated that there were 8,000 people at the same rally. The question is, *Which lied?* Such contradictions occur daily, but the lie is seldom exchanged. If we had more fighting editors, we believe the truth would be told oftener. However, the partisan campaigners and partisan press may lie and promise forever, and, in consequence thereof, be distrusted on all sides; but money will "talk," whether in the North, South, East or West.

We will say, by way of prophecy, that Grover Cleveland will be elected President by a handsome majority; that New York will go Democratic by 40,000, and the Solid South will remain solid, and the people will never feel the effect of the change of officers of the Government, except perhaps they will have new post-masters, and in some places this will be for better, in others for worse. Whatever may be the majority for Cleveland the United States Senate will remain Republican, and whatever the Democratic House may do it will be "killed" by the Republican Senate, and whatever the Senate may do either the House or the Democratic President will refuse to endorse. "Twas ever thus," and perhaps "it were better so."

WE HAVE noticed of late a tendency among the institutions of learning of this State to boast of the number of their students, and in the statement of the numbers in the catalogues and daily papers they often mislead the casual reader. For instance, last year the report went abroad that there were over 230 students attending Wake Forest regularly throughout the session. It is true that there were over 230 students registered here, but we know of several, say ten, who didn't remain long enough to decide upon what course or what recitations they would take, and at least twenty more were in the preparatory department. Now if we are going to count students who are here preparing to enter a regular course next year, why not write to the principals of the different preparatory schools throughout the State and find out how many young men are

preparing for Wake Forest and count them in our catalogue, and advertise the whole number in the papers? It is true we would hear from some who wouldn't come next year, but many who are here to-day preparing with a view to entering the regular course next year will fail to return, and probably never become students of Wake Forest College. What is true of those preparing here is equally true of those preparing at a distance.

We have heard also that the University counts the students of the Law School (whether in summer or in winter) as regular students of the institution proper. Do not the law students pay Dr. Manning, and does not Dr. Manning pay his advertising bills himself? (Both entirely independent of the University except as regards residence.) This, if it is true, is in every way misleading. Besides, of what advantage are numbers? As a distinguished North Carolina college President has said, *quality* and not *quantity* is desirable.

Hereafter let Wake Forest state that there were so many regular students and so many in the preparatory department; and let the University correspondents of the daily papers state that there are so many students in the University and so many studying law under Dr. Manning, and we are certain no one will be deceived.

THE PAST few weeks have witnessed the demise of some of the world's greatest men in the deaths of Geo. W. Curtis, John G. Whittier, Alfred Tennyson and Ernest Renan. All were great men and all enjoyed abundantly the fruits of greatness. The world can ill afford to lose them, as their places on the Stage of Life can never be filled. But as the present editor of the Portfolio is in no way worthy of pronouncing as to their merits or demerits, we can only say, "peace to their ashes," and let it go at that.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RUFUS WEAVER, Editor.

The Pursuit of the Well Beloved is the striking title of Thomas Hardy's latest novel. It is now being issued as a serial by the *London Illustrated News*.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, author of *Van Bibber and Others*, contributes to the November number of *Harper's Magazine* a charming bit of fiction entitled, *The Boy Orator of Zepata City*.

The Blind Musician, by Koloronski, a recent translation, is a pathetic story of Russian love. In beauty and pathos it equals Tolstoi at his best. Its merit rests not alone upon its pleasing portrayal of pure, self-sacrificing affection, but upon its genuine scientific worth also. Its author, in order to acquaint himself with the development of the blind, carefully studied their peculiarities by associating with them for a number of years. The results of this painstaking investigation he embodies in the story in such an entertaining way that the didactic is obscured in the simple history of the blind musician.

HAMLIN GARLAND, is a young Westerner, who, during the past year, has achieved something of a reputation as a writer of short sketches and etchings. His stories are by no means wanting in interest, and his rough Western characters are true to life. *A Spoil of Office*, his first novel of any considerable length, was published in *The Arena* as a serial during the early months of the present year. The story deals largely with Woman's Rights, the present movement among the farmers and the needs of the laboring classes. Recently it has been issued in book form and is now a part of the campaign literature of the Third Party. The writer has entered a new and productive field of literature, and, despite the political character of the book, it is full of interest. The heroine, Ida Wilbur, is

a public lecturer, who, by her eloquence and personal magnetism, wields a wonderful influence over the farming classes of Iowa and Kansas. In real life she is known as Mrs. Lease, who accompanied General Weaver in his recent campaign through this State.

The Danube, From the Black Forest to the Black Sea, a book of travels, by L. D. Millet, illustrated by the author and Alfred Parsons, is fresh from the press of the Harpers. Laurence Hutton, criticising the book, says: "Mr. L. D. Millet acts as scribe; this same Mr. Millet and Mr. Alfred Parsons are the limners of the pilgrimage, and author and artists are in thorough sympathy with their subject and each other. There is something very fascinating and even very soothing in these pictures of the country and of its inhabitants, by pen and pencil, which greet us on almost every page of this study of the beautiful blue river. The bank-side towns, as Mr. Millet, with his pen and Mr. Parsons with his pencil, show them to us, are clean, quaint and venerable in their massive remnants of feudal castles, and in their humble cottages, with steep-tiled roofs and heavy-timbered walls; while the natives themselves, drawn by Mr. Millet with pencil as well as pen, are quite as clean, and quite as quaint—and sometimes quite as venerable—men and women, with their universal kindness and honest good nature being in complete harmony with every inanimate thing about them."

DURING the past two months, four of the world's greatest literary characters have laid aside their pens, closed their folios, yet wet with ink, and ceased forever from penning thought to influence humanity. Representing three different nationalities, and as many departments of literature, the cessation of their labors, after many years of literary toil, made a profound impression upon the world of letters. Two of them were poets, each singing of the higher life in strikingly different keys; one of them was the greatest of French agnostics, and the last, America's leading citizen and editor. We expect to furnish our readers at an early date a more extended criticism than can be

given under this department of both the Poet Laureate of England and the "Bard of Amesbury."

ERNEST RENAN died at the College de France at an early hour on the first Sabbath of the present month. For some time past he had been in feeble health, and his death, after a short illness, came not unexpectedly. He was a native of Britanny. "Educated for the priesthood, a student of Oriental languages from early youth, Renan possessed also a brilliant imagination, a sensitive mind and great literary talent. There was a vein of sentiment in him, a poetic sensibility, and impressionability which fitted him to record passing moods and phases of nature and life with rare delicacy and charm." His reputation rests mainly upon his two works, "The History of Israel" and the "Life of Jesus." In the first work he displays rare elegance of prose diction and extensive investigation of Jewish history; yet he fails to comprehend the message which that nation has given the world. To him Jesus is but an ideal man, an interesting character in religious history. Thus there are passages in his "Life of Jesus" which to the Christian can seem as none other than profane. Renan's influence upon his time and country cannot be estimated. But is it permanent? We hope not.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was a typical American citizen. Though lacking the polish of a college education, he gained, perhaps, more by his association with the occupants of Brookdale Farm—Emerson, Hawthorne, Prentiss and others—extending through a period of several years. After spending some time in travel upon the Continent, he returned to take an active part in journalism. His successful journalistic career was marked by a strict adherence to principle rather than party. To him we are indebted for the present system of Civil Service reform—a measure destructive to the spoils system. His name is despised by the "practical politician," but the American people will ever revere him as a representative of the highest order of journalism.

ALUMNI NOTES.

SAM. J. PORTER, Editor.

—'60. Rev. F. H. Ivey, D. D., who was at one time agent for Wake Forest College, and who has filled some of the leading pastorates in this State and in Georgia, now has charge of the Curtis Baptist Church in Augusta. As a pastor he is energetic, faithful and patient. For force of argument and simple beauty of style in the pulpit he has but few equals. Dr. Ivey is a man of ripe and unusually broad experience, and it is really a source of pleasure and inspiration to be with him and hear him tell of the varying scenes through which he has passed in his work for the Master.

—'70. Dr. M. L. Fowler, of Rolesville, while farming to some extent, is also a skillful physician, and is kept quite busy attending to his extensive practice.

—'78. W. E. Daniel, Esq., is president of the new bank at Weldon.

—'78. F. R. Cooper, Editor *Sampson Democrat*, is a nominee for the Senate in the district composed of Harnett, Sampson and Bladen.

—'78. Rev. Rufus Ford is pastor of the Baptist church at Newberne, and also on the editorial staff of the *North Carolina Baptist*. While being an efficient pastor, he is also showing himself to be a writer of considerable ability.

—'78. Of the many sons of Wake Forest who have achieved success in the Far West, we are pleased to note that Rev. W. T. Jordan is the progressive and influential pastor at Dixon, California. He has marked ability as a speaker and considerable power as a preacher, and we are not surprised to hear of the good work which he is doing.

—'82. Rev. D. W. Herring, who has been engaged in missionary work in Shanghai, China, for the past seven years, and who returned home some months ago, has recently been a great sufferer from a severe attack of typhoid fever. He has also been called upon to mourn the loss of his accomplished wife and sweet little infant daughter. Mr. Herring has our deepest sympathy, and we hope for him a speedy recovery and a safe return to the work to which he has so heroically consecrated himself.

—'86. Dr. J. W. Tayloe is located at Union, Hertford County. He is a rising young physician, and has a large and growing practice.

—'86. H. A. Chappell is Superintendent of Public Instruction in Wake County. He spends part of his time in visiting the schools, and is doing much to stimulate a greater interest in the cause of general education among the people.

—'87. Dr. L. L. Vann is a young physician of talent and promise, and is building up a paying practice in North Danville, Va.

—'87. Rev. W. F. Watson is the beloved pastor of the Baptist church at Dunn, Harnett County. We learn that during the past summer he has been actively engaged in revival meetings which resulted in great good.

—'88. Rev. M. L. Kesler, pastor at Laurinburg, was recently married to Miss Ethel Brown, of Aiken, S. C. THE STUDENT sends congratulations.

—'88. After graduating at Wake Forest, Rev. W. J. Ward attended the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He is now pastor of the church at Somerset, Ky., and is greatly loved by his people.

—'88. Rev. F. T. Wooten is the efficient pastor of churches in Pender and Sampson counties. Though having had calls to more inviting fields, he prefers to remain where he is, because he feels that our country churches have been too much neglected

by our educated young men. His example is one worthy of consideration by many young preachers who are inclined to think that there is no special need of work in the country.

—'89. Fred. L. Merritt is a Democratic nominee for the House of Representatives in Wake County. He recently delivered a fine campaign speech to the citizens and students of Wake Forest.

—'90. C. P. Crudup has a position as teacher in the Military Academy at Scotland Neck.

—'90. J. O. Atkinson, Professor of Latin in Elon College, has been granted leave of absence for one year. He goes to Harvard for special study.

—'90. Another one of our boys who has made his home in the West, is J. R. Hunter, who fills the Chair of Chemistry in Oshkosh University, Wisconsin.

—'90. Rev. J. E. White, the beloved pastor of the Baptist church at Wilson, was united in marriage to Miss Effie Guess, of Cary, on the 12th instant. THE STUDENT sends congratulations and best wishes.

—'90. Among the popular and talented young lawyers of the State the name of G. W. Ward, of Elizabeth City, should receive special mention. Having been at the bar but a short time, he has already won for himself a fine reputation.

—'91. Wayland Mitchell is pursuing a medical course at the University of Virginia. THE STUDENT wishes him much success in his chosen profession.

—'91. S. M. Brinson is studying law at his home in Newbern. As a speaker he possesses unusual talent, and we predict for him success in his chosen profession.

—'91. R. G. Kendrick has been elected to the chair of Modern Languages in Elon College. He is well fitted to fill this important position, and we entertain no fears but that he will be successful in his chosen work.

—'91. J. L. Kesler has been elected Professor of Latin and Greek in Howard Payne College, Texas. He is well qualified

for this position, and we predict for him the highest success. Our best wishes attend him in his far-Western home.

—'92. E. T. Barnes is Principal of the Graded School at Wilson. That he so easily secured a position at his home town speaks well for Mr. Barnes.

—'92. J. C. Clifford is teaching at Warsaw. While at college he was an excellent student, and we are not surprised to learn that he is making an efficient teacher.

—'92. E. S. Reaves, ex-editor of this department, has charge of the High School at Aulander. During vacation he supplied the pulpit of the Baptist church at Mullins, S. C.

—'92. We are pleased to note that O. J. Peterson has a good school at Burgaw. He has unusual attainments as a scholar, and is well fitted for the duties of the school-room.

—'92. We are glad to know that A. P. Harris has a good school at Wadeville, N. C. Mr. Harris is a scholar of high standing and unusual attainments, and is highly fitted for the duties of the school-room.

—'92. C. D. Graves is Principal of the High School at Hertford, Perquimans County. He is a young man of fine parts, and highly deserves to meet with success. The patrons of his school are to be congratulated upon the choice they have made.

—'92. J. S. Corpening has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Eaglesville, Tennessee. While at College, Mr. Corpening was a faithful, energetic student, and we are glad to know that he has a good field and is doing good work.

—'92. W. R. Bradshaw is Principal of Moravian Falls Academy, and also pastor of the church at that place. THE STUDENT congratulates him upon being the first of the class of '92 to celebrate the nuptial rites. We wish for him a life of happiness and prosperity.

—'92. E. F. Rice and J. Long are attending the Rochester Theological Seminary at Rochester, N. Y. May they meet

with many kind friends, and find their work at Rochester both pleasant and profitable. We will be glad to hear from them through the pages of THE STUDENT.

—'92. I. Hardesty fills the vacancy in the Wakefield Academy caused by the resignation of Professor Ferrell, who comes to Wake Forest as Assistant Professor of Mathematics. We are sure that Mr. Hardesty will succeed as a teacher, and will add to the already growing reputation of Wakefield as a High School.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

With this number of THE STUDENT this department has its beginning, and the editor to whom it is consigned has no criterion to guide his efforts, and is uninformed as to what it requires. What it shall be is yet unknown, but our purpose is to give the reader some of the happenings in the athletic world, and especially in *college athletics*.

There is rapid development in all the departments of college and university work; the standard of scholarship is steadily advancing; the number and efficiency of instructors increasing, and the courses of instruction are adjusting themselves for the fulfillment of the demands of every profession. Those in charge have realized that a sound and vigorous body is essential to secure the best results in intellectual training, hence it is that gymnasiums are equipped with all the modern apparatus and attendance required of all students. Each institution has its athletic park, with the diamond, foot-ball goals, tennis courts, and arrangements for all the late games. Field Days are instituted and the results of track athletics are pleasing. An institution that neglects physical training cannot keep an even

pace with the spirit of education; no college is complete without it. In a certain measure the reputation of a college abroad is measured by the success of her nine, eleven and athletic team. The future for athletics at Wake Forest can be and will be surprising. The success of last year is unequalled in the history of the College. The scores of our nine and eleven and the record of our athletic teams are, in the main, on a par with any Southern institution, and some of our records are equal to the best in any American college, but we expect even better results this year.

Our sports are not a mere experiment here, they have been tried elsewhere and found profitable. They are worthy of the support of every student. It is not enough to answer to the call of your name in the gymnasium, but encourage the teams by your appearance at the park in the afternoon. It is unfortunate that the sentiment is so deeply rooted in the minds of some that a ministerial student should wear a long face and clergy coat; that he should not play on the college nine or eleven. It is just as essential that the man whom God has called to preach the gospel should have a sound body as the lawyer or farmer. Our field games are innocent and we are unable to find in them the least tendency to evil. They possess the invigorating effect of the sunshine and free air, and the usual ailments, dull headache and indigestion, are foreign to those who take an active part in them. They harden and develop the muscles as nothing else can do. Whether preparing for the ministry or law, the farm or medicine, be one in the out-door sports—it will give the teams practice and help you. Enter fully into the spirit of the College, and don't neglect the field; variety of exercise is essential to the healthful development of the functions of the body.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

[VERILY, it is with fear and trembling that we undertake our duties as editor of this department of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

In the first place, there is no place in a "literary magazine" for such a department; in the second, the duties of, or the course to be pursued by, its editor are indefinable, and in the third, it is usually a bore to both readers and editors, and a general source of vexation of spirit.

And now, as it has been our misfortune to be chosen its editor, our only endeavor shall be to give, through it, a simple record of events as they occur at Wake Forest. We, at one time, thought that it should be the "fool" department of THE STUDENT, but after mature consideration, we have come to the conclusion that, as its editor for '93 is sadly lacking in humor or wit, this department, in conforming to his ideas (as well as those of the Alumni editor) must be, as stated above, a simple history of events as they occur on the Hill.

If any of our friends differ with us in regard to the above, we will be only too glad to listen to their advice, and accept their aid.]

ATHLETICS!

FOOT-BALL!

"WHOOOP 'EM up, Mike"!

WHERE is the trainer?

"BABY" FRY, 220 pounds, avoirdupois, Centre!

BRICKHOUSE, 240 pounds, avoirdupois, Guard!

SIKES, the Old Roman, on the right, and we are "in it."

Who cares if the U. N. C. forfeiters don't challenge? We are winners anyhow.

MISS ELVA DIXON left on the 10th September for Richmond Female College.

H. JONES ('94) has been elected captain of the base-ball team for the ensuing season.

GEO. BLANTON ('93), who has been full-back on the team for the past three seasons has been chosen captain for ensuing year.

WE TAKE pleasure in informing the world (Chapel Hill and Trinity included) that the old place is still kicking, and the foot-ball team is a winner.

THE Senior Class has resolved to set up the foot-ball team to an oyster supper for every victory they win this year. There is nothing the matter with '93.

MR. T. M. LEARY has been chosen second debater from the *Phi. Society* next Anniversary, to take the place of Mr. W. T. Burns, who failed to return this year.

DR. WILLIAM HANNUM, the dextrous, left us on the 26th September for the University of Pennsylvania, where he will study medicine. Our best wishes attend him.

AT A recent meeting the following gentlemen were elected officers of the Junior Class: President, W. A. Foushee; Secretary, T. Pence; Doorkeeper, Sergeant-at-Arms and Motion-maker, B. Durham.

THE FOLLOWING gentlemen have been elected officers of the Senior Class: President, D. M. Prince; Secretary, E. B. Lattimore; Prophet, Josiah Kittrell; Orator, Steven MacIntire; Poet, Claude Wilson; Historian, J. W. Bailey.

WAKE FOREST has not been slighted by the campaigners this fall. We have heard with pleasure good speeches from representatives of all parties, except the Prohibition, and we hear that they are coming before the election.

AT A recent meeting of the Athletic Association Mr. Oscar Riddick ('90) was elected President of the Association and Prof. E. W. Sikes, the backbone of Wake Forest athletics, Vice-President. Two honors most worthily bestowed on two of our greatest foot-ball men.

WE HAVE been made weary many times and by many people, but the man who makes day and night hideous with his cries of foot-ball, and then gives twenty-five cents towards the maintenance of the team, deserves the title of King of Borers.

THE LITTLE freshman of many jewels and much gold tells us that it was not the act of stealing grapes that "hurt his little spirit," but the exceeding high fences and numerous ditches. What will the Sunday-school teacher say now?

THAT there are fewer idiots on the Hill this year than usual, is evident from the facts that up to date none of the classes have adopted hats; no one has tried to get up a class-yell, and that cry, "skitiwahboo," characteristic only of the idiot (and the class of '92), has not been revived.

WE WERE glad to see Messrs. Brinson and Haywood ('91), Vass, Milliard and Wray ('92), and Pendleton (00), on the Hill just after the Stevenson speaking at Raleigh. Come again, boys; you remind us of our happy days as Freshmen, when we knew no guile and our prospective sheepskin seemed as big as a World's Fair building.

WE NOTE with pleasure that that barbaric, inhuman and murderous custom of hazing, known only to college students, has received a slap in the face from our "kind guardians," the Faculty. Only five fresh have suffered, and the Faculty have magnanimously distributed 240 demerits equally among the eight immortals caught in the act.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION has equipped two expeditions to find that much-talked-of college spirit, which it is said the class of '92 kidnapped. Professor Sikes, at the head of the first expedition, leaves for the South Pole on the 18th, and the second, under Professor Poteat, will explore the old college well in time to report discoveries by Thanksgiving.

THIS ISSUE of THE STUDENT has been unavoidably delayed by the usual concatenation of circumstances which always attends first issues. However, if the concatenator will keep quiet long enough, we promise to get THE STUDENT out hereafter on time. Anyhow, the Board of Editors have solemnly

covenanted one with the other to get their matter in on time, and to "haze" every man who asks, "When will THE STUDENT be out?" even if the Faculty give us sixty demerits.

IT SEEMS that the ladies' men are not in it this year. Misses Dixon and Powell are at Richmond Female College, Miss Simmons in South Carolina until next Spring, Miss Minnie Gwaltney teaching the young idea at Pinnacle, N. C. (which to us seems to be according to the eternal fitness, etc). However, we would advise our friends to despair not, as all will be back commencement; besides, they're not all gone, not by a jug full.

IT IS with regret that we chronicle the death of Dr. T. T. Vann, of this place. He had for a long time been prominent as a member of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College and the Board of Education. He was always the students' friend and never failed to give them good advice. He lived through his three-score and ten years always serving his Master, and is now reaping his reward. To his family we extend our warmest sympathy.

SEPTEMBER was an unfortunate month for Wake Forest, as far as athletics are concerned. On the 11th, Roy Powell, well known as our greatest catcher and batter, left for his new home in Savannah, Ga., and on the 21st, John Mills, to be ever remembered as our shrewdest and most successful base-ball captain, as well as the best all-around ball-player in the State, left for New York City to take a course in pharmacy. Both were athletes all over, and held prominent positions on both the base-ball and foot-ball teams, and were reckoned as champions at tennis.

DURING the past month the students have been treated to the first two of the annual course of lectures promised in the Catalogue. The first, by Professor Mills, on the "Thunderstorm and its Little Brother," was very instructive and highly enjoyed by all present. The second, by Dr. William Royall, on English Literature, delivered in the Doctor's own graceful style, was listened to throughout with marked attention. We only wish we could give our readers a full outline of both lectures, and regret that peculiar circumstances render this impossible.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, God, in an inscrutable dispensation of His Allwise Providence, has called from our class Mr. A. T. Denny:

Be it resolved by the Senior Class of 1893, that in the death of our fellow class-mate we lose a good, upright and faithful student, patient, kind and true.

That the class of which he was a worthy member deeply sympathizes with his grief-stricken parents in their sad bereavement.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents, THE STUDENT, and the *Biblical Recorder*.

E. Y. WEBB,
F. P. HOBGOOD, Jr.,
S. J. PORTER,
W. A. SMITH,
Committee.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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Vol. XII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1892.

No. 2.

THE BARD OF AMESBURY.

In the quiet farming village of Haverhill, Massachusetts, on December 17, 1807, John Greenleaf Whittier was born. His parents, although descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, were humble working folk, and unable to give their son more than a scanty education. His early life was spent in labor upon the farm, and here, communing with nature, first awoke those impulses which afterwards made him the interpreter of New England life. A volume of Burns is said to have been the spark that kindled the poetic fire within him. He was just eighteen, when, with a blushing face, he slipped his first effusion in verse under the door of the *Free Press*, then published by the fiery young Abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison. Its publication was not only the beginning of a lifetime friendship between the young editor and poet, but also the precursor of *The Songs of Freedom*, stirring and impassioned lyrics, which awoke the public conscience of the North to the wickedness of slavery, and thus paved the way for the late unfortunate war and the freeing of the enslaved of America.

The South is slow to appreciate the worth of the author of *Barbara Frietchie*. Still no one more strenuously opposed the war between the States or favored more pacific measures at its

close than did the Quaker poet of Amesbury. It may be of interest to know, that while the incident of Barbara Frietchie has long been considered authentic, and was so thought by Whittier, recent investigation shows that the only person of that name living in Chambersburg during the Civil War was over ninety years of age and physically unable to leave her bed.

Every Southerner appreciates and honors strict adherence to principle. Whittier believed that slavery was wrong, and his *Songs of Freedom* were the open, fearless avowal of this self-conviction. He, himself, in referring to them, says: "They were forged at white heat. * * * * The contest was in great measure an impersonal one—hatred of slavery and not of slave-owners." He quotes Thomas Jefferson as saying: "It is impossible to be temperate and pursue the subject of slavery;" adding the quotation, "No common wrong provoked our zeal." That it was with keen regret, and actuated alone by a high sense of duty, that led him to take the active part he did in the Abolition movement, is shown by the following:

"Oh! not of choice, for theme of public wrong
I leave the green and pleasant paths of song.
* * * * *
No private grief nor malice holds my pen,
I owe but kindness to my fellow-men.
Wherever fruits of Christian love are found
In holy lives to me is holy ground—
But the time passes. It were vain to crave
A late indulgence, what I had I gave.
Forget the poet, but his warning heed
And shame his poor word with your noble deed."

The Songs of Freedom have become a part of the history in the development of the anti-slavery movement, and are valuable because they record the pulse and feeling of the age more clearly even than the historical treaties upon that period.

But not on account of these will Whittier be remembered and loved.

In the eyes of the hypercritical, Whittier was not a great poet, but in his influence upon the thought and action of his time he far surpassed many who are denominated great. When we compare him with other American poets, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes, we are at a loss what place to assign him. Certainly he was like Longfellow in his pellucid simplicity—the poet of the common people; yet he was more. As all true poets, he was an interpreter. His message was to disclose to man the beautiful in the common-place things about him and reveal anew the goodness of God. The children of New England especially are indebted to him, for he has revealed to them the poetic in their dull prosaic lives; has thrown the glamour of romance over their traditions, and given their native hills and heaths a distinctive charm and character. He describes in his artless way the pleasant paths around Haverhill, the beating waves on Hampton Beach, the peaceful scenes in humble homes. He essays no great themes, but reveals with the *naïvete* of a child the beautiful lessons, the noble truths, that lie all around us unseen because we view them wrong. In everything he sees the goodness, the love of God, and for this reason the religious element forms a leading part in nearly every poem. This is nowhere more clearly shown than in *Snow Bound*, the best of all his poems. It would not be called a religious poem, yet it contains the essence of Christianity. The old New England home, the great blazing fire roaring up the wide-mouthed chimney, the family seated around roasting apples and cracking “nuts from brown October’s wood,” the wild north wind beating the falling snow against the window-panes, forms a picture that is immortal. There is a pang in the old man’s heart as he looks backward upon the scene:

"O time and change—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on !
Ah, brother ! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforth, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still.
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees,
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet love will dream and faith will trust,
(Since he who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play !
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own."

These last lines disclose Whittier's real power. While the influence which he wielded in giving character to New England life was great, it does not equal that which he exerted in moulding the religious thought of to-day. He was a pioneer. For years he stood almost alone and pleaded for a more liberal spirit and a wider view of Christianity. His creed is perhaps most clearly expressed in "The Eternal Goodness," and it is because of this child-like belief, supported by a life, sweet

and pure, that the many turn to his lyrics and find that which all great poets do not give—impulses to the higher life. Into the religious life of everyone of his readers he bears the sweet message of trust and devotion, dissipating the shadows of doubt and opening to the view a greater hope and a wider Christianity.

He is dead, but his influence lives. His purity of character, his hearty sympathy with Christianity, his keen appreciation of the beautiful in the lives of simple folk may not rank him high among the poets of the past, yet for these his name will be enshrined forever in the hearts of the American people.

Fitly and sweetly does Oliver Wendell Holmes say—

“Lift from its quarried ledge, a flawless stone;
Smooth the green turf, and bid the tablet rise,
And on its snow-white surface carve alone
These words—he needs no more—*Here Whittier lies.*”

RUFUS WEAVER.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

In the busy stir of these modern times when all enterprises are running smoothly and prosperously, and the white wing of peace stretches over us; when the roar of cannon, the clash of musketry and the clatter of sabre no longer resound, and the groans of wounded and dying no longer fall upon the ear, one is apt to undervalue patriotism and self-sacrifice, and to forget those sterling principles which make “death for one’s country a pleasure, not a pain.” But great events bring their heroes with them, and the gold, before obscured, gleams forth amid the fire of strife. When a nation’s destiny hangs upon a thread, the anxious hearts of its citizens are fired with a patriotic zeal which manifests itself in deeds more daring than human strength seems capable of performing. The heroic deeds of *men* under such circumstances seldom, if ever, fail to find expression in public sentiment,

and the narration of such acts of valor as "Horatius at the Bridge," and others, inspire the youth of to-day with that deep feeling of national pride so worthy and laudable. But while the doings of man are heralded throughout the world, lauded by every tongue and admired by every true lover of valor, little is thought and much less said of those equally patriotic deeds of woman. Notwithstanding public sentiment, however, woman has ever shown herself equally, or even more, patriotic than man, her physical superior. And why should she not? Her feeling of attachment is stronger than that of man, she is more impassioned by nature, more sensitive and loving in her disposition, and ardently clings to those things made dear by ties of kinship and association. Her love is with her whole soul, her whole being.

Though woman has ever been the victim of superstitious beliefs and barbarous customs, a typical serf to man, bought and sold as an article of commerce, until modern enlightenment disenthralled her from cold and unfeeling customs and blind delusion, she has never been lacking in those qualities of love, attachment, pity, fortitude and valor so characteristic of her very being. Although her deeds have been thought of less importance, disregarded and more quickly forgotten than those of man, her self-sacrifice and devotion to what she deems right has, nevertheless, had a vast weight in the preservation of the commonwealth and the elevation of humanity. Occasionally, however, there have been women whose achievements were so wonderful and powerful that peoples and nations have paid homage and conceded to her that praise and adoration which she has so richly merited. One we may now mention, who deserves all laudation possible to bestow.

In the year 1429, France was fast falling to ruin. Divided by rebellion and federation, torn by discord, strife and crime, and overrun by the English, the end seemed near at hand. Charles VI., who became insane, and his insolent and vicious queen, Isabelle, far from remedying the evils, had only added

to their tumult. The French, split into two parties, deadly enemies of each other, at the time of which I speak, had just been routed at the battle of Agincourt by the English, who were joined by the weaker of the two factions. This gave the English control of almost the whole of France. One of the French factions, the Burgundians, wishing to court popular favor, together with Isabelle, now sided with and espoused the cause of the English. The other faction, the Armaguacs, remained loyal.

At this time, the third son of Charles VI., the nominal king, the dauphin, by the death of his two older brothers, found himself proscribed by his uncle and mother, wandering from province to province, accused of the murder of the Duke of Burgundy, the leader of the Burgundians, of which he was entirely innocent. The English were fast making themselves masters of France. Already the Duke of Bedford had taken possession of the Regency, in behalf of England, and had defeated the dauphin and his handful of nobles who preferred to remain French, at the battle of Verneuil. Only Orleans now, with a few other smaller towns, remained loyal to France. This, defended by a few thousand partisans of the dauphin, a remnant of sturdy patriots, was surrounded by the concentrated armies of English, vanquished and dis-loyal French and Burgundians.

Such was the condition of affairs when a new character appeared upon the scene of action—a girl of seventeen, arrayed in the armor of a warrior, armed *cap-a-pie*, and mounted on a splendid courser. Born in ignorance, the daughter of a common laborer, at Domremy, a village in upper Lorraine, near the banks of the Maese, not far from the little town of Vancouliers, Joan of Arc—for it is she of whom I speak—grew to young maidenhood, a natural hater of the English; for too often had she seen their ravages of her fair country, and which sometimes extended even as far as her father's cottage.

Her mother had taught her to sew with that perfection which has been a characteristic of woman from remotest time. Diligent, modest, amiable and pious, she was the idol of the household. Nor was she, as some might suppose, judging of her martial spirit, masculine and rough, but a pure type of gentle, innocent, chaste womanhood. Even from childhood she had become inspired to deliver France. Strange visions and voices from the unseen, recounting to her the woes of her country and the groans of its oppressed people urged her on in her purpose.

Pressed more and more by these heavenly impulses, which she kept secret from her companions, which impelled her to fight for France and her king, she presented herself before Baudincourt, governor of Vancouliers, a neighboring town. Quite contrary to her expectations, Baudincourt sent her away contemptuously, and almost without a hearing. Time after time she made her petition, until finally her revelations met with credit, and she was regarded as an instrument sent by Providence to redeem the kingdom of France. When presented to the unfortunate young Charles she boldly promised to raise the siege of Orleans and lead him safe to Rheims to be crowned. (For his father, Charles VI., was now dead.) The almost hopeless youth, who could lose nothing by the experiment, armed the maid, furnished her with a courser and placed her at the head of an army.

Orleans had now been invested near a year, toward which the Maid, with her soldiers, glowing with impatience to retrieve lost honor, and enthusiastic in their white-mailed leader, marched. They reached their destination on the 29th of April, and after a feeble resistance by the English, entered the city, to the great joy of the garrison. On the 4th of May they made their first sally and attack on the besiegers' forts, and in four days the English had raised the siege and decamped to other and more favorable quarters.

The Maid, having performed a part of her mission, pushed on toward the accomplishment of that most important, the

supreme end of her sacrifice, the recapture of Rheims and the crowning of Charles. First, however, she turned aside to take Jargeau. In a few days it, too, through the unexampled valor and cool daring of the Maid, was in the hands of the French. Again, on the 18th of June, the two armies met at the village of Patay, near Yenville, where again the English, dispirited and panic-stricken, were completely routed. Next in turn Troyes and Chalons were taken.

Now they proceeded on to Rheims, which was garrisoned by six hundred chosen men. The English, measuring the strength of the enemy, soon deemed their force insufficient for the defence. The commanders-in-chief then left for reinforcements, but during their absence the town, on July 27th, surrendered to the French, who marched in and prepared for the coronation of the young king, according to the Maid's prediction. On the next day the ceremony was performed with much solemnity, and Charles VII. was crowned king of France. The Maid of Orleans, when this was done, prostrated herself before him, and with tears of joy entreated his permission to return home, as the two great objects of her mission had been accomplished. He, realizing her worth, and not being willing to give her up, she was compelled to remain with the army. But ever afterwards, though she participated in many victories and boldly exposed herself to many dangers, she did it not with the same inward zeal with which she performed her true mission.

No longer supported by her divine Guide, she now often made mistakes. She was intended for one work, and no more. Finally she was captured at Campiègnè, and throughout the English domain there was rejoicing that the terror of their enemies had been captured and was actually their prisoner. But the loyal band continued to be successful and France was delivered.

The Maid was turned over, at their earnest request, and by the payment of ten thousand livres, to the inquisitors, who

were, as usual, thirsting for innocent blood. Not considered as a prisoner of war, but accused of heresy and witchcraft, she was tried and condemned by a most villainous, unprincipled and cowardly set of judges. After days of loathsome imprisonment, with arms pinioned and a heavy iron band about her body, and after being subjected to shocking outrages and cruelties at the hands of her base captors, the innocent, pure and spotless girl, the patriot and heroine, the deliverer of France, died a horrible death at the stake. France had forgotten her. The cruelty and injustice attending this procedure can hardly be conceived of by us of the present day. Words fail to express it, fail to convey any adequate notion of such shame. Thus, on the 30th of May, forgotten by those whom she had so much benefited, amid the flames miserably perished the Maid of Orleans.

Though several times wounded in battle, Joan never shed the blood of a single enemy. Never did the evil influences of the camp tarnish her virtue, but she remained, through prosperity and adversity, through victory, defeat and captivity, to her death, spotless as to character, the same pure, sweet, modest maiden that played upon the green by the paternal roof.

Twenty years after her death France thought of the Maid, and caused her trial to be revised and her memory to be re-established. By it the former judgment and sentence was declared abusive and unjust in the extreme, and Joan of Arc, after being neglected and forgotten to suffer death at the stake by her enemies, was declared entirely innocent of the crimes of which she was accused. The judgment of God seemed to fall upon all who were concerned in her condemnation and execution. All her judges died violent deaths. A cross and statue of her are to be seen on the spot where the roaring flames bore away her valiant soul, but more richly still is she enshrined in the hearts and minds of her countrymen.

JUL. E. YATES.

COLUMBUS.

The past month, the four hundredth anniversary of the voyage of Columbus has been one of Columbian celebration. Nations and peoples have vied with each other in giving honor and praise to him who had the judgment to divine its existence and the intrepidity to attempt the discovery of a new world.

Christopher Columbus was a child of the hour. Starting out from Spain with letters to the Grand Khan of Tartary, whose dominions he confidently expected to find in his voyage, he is but a type of the hardy mariner of the fifteenth century, in whom was combined such a strange mixture of ignorance and superstition, of boundless pluck and overwhelming greed for gold. The age was one of discovery. There was a restlessness in maritime affairs which was of necessity to be productive of momentous results. The invention of the astrolabe, a huge iron ring, by which latitudes could be determined; the discovery of the mysterious love of the magnetic needle and the north point of the compass; the strange steadiness with which the metallic thread pointed to the star Alpha, emboldened sailors to pass out through and beyond the Pillars of Hercules and to trust their frail barks to the mercy of unknown seas. The dreaded "Ocean Sea," stretching out its immeasurable waste of waters from the western shores of Europe began to be timidly traversed, the girdling equatorial fires crossed and the sweet-scented Spice Islands, so alluring to early navigators, tracked out and their treasures revealed.

Vague reports of distant lands of surpassing wealth and beauty; imaginary visions of unknown islands occasionally seen in the boundless wastes of the Atlantic; the Hesperides garden of the world floating and flashing above the brim of the horizon—all these served to kindle the enthusiasm and arouse the ambition of Columbns.

He was probably born at Genoa, and it was this nearness of his childhood to the Mediterranean, stretching out its blue expanse of waters beyond the figs and aloes of his native land, that early inspired him with a love for a sea-faring life. While yet a boy he was accustomed to make voyages with a distant relative, a hardy veteran of the seas and a man of considerable note in the Genoese service. In these exploits Columbus showed all the daring and intrepidity which characterized his eventful life.

So, at the early age of fourteen, we find him already before the mast, peering forward into dim seas and picturing out to his excited imagination undiscovered lands whose wealth and resources were unbounded, and whose discovery was to be accomplished by himself. From this time until 1470 his history is beclouded with doubt, but most probably he was engaged in piratical expeditions in the Levant and the Mediterranean; for whatever may be said in praise of him, it cannot be denied that, so far as his moral character was concerned, he was but little, if any, removed from the average seaman of his time. In 1470, however, we find him clearly at Lisbon, supporting himself and family by drawing and selling maps and charts. Here he spent thirteen years continually brooding over the sinuous lines of his maps and perpetually haunted by apparitions of lands to the west.

At this point we might pause to notice an event, which, with other things, added new impulse to the advancing tide of discovery which characterized the close of the fifteenth century. This event was the invention of the printing press, which was followed by a rapid and universal advance in knowledge. Men became better acquainted with one another; their views were broadened, and they were enabled to communicate rapidly and extensively their ideas and discoveries. Information which had hitherto been kept out of the reach of nearly all, and which had existed only in costly manuscripts carefully guarded, was now placed in every hand. Columbus was

not slow in taking advantage of this intellectual prosperity. A desire to know all about geography seized him, causing him to ransack dusty old libraries in search of copies of Plato and Ptolemy and others of the ancients, that he might find out what they taught concerning the existence of elysiums beyond the seas and unknown islands of fabulous resources. After much careful study and investigation he convinced himself, from the reports of navigators, the authority of learned writers, and the very nature of things, that land as he then believed the over-lapping wing of Asia, lay beyond the Azores. Having thus conceived his theory, it became fixed in his mind, and although trials and disappointments constantly blocked his path, he suffered nothing to divert him from the pursuit and accomplishment of his purposes. There was a deep religious fervor about him, akin to superstition, it is true, which caused him to look upon himself as chosen of Heaven for the accomplishment of its divine purposes.

It was utterly impossible for him to make a trial of the truth of his theory from his own limited resources. The only course which remained to him was to transfer the enterprise into the hands of some sovereign state which would assume authority over discovered territory and reward him according to his services. His residence in Portugal, and the unusual liberality which the Portuguese court had shown in rewarding nautical adventurers, caused him first to seek the patronage of that court. Having obtained a hearing of King John, he proposed to him that in case the King would furnish ships and men he would undertake the discovery of a new route to India, a discovery which would greatly extend the power and dominion of Portugal. He unfolded to him his hypothesis concerning the shape of the earth, describing in glowing terms the immense riches of the land he hoped to discover.

John listened with favor to this proposal and referred it at once to a society of learned men who were charged with all

matters relating to maritime discovery. To the great disappointment and discomfiture of Columbus, this body rejected his project as visionary and extravagant. The court, however, still detained him by vague and indefinite promises until a number of ships could be sent out in the course described by Columbus to ascertain whether or not his surmises concerning the existence of land toward the west were true. This fleet, setting sail from the Cape de Verde Islands, stood westward for several days, until a violent storm arose, and seeing nothing but a trackless waste of waters, they sailed back to port ridiculing Columbus as a fond dreamer of dreams.

Indignant at this miserable attempt to defraud him of his enterprise, he turned to his own land, the government of Genoa, for patronage. But Genoa was in a languishing condition, and, as enterprise is the child of prosperity, her fallen fortunes prevented her from taking advantage of Columbus's proposal, which would have elevated her to ten-fold splendor, and perpetuated within her grasp the golden wand of commerce. Columbus now wearily turned his steps to the court of Spain, which, though tardy in its decisions, was destined to embrace his plans and enable him to accomplish his long cherished designs. His arrival in this country coincided with one of the most brilliant periods in Spanish history. The marriage of Ferdinand of Arragon and Isabella of Castile had consolidated the Christian power in the Peninsula, and put an end to those internal feuds which had so long ravaged the country. The entire armies of united Spain were now engaged in the chivalrous enterprise of the Moorish conquest; the whole land resounded with the tramp of Spain's advancing legions; the King and Queen were surrounded by the flower of Spanish chivalry. This was no time for the advancement of a suit like that of Columbus, and he was forced to linger in idle suspense around the court, urging his claims and defending his views from the attacks of the learned doctors of Salamanca. At last he gained an audience of

Ferdinand and Isabella, only to have his plans rejected and himself ridiculed.

He was on his way to seek the aid of some other country, when he was induced to try his fortunes once more at the court of Spain. He returned to Cordova, where the King and Queen were in state, and arrived there in time to witness the surrender of Moorish arms. After nearly eight hundred years of painful struggle, Granada had been surrendered to the Spanish sovereigns. The Saracen crescent had been trampled in the dust, the cross exalted in its place, the flag of Spain floated from the highest tower of the Alhambra. Throughout the whole land there was glittering of arms and sound of music and jubilee. During this period of magnificence, we have this description of our navigator from the pen of a Spanish writer:

“A man, obscure and but little known, followed at this time the court. Confounded in the crowd of importunate applicants, feeding his imagination in the corners of ante-chambers with the pompous project of discovering a world, melancholy and dejected in the midst of the general rejoicing, he beheld with indifference and almost with contempt the conclusion of a conquest which swelled all bosoms with jubilee, and seemed to have reached the utmost bounds of desire. That man was Christopher Columbus.”

The moment had now arrived when the sovereigns of Spain might turn their minds to foreign enterprise. Columbus once more presented his plans and stated his terms, inspiring the gracious Isabella to declare “that she undertook the enterprise for her own crown of Castile, and pledged her jewels to raise the necessary funds.” Columbus was now fifty-six years old. He had been a suppliant at the different thrones of Europe for eighteen years.

It is needless to tell the remainder of the story. How the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Nina, quaint high-pooped structures, only one of them being decked, glided out from

the little port of Palos, and cleaving the Gibraltar seas, sped in a southwesterly direction toward the Canaries, and how, after a long voyage, Columbus caught sight of land in the distance, and the weary sailors, with glad shouts and exultant Te Deums, threw themselves on their knees, kissed the green earth and took possession of the land in the name of Spain, is a matter of familiarity to all.

Columbus never knew the extent and magnitude of his discovery. He lived and died in the mistaken belief that he had discovered the outspurs of India.

H.

A PICTURE.

We look upon the scenes of childhood with a joy and a love such as can never be awakened by the recurrences of maturer life. Well may we say with the poet Rogers:

“Childhood’s loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walks, the tufted green
Indulgent memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed in far softer hues than light can give.”

Every act, every impression of that delightful period has stamped itself so indelibly upon our minds as to become forever fixed. Indeed, they are like beautiful sun pictures, growing stronger and more vivid in outline as the bright rays of manhood are shed upon them. All who love the home of childhood’s happy days have their minds filled with those delightful pictures. How often do they come back to us as we journey through life, and, like some good angel, they restrain from evil and show the path of truth and duty.

The picture that delights me most is not that of some grand and lofty mountain, towering up in all its majesty, nor is it a limpid lake, nestling like a diamond setting among the emerald hills, nor yet old Ocean, with his storm-tossed bil-

lows and foam-crested waves, but a great, dark, cypress swamp. I can see it now. The sun had slowly wheeled his shining disk toward his point of setting, and as his great eye slowly blinked, prepared to go to rest; the evening breeze had hushed its gentle whisperings; the birds, nature's most charming choir, had commenced their evening lay; and the beautiful, milk-white herons, circling gracefully above, sailed lazily away to enjoy a night of sweet repose in some impenetrable recess of the dark swamp.

The great tall cypresses, clad in their mossy mantles, stood like giants of noble strength, the chief actors in nature's sunset drama. The sun, going farther down, peeped out from the ruddy hills, and tipped the clouds with a crimson glow. His sapphire light was reflected on the sable giants of the swamp, and the very world seemed made of burnished gold. No pen can describe, no pencil can portray, the magnificent splendor of that mighty handiwork of God. An ocean filled with all the beauty and light of the Celestial City seemed to have broken over it, as ten thousand rays of light twinkled and shone in the dark and drooping branches.

The sun dipped below the horizon; the beauty faded from the trees, and evening's shadows lengthened and faded in the gathering gloom. Far away in the darkening swamp, the denizens of the caves began their nightly concert. The sounds echoed and re-echoed over the black waters, till they were caught up from every point, and all nature seemed reverberating with sweetest melody. The fire-fly shed his fitful glow over the gloomy morass; the owl's deep hoot and the wildcat's piercing shriek resounded through the swamp, and awakened a responsive echo in the far-off hills, as "Night drew her sable curtain down and pinned it with a star."

L. A. BEASLY.

THE BACKSLIDING OF REV. PETER WILKEY.

The lumbering accommodation and freight train was slowly moving out of the depot at Waynesville when a strong, rough young countryman entered, and looking around in an embarrassed way took a seat near the rear of the car. He placed his black valise carefully beside him, and opening a pasteboard box began to eat some biscuit, cold chicken and cake. His heavy brown overcoat hugged close to his ears, and shut out a full view of his face; but as he arose, brushing off the cake crumbs from his clothes, the young student sitting opposite noticed that he wore a black Prince Albert.

"A young 'ministerial' from the country on his way out to the college," mused the college boy, "and not so very young either," he added, glancing at the heavy black mustache which hung despondently down from his upper lip.

"Well, I must now do some good work for the old Aristotelian Society," soliloquized the young Junior, who was deeply impressed with his responsibilities as a member of this organization.

Gliding over to the country boy, or rather man, he stretched out his hand and said, in his blandest manner:

"Excuse me, sir; but I imagine that you are a new student on your way to Wendell College."

Rev. Peter Wilkey had read a great deal in the newspapers about confidence men and "bunco-steerers," and on this account was very suspicious of strangers. Looking up quickly, he gruffly replied:

"Yes, sir; but you ain't got no objection, have you?"

"Oh, no," replied Steve Graham, who, on account of his foppish airs, had won the soubriquet of "His Dudish Highness;" "I just thought that since I'm an old boy, I might be of some service to you upon your arrival. You know new

boys are not always treated the best;" and the accompanying look spoke volumes.

"I didn't mean any harm to you, just now," replied the Rev. Peter, glad to find his suspicions unfounded. "You see, I didn't know you were a Wendell boy. I'll be much obliged to you for any help you can give me. You see, it's the first time I ever left home, and it goes harder than I thought it would." The Rev. Peter Wilkey looked sadly out of the window. Steve, however, smiled, but did not doubt the statement.

"Yes, it is hard to leave home," said Steve, smiling again as he thought how eager he was that very morning to say good-bye to his father, thinking more of the jolly times at Wendell than of the separation from home.

"You see," said Peter, turning suddenly from the window, and showing a sober face just breaking into a sickly grin, "It wasn't so hard to leave Ma, as it was somebody else."

"Your father?" suggested Steve.

"No, he's dead," replied the young preacher, wondering at the obtuseness of the flashily dressed student before him. "You see," he continued, becoming more confidential, "she and me growed up together, and I always had a liking for her. She's undoubtedly the finest looking girl in our country, and we have lots of mountain beauties. Her Ma is dead, and she's been doing everything about the house since she was thirteen years old."

"How old is she now?" asked Steve, hoping inwardly to change the subject to which Society he intended joining, as they were rapidly nearing Wendell Station.

"Just sixteen."

"Well, old man, we are nearly at Wendell. I'll arrange for your room to-night. Now don't get scared if the fellows are just a little bit rough. They don't mean any harm."

Steve gathered his valise, as the brakeman yelled out "Wendell College," and Rev. Peter Wilkey was close behind

him when the car door swung open, and together they descended upon the depot platform.

"Hello, Graham!" "How is 'His Dudish Highness?'" "Glad to see you, old man," were the cries which greeted Steve on every side. His friends crowded around him, and in the excitement the new student was forgotten. Wilkey, dazed and bewildered, stood motionless upon the platform. In his hand he still grasped his old black valise. The train moved off, and with its departure came a feeling of utter loneliness. The chatter of the group of boys around Steve seemed borne from a distance. How often had he pictured his arrival—a bright glorious day, the crowd of students waiting at the train, the white-haired president standing upon the platform, receiving the new men as they came in, and giving Rev. Peter Wilkey the most cordial welcome of them all. How different the reality. Then his thoughts turned to *her*, and the rough log dwelling of her father's poised on the mountain side; to his home in the valley below, and to his mother, whose pinched face told only too well the story of self-sacrifice. The tears gathered in his eyes as the pictures rose before him.

Indistinctly he heard Steve saying, "Old man, let me introduce you to some of my especial friends."

"Wilkey, you are in luck," said Barker. "To-night the Athletic Association met to elect their foot-ball manager, and all the fellows are there. We knew Graham was coming in, and thought 'His Dudish Highness' deserved a royal reception."

The conversation turned to athletics, and Wilkey was not addressed again until they reached the Dormitory.

"Wilkey, you just stay with me to-night," said Steve, "and I'll arrange about your room to-morrow."

When the morrow came Graham's loyalty to his Society was put to the severest test. All the rooms had been taken, and to secure Wilkey as a member of the Aristotelian Society,

he would have to offer him to share his well furnished room on the third floor. He did so. The boys laughingly called this incongruous couple "The Beauty and the Beast."

* * * * *

There was a hearty laugh down at the post-office, one day when, among the students' mail, the name of "Rev. Pete Wilkey" was called out. Trembling with excitement, Wilkey rushed forward to receive the missive, which he so long had expected. He hurried to his room, there to open and peruse it alone.

"Why didn't she address me as 'Peter Wilkey,' instead of 'Pete?'" I do wish she had. There! All the boys were laughing at it," and he bit his lip as he remembered the scornful jeering. And from its perusal he did not derive one-half the pleasure he had anticipated, although the letter abounded in effusive terms of endearment.

"There are so many mistakes," he groaned. "I could forgive her spelling 'separated' with an 'e,' but here she says 'my love for you has not alturd.' Why, the child can't spell at all." He looked enviously upon the long line of photographs spread out on the mantel—pictures of some of Graham's numerous lady friends. The comparison which he involuntarily drew between them and simple Lena Donnell, was to her disparagement. But remembering her sweet innocent face, he said softly to himself, "Steve's friends may be fairer and more cultured, but there is no one truer than my Lena."

He replied to her letter that very afternoon. This correspondence continued uninterrupted during Wilkey's first year at Wendell.

This year's work wrought a great change in the young preacher. His quiet, studious habits won the respect of his professors. The fact that he was the most muscular man in college, made him a general favorite among the boys, and his unusual talents as a speaker developed so rapidly that he was

awarded the Improvement Medal by the Aristotelian Society. His manner and address had improved so much that Graham insisted that he should be his room-mate, during his senior year.

It was one afternoon, during the early weeks of his second year at Wendell, that Wilkey sat in his old room on the third. A letter lay open before him. He had read and re-read it, and pushing it from him, he leaned his head upon his hand and was lost in thought. Picture after picture rose before him, and in the time he re-lived the whole of childhood and youth. He did not hear the opening of his door, and started, as Graham, in a manner too excited for a Senior, said to him:

"Old lady, I've jolly good news for you. I've just had a talk with the captain of the foot-ball team, and you are the only man he has selected from the Soph. class to play this year on the team."

B. D.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

EDITORIALS.

INEXCUSABLE IGNORANCE AT WAKE FOREST.

Some of our readers will no doubt be surprised to see the word "ignorance" connected with Wake Forest College, the seat of learning of the great Baptist denomination in North Carolina, where young men come, and have been coming for more than fifty years, to learn that they may teach the ignorant of other communities. Yet there is ignorance here, and it is ignorance, too, in the true sense of the word, and denser than in many communities of far less reputation and far fewer facilities. We do not speak of ignorance of text-books, neither of the Holy law, nor of the Statute law; but ignorance of current history—facts of to-day which will be the making of valuable history in another generation.

We have been here a little more than three years, and in this time have known students who, although knowing well-nigh everything in their text-books, being able to discuss any point of history from the year 500 B. C. up to the civil war, were unable to say whether the last six Presidential elections had resulted in victories for the Democratic or Republican parties, or to tell the difference between the platforms of the great parties, or to tell "free silver from high tariff, or high tariff from free silver;" yet these same students could name the Cæsars in the order of their reigns, or the Presidents of the United States from Washington to Harrison with remarkable ease. They had learned these from histories, and thought that they were sufficiently informed to enter any Southern college.

About five months after entering Wake Forest, we were talking with one of our "grave and reverend" seniors, when he asked us who that man Grady was, about whom he had

heard some boys talking. The senior really didn't know that such a man as Henry W. Grady had ever lived until he had been buried two weeks. Now, the senior referred to was reckoned a bright and hard-working student. He seldom failed in the class-room, but it is a fact that he never went to the reading-room oftener than once in six months, and then went out of curiosity, and only had time to look at the illustrated weeklies. Again, a senior who stood third in the class of '92 very frankly confessed that he had never heard of Charles Stewart Parnell until the papers announced his death. This same senior would have easily told us of any event of Bible history, or repeated Paul's exact words before Agrippa, but he had never thought that men who make history are living in the nineteenth century, that there are hundreds of modern Pauls and modern Agrippas.

One more instance, we think, will suffice to persuade the reader that there is a Darkest Wake Forest as well as a "Darkest England." On the night of the late Presidential election one of the freshmen was heard to complain because we didn't hear from Alaska, saying that it was rather a *large State* and would influence the result.

There is but one answer to the question of the cause of this ignorance, and that is embodied in the one word, laziness. Our College reading-room is furnished with all the leading magazines of Europe and the United States, and almost all the great daily and weekly papers, and the student who pays his reading-room fee (which is compulsory) and then fails to devote part of his time to reading current literature, cannot be other than lazy; and yet we dare say there are at least twenty students here who don't know where to find the different papers, or by what means they may take a magazine to their rooms. They will be the men who will claim that their college education was hardly worth the time and money, and we can say that we agree with them. The student who comes to college with the intention of learning only what is taught

in his text-books, will be sadly lacking in qualifications for life's struggles. He may possibly secure a position as country school-teacher, perhaps do a little better, but he can never hope to be a winner in life's race. To-day the man who is not well informed as to current history, and more especially current politics, is not educated. The College Faculty may do their part towards developing one's mental powers, but they can never be able to teach politics and history as they are taught in the daily papers.

To every student we would say: go to the reading-room at least twice a week and spend an hour reading, not loafing or looking at pictures, each time, and if your time does not permit of a careful perusal of several of the great magazines, read at least *Current Literature* and the *Review of Reviews* each month.

J. W. B.

TO THE UNTHOUGHTED.

In the last issue of *THE STUDENT* there appeared some timely advice to the freshmen, which they will do well to accept and observe. But while this special class greatly stand in need of counsel, there are others who might be reminded of just a few things which it would not be inappropriate to observe. Fully aware that this article will be the subject of criticism, the writer ventures upon the task of offering a few kindly suggestions, which may be taken for what they are worth. College students involuntarily fall into various habits which are not altogether becoming, and in which they would not indulge were they to think for a moment, and since, as we have frequently heard, college life is a formative period, we ought to form and cultivate only such habits as are becoming to gentlemen.

We will begin with the worst. Boys, upon coming to college, not infrequently fall into the habit of using profane language,

and often those, too, who had never before given utterance to an oath, and who would blush to use such words in the presence of their mothers or sisters. Not only is it unmanly to indulge in profanity, but is entirely without excuse. Aside from being, to the last degree, wicked and immoral, an open and wilful violation of the Divine command, it is, to say the least, unbecoming in a gentleman. No gentleman will habitually engage in that which is not only unpleasant but disgusting to all well-meaning people. In fact, a true gentleman will not use profanity. But there are some who seem to think that they will not be noticed and respected unless they speak in *emphatic* terms. There are others who, not approving of such, yet imagine that it will make them appear manly, and when these latter do make out to utter an oath they do it in such an awkward, unfamiliar way as to provoke the scorn and disgust of all present. We are glad that the number who indulge in this practice is comparatively small, and these should remember that every time they utter an oath they break the pledge they made in matriculating as students of the college. The ideal student tries to improve himself in every possible way. Profanity, however, is a hindrance, rather than a help; hence, the real student, who aspires to make the very most of himself, will refrain from this base practice of using profanity.

Within the past few months it has frequently been the case, during Sunday morning service, that the pastor has been so interrupted in the midst of the sermon that he was compelled to stop. Now we are sure that those who cause this disturbance do not do so through ignorance nor irreverance, but merely through thoughtlessness. If they will consider for one moment, surely they will not do this again. If one has no respect and reverence for religious worship he should remember that there are those who do have, and that he has no right to interrupt them and detract their attention from what they conscientiously believe to be their duty and privilege.

Another habit of students is that of stopping and standing in front of the chapel door after services while the congregation is coming out. Every thoughtful person will readily concede that it is not in keeping with good propriety thus to stand and stare at a congregation coming out of the church. While it does not look well in the students, it has the semblance of being a source of embarrassment to citizens and ladies of the Hill.

Some other things might be mentioned, but lest the reader should grow weary of being informed of the imperfections of students, we deem it best to wait till another time. By what we have written we do not wish to be understood as saying that Wake Forest boys are a "set of toughs," as we once heard it expressed, but simply to call to mind that we are here to make the most of ourselves, and to do this we must constantly guard against the formation of such habits as are not commendable, and from which we may one day wish we were free.

SAM. J. PORTER.

STUDENT LIFE IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

Boys will be boys wherever they are, and when a large number are assembled in one place, we may expect a general jolly time and some mischief. Even the learning and pride of ancient Athens did not suppress this part of a boy's nature. There we would naturally suppose everything was perfectly systematized, and that little opportunity was given for the gratification of this part of him, but we are told a different story. There was no discipline or control exerted by the university authorities, but each professor was supposed to use his own personal influence for the greatest good, and this was limited because there was little harmony among the instructors. The boys were generally young, and in most cases

attended by a private tutor, who was to see to their moral training, assist in keeping their lecture notes in order and to have a care for their general welfare, but despite their tutors and the professors they had their fun, if fun we may call it. They, too, were addicted to hazing. They stood upon the street corners and around the harbors to receive the newcomers. When one made his appearance, he was at once taken to some private house and there made to undergo some trying ordeal, after which he was taken out for a mock parade and carried, in slow procession, to the bath, where all joined in a yell that made the poor fellow's hair stand on end and his legs shake beneath his weight. None were spared, and the ordeal was changed so as to give each one the greatest possible annoyance.

At times factions grew so strong that the professors were actually afraid to go out of doors, and the lectures were given in their residences. The factions waxed so hot that affrays occurred which had to be settled in the courts. In some cases citizens were the plaintiffs, and now and then students were indicted for breaking into dwellings in the city, and sometimes even the police forces were unable to quell the riots until the Governor interfered. In cases of this kind at Rome, the professors were instructed to use the rod and ship the offenders, but the spirit of liberty at Athens rose up in holy protestation against such discipline.

We are glad to note the contrast in university life then and now. Now that savage spirit is dormant or departed, and it is gratifying to see that the hazing of Athens and Rome has been modified as it came down through the ages. Hasten the day when the comparatively mild form of the present shall be unknown in American institutions, for boys can be boys and have their fun without brutality and crime. W.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

THAT we live in the fastest of ages has never been more evident than in the five months just past. Enough history has been made in that time to fill volumes. Single events that would have occupied the attention of the whole country for months forty years ago are now forgotten in a day. That it was in the last five months that the great political parties placed their candidates before the people; that the four great strikes, necessitating the calling out of the militia for the preservation of the law, have occurred, and have been overcome; that several of our greatest cities have celebrated, in the grandest style, the discovery of America by Columbus; that many of our greatest and best beloved men have passed away; that the courses of the two greatest nations of the world have undergone a decided change by vote of the people—all in the short space of five months—can hardly be realized. Yet all these things, and many more of greater or less import, have come to pass, and we seem as “far from the maddening crowd’s ignoble strife,” as our ancestors were before the Revolution.

The causes of our apparent imperturbability are difficult to imagine. Whether this wonderful age of electricity, of inventions of all sorts, of startling events, has made men ready for anything, wondering at nothing, expecting everything, we know not. Perhaps we live too fast to reflect, too fast to wonder. Perhaps we are nearing the climax of existence, as Prof. Totten has predicted, and are about to witness the one great event at which we shall have no time to wonder, and before which we all must fall. Anyway, we live in an “age on ages telling,” and we must be up and doing.

AT last the fondest hopes of the Democratic party have been realized, and we are to be blessed by good and wise government, and improvement in everything. The fight has been long and bitter, lasting more than thirty years, and we feel that the country has cause to congratulate itself that the pet schemes of this party are at last to be put to the test. The next four years should settle forever, one way or the other, the question of the tariff. It has been almost the only subject of thousands of campaign speeches for more than sixteen years. The people have been told how much "this hat would cost me in England," and how much it does cost in America; and on the other hand, how wages would be scarcely thirty cents for each laborer per day, and the endless song of pauper labor, until they are nauseated. They have tried a high wage and a high price administration, and are not satisfied. Whether they will be satisfied with a low wage and low price administration remains to be seen in the next four years.

TO-DAY the Democracy is on the verge of a great mistake. In the flush of victory they are about to demand that their principles be put in force immediately. To do this they will petition the President-elect to call a special session of Congress immediately after his inauguration. They want the McKinley bill repealed *in toto* as soon as possible, being willing to wait later to disfranchise the National banks. If the tariff is reduced to any great extent suddenly, or even in the next two years, this great Democratic "landslide," which is thought, by some, to have sounded the death knell of the Republican party, can only result in a great commercial panic, and in everlasting good to the disciples of protection, and instead of the knell of the Republican party, it will most surely prove to be that of the Democrats. We believe in reducing the tariff, but are heartily opposed to any sudden action at a point so vital to the commercial interests of the country.

FOUR hundred years ago last month, as we have been reminded four hundred thousand times, by the various newspapers and magazines, Christopher Columbus landed in the West Indies. Did he think that four hundred years from that time the people of this new country would celebrate this simple event with greater grandeur and splendor than ever known? No! In his eyes his own was the greatest of ages, and his own Spain would never be surpassed in anything by the wild country which he had visited. And thus the world moves. Every age is the greatest age, and no one can hardly imagine where the improvement is to come. Yet improvement does come, and after our eyes are accustomed to it there is nothing in it at which we have cause to wonder.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RUFUS WEAVER, Editor.

THE opening chapters of Mrs. Burton Harrison's latest story, *Sweet Bells out of Tune*, appear in the November number of *Century Magazine*.

JACOB A. RIIS, the author of *How the Other Half Lives*, presents another valuable contribution to social science, entitled *The Children of the Poor*.

THOSE who read that delightful novelette, *A Soul From Pudge's Corner*, published a year ago in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, will be glad to hear that it is now being issued in book form.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELL'S latest novel, *The Quality of Mercy*, is a depressive piece of fiction. The hero is an embezzler, who, fleeing to Canada, to escape justice, leaves behind his family to bear alone his disgrace.

AN Englishman, who is now making something of a stir in literary circles, is A. Conan Doyle, a physician by profession, an author from choice. His leading romance, *The Adventures of Shirlock Holmes*, has just been put upon the market by an American publishing house, and promises to become quite popular among the readers of sensational stories.

SCIENTISTS are presumably devoid of poetry, but quite the contrary is shown by an ode on the death of Tennyson in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is signed by Professor Thomas B. Huxley, and is worthy of the Laureate's own pen. Frederick W. H. Myers, in the same number, offers another tribute to the memory of the world-lamented poet, which is surpassingly beautiful in thought.

WE chronicle, this month the death of another man of letters, better known, perhaps, for his geographical discoveries than his literary productions. Lieutenant Schwatka was the leader of the Franklin rescue party which attempted, in 1878, the discovery of the North Pole. After his return he published *Nimrod of the North, The Children of the Cold*, and has been a popular contributor to different magazines. He died the second day of the present month, at his home, in Portland, Oregon.

The Death of Enone, Akbar's Dream, etc., is the unassuming title of Tennyson's last verses. Full ripe and mellow, these poems equal in beauty and expression many which he had written in the prime and vigor of intellectual manhood. The following is the Laureate's dedication of the dainty volume to his aged wife:

"There on the top of the down,
The wild heather round me, and over me June high blue,
When I looked at the bracken so bright and the heather so brown,
I thought to myself, I would offer this book to you,
This and my love together,
To you that are seventy-seven,
With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,
And a fancy as summer new,
As the green of the bracken and the gloom of the heather."

The History of the Jews, From the Earliest Period to the Present Time, by Dr. H. Graetz, Professor of the University of Breslau, is now being translated from the original German into English. This is the most thorough-going and scientific history of the Jews that has ever been written. The author has spared no pains in searching for the facts and arriving at the truth. The work deals not only with the history of the Jewish nation, but also with their achievements in literature, art and science. Though written by an Israelite, there is no history of the Jews more reliable or impartial. Therefore, it is a source of special gratification that English-speaking races will be given the opportunity of perusing in their mother-tongue a work of so rare value.

THE most remarkable book published during the past summer was Zola's novel, *La Débâcle*. In this work, there are not to be found the low, vulgar characters which have contributed so much to the unenviable reputation which this brilliant French writer has achieved. Every reader of *La Débâcle* recognizes Zola as a genius of the highest order. The deep, intricate plot, characteristic of most French novels, is wanting, and upon a slender thread the novelist strings together, with consummate skill, a vivid description of the overthrow of the Second Empire. The story opens with the massing of troops, the back-grounding of the mighty struggle which is impending. The glamour of glory and chivalry, so often thrown over blood-red battle-fields, to hide its carnage, is hurled away, and the gloomy horrors of war painted in colors dark and lurid. The weakness and unwieldiness of a great army, without commanders and without provisions, is delineated as no author yet has ever done. As a historical treatise it is worthy of recognition. A clearer and truer conception of the events leading to the overthrow of Napoleon III. may be secured from *La Débâcle* than from the laborious histories of that period.

While worthy of the admiration of the literary world, it cannot live. The first impulse one experiences after reading it, is to hurl it gladly away. It is the "Book of Sorrow." There is too much pain and gloom about it ever to be loved by humanity.

Criticising the book, as a whole, M. de Vogue, a survivor of the war of 1870, says:

"That there are in *La Débâcle*, and in M. Zola's former works, pages of rare and lofty beauty, I have joyfully testified, having felt their charm. That this last work is, in many respects, a literary masterpiece, I agree, and I have not been grudging of a mere literary praise. But the touch-stone of the book is not there, young readers! Do not believe your rhetoric manuals on this point. Listen to your mother, and later on, to your woman-friend! They will tell you that the good and beautiful books—those that have a chance of remaining alive after their author is sleeping underground—are the books which help us to cross life's difficult places. This is so true, that after finishing *La Débâcle*, tortured by the revival of painful memories, I instinctively took up a volume of 'War and Peace.'"

EXCHANGES.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

WHY have an exchange department anyhow, and have the editor reading every paper and magazine he finds on his table? Does it pay? Well, if there is a great deal of reading for the editor he cheerfully does it, and appreciates the opportunity. It is profitable to him at least. In this manner he becomes acquainted with the spirit and tone of many institutions, and he realizes literary advantages. He is also

expected to perform the functions of a critic. This interchange fosters a sort of healthy rivalry that is a stimulus to each magazine, and renders it a better representative of the college from which it goes. It gives a general insight to the character of institutions, and affords a medium for the exchange of thoughts and plans for the diffusion of education. By it the student world is bound more closely together and friendly relations secured, while it is also an incentive to more thorough work in neighboring institutions. So it is not difficult to see the reasons for this department.

THE YALE COURANT is an exchange that we prize above the average. It possesses less of the school-boy style than most college magazines.

TWELVE HUNDRED students from Mitchell Polytechnic Institute of London have arranged to visit the World's Fair in '93. The necessary expenses of each student will be only one hundred dollars.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE TOPICS, edited at the University of Virginia, is the only college sheet in the South devoted exclusively to athletics. It is a weekly, and always interests lovers of athletics. THE STUDENT sends congratulations, and wishes for it a merited existence.

WELL may *The Trinity Archive* be proud of the new environments, and now that they are more propitious a renewed effort is necessary that it may be equal to the surroundings. We are pleased to say to the friends of *The Archive* that its literary character is improving.

THE post-graduate course at Yale leading to the degree of Ph. D. will be opened to all students next year without the distinction of sex. Already more than thirty women have registered as students in this degree. In making this movement Yale takes the lead of the great universities of this country.—*Ex.*

THE neatest dress that graces our exchange table is that in which *The Centre College Cento* presents itself. The outward effect is not lost when we open the pages, for it is an interesting pamphlet, and manifests the characteristic good feeling of the old State that makes such good whisky intemperance is a virtue.

AMONG our exchanges of maturer years we find the newborn from the National College for the Deaf, christened *The Buff and Blue*. The editorial departments bespeak efficient literary management, and we specially appreciate the Athletic column. No college sheet is complete without it. THE STUDENT wishes it a successful career, and the material support of those interested.

THIRTY-EIGHT medical colleges in this country have been opened to female students, and seven have been established for women exclusively. Twenty-five years ago there were less than a score of female doctors; to-day there are over four thousand.—*Ex.* She is gentler and more sympathetic, and, in general, woman is better suited for a nurse than man. She is proving herself equal to the opportunities offered, so let them still broaden.

OUR old friend, the *An-X*, comes in a new fall dress. We are always glad to have it on our table, possibly because of its gentler influence as a sister. It asserts independence by discontinuing a professor as chief editor, and its make-up is complimentary to the young ladies to whose charge it is given. "Frances Burney (Madame D'Arblay) and Her Evelina," is the title of its most readable article. The writer shows a love for literature, and we readily recognize such tastes among girls, and would encourage them by a word of commendation.

WE gratefully acknowledge the visit of *The Emory Phoenix*, published at Oxford, Ga. It is a newsy sheet, and we are glad to note that it anticipates a change to a more con-

venient form pretty soon. Its present proportions are unwieldy. The review of James Russell Lowell's works is a well written article, and is worthy of any college magazine; it is a treat to lovers of literature. The writer is evidently familiar with Lowell's works, and the criticisms are unbiased. A tinge of individuality is characteristic of the writing, and the style is easy and attractive.

THE SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN, of Washington and Lee University, is one of the best magazines in the country. It is especially fortunate in having a gifted foot-ball reporter. Our readers will remember that Wake Forest's Foot-ball Team played the Virginia Military Institute boys in Lexington on Friday, and on the next day Washington and Lee. Wake Forest won the latter game by a score of 16 to 0. Three of the regular team were unable to play, and the others were tired from the hard game the day before. This gifted reporter, in his report to *The Collegian*, says that W. and L.'s V ploughed through Wake Forest's rush line "much as a snow-plough scatters an opposing drift." And yet, in spite of this rare power, they failed to score. The man who could watch that game, and then write that Wake Forest was moved like the gentle snow-flake is a genius of no small order. His facile pen can make the shadows fall anywhere; can make a bad matter good; can make Bethoven's symphony out of the bray of the animal that Balaam licked. He seems very much exercised because our team appeared mature. When we met W. and L. we supposed we were meeting men of a great University, men who had passed that age when childhood and infancy were excuses for failure; but it seems we were mistaken. Like little boys, they rub their swollen, tearful eyes with their chubby fists, and cry, We were too young. We saw no nurses on the field, no bottles with perforated rubber tubes over the necks; but next time we will carry a few nurses, a few milk-bottles, baby-rattles and candy-sheep to amuse the youthful kids of a great Southern University. Now, my friend, as to the advisability of some of our men

"retiring from such active life," you must make it more active than you did, ere the force of your logic will have its effect. The Wake Forest Team's average age is twenty-one years. Many a game before us yet. The world's greatest player, probably, is only *twenty-seven* years of age. Yes, we treated you very fatherly. Our bosom always yearns for such young and tidy youths at a great University, who have never heard a harsher note than the lute, who have always been "wrapped in tissue paper, packed in lavender, and handled with sugar-tongs." The cackling of geese once saved Rome. So the wailing, up-lifted cry of our gifted reporter may yet sweeten the bitter waters of defeat. In his task pity drops a tear and our bowels of compassion are open unto him. He says, later, that we played them "fairly and well," but that we were too heavy for them. Well, my friend, we are not responsible if Wake Forest's muscle is better than Washington and Lee's brain. Do not say we played you "fairly and well," and then, in the next paragraph, allow your contumacious liver to pour out its poisonous bile of slanderous insinuation into your alimentary canal. Make a careful study of the fatal consequences that befell Ananias and Sapphira.

ALUMNI NOTES.

SAM. J. PORTER, Editor.

—'70. To the delight of Wake Forest boys, J. C. Scarborough has just been elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Judging from his former service in this office, we feel safe in saying that a wiser and better man could not have been chosen for the place.

—C. W. Mitchell ('77-81), of Aulander, was recently elected to represent the counties of Bertie and Northampton in the State Senate.

—'91. W. B. Daniel is principal of the Male Academy, at Louisburg. Mr. Daniel deserves to meet with success, and we are pleased to note that he has a fine school, and is doing well.

—Rev. G. S. Baskerville ('70 '71), is President of Jamestown College, Jamestown, North Dakota.

—'74. J. C. Jenkins is a thriving and popular lawyer in Atlanta, Georgia.

—'79. Rev. G. P. Hamrick is pastor of the Boiling Springs Baptist Church in Cleveland County. He is doing a good work for the Baptists in that part of the State.

—'83. Rev. C. G. Jones is the energetic pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

—'87. J. W. Fleetwood is Register of Deeds in Northampton County.

—'88. Rev. A. T. Howell has been called to a pastorate in Virginia, and has accepted.

—'89. Cards are out for the marriage of Mr. W. C. Dowd to Miss Eloise Butt, of Charlotte, North Carolina. THE STUDENT sends congratulations.

—'89. W. W. Early is a member of the graduating class in the Medical Department at the University of Pennsylvania. We are glad to learn that he is standing at the head of his class.

—'89. Prof. J. H. Simmons fills the chair of English in William Jewell College, Mo. William Jewell is to be congratulated upon securing the efficient services of one of Wake Forest's noblest and most accomplished sons.

—'90. Rev. H. C. Moore is the popular young pastor at Morehead City. He has just published a series of "Seaside Sermons," which are short, practical and full of truth. While the little volume is a treasure within itself, it is also an earnest of what we believe is yet to come from the pen of this gifted young writer.

—'91. J. I. Kendrick has been chosen Secretary of the Missionary Society at Louisville Theological Seminary.

—'92. G. A. Sowell is attending Crozer Theological Seminary, Pennsylvania.

—'92. D. D. Dougherty has accepted a good position as teacher in Tennessee.

—'92. H. T. Aydlett is pursuing a medical course in the University of Virginia. Success to you, old friend.

—'92. Rev. J. E. Green is principal of the High School, at Bostick, North Carolina. He is also doing ministerial work.

—'92. We are glad to have with us this year John A. Williams, who is assisting Prof. Brewer in the Chemical Laboratory.

—'92. J. W. Millard has been elected editor of the *Seminary Magazine*, published at Louisville. We are glad to see our boys taking a prominent stand at the Seminary.

—'92. G. W. Paschal, one of the former editors of THE STUDENT, is teaching in Chatham County. We wish for him the highest success. Few men have left Wake Forest with a higher class standing than Mr. Paschal.

—'92. R. E. Major is Professor of Modern Languages in North Alabama College, Athens, Alabama. Mr. Major is well fitted for the duties of this position. If he makes as good a professor as he was a student, he will meet with almost unparalleled success. Of this, however, we entertain no doubts. Best wishes to you, Reese.

—'92. W. W. Vass, Jr., has a good position as Executive Clerk at the capitol of North Carolina. A former editor of THE STUDENT, and Valedictorian of the class of '92, he bids fair to be a man of great usefulness. His intention is to take a full course in Law, at the University of North Carolina. We were glad to see him on the Hill some time since. Come again, Buck.

GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

IN HISTORY EXAMINATION.

Vainly he racked his cranial store,
Seeking to find historic lore,
"History repeats itself," said he,
"Oh! now repeat thyself to me."

"Does heat expand?" the teacher asked,
"If so, example cite."
"The days are long in summer,"
Said the student who was bright.

The college phrase, "not in it," is not entirely new, as many may suppose, but it was used by Euripides, more than two thousand years ago, in his *Maleager*, where he says: "Cowards do not count in battle; they are there, but *not in it*."

I will fall on the ball,
Said a man big and tall,
And he tackled the game with a vim;
But he came in contact
With a man in his track,
And now the doctors have tackled him.

Professor in Latin (dictating Latin composition)—"Tell me, slave, where is the horse?" Antonished Freshman—"It's under my chair, sir; but I wasn't using it."

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to acquire it.

SOME THINGS WE NEVER SEE.

A sheet from the bed of a river,
 A tongue from the mouth of a stream.
 A toe from the foot of a mountain,
 And a page from a volume of steam.
 A wink from the eye of a needle,
 A nail from the finger of fate.
 A plume from the wing of an army,
 And a drink at the bar of a grate.
 A hair from the head of a hammer,
 A bite from the teeth of a saw.
 A race on the course of study,
 And a joint from the limb of the law.
 A check that is drawn on a sand-bank,
 And some fruit from an axle-tree.

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE TRAVELER.

C.—“I’ve lost my portmanteau.”

T.—“I pity your grief!”

C.—“All my sermons were in it.”

T.—“I pity the thief!”

The sex of newspapers has never been authoritatively decided; but it is thought that the *Youth's Companion* is a girl.

The student of Rhetoric will probably be interested to see the following unique definition of an epigram:

The qualities three that in a bee we meet
 In an epigram never should fail;
 The body should always be little and sweet,
 And the sting should be left in it's tail."

The mosquito is a lawyer, and often pleads all night at the bar.—*Jersey Dart*. Like other lawyers, also, as soon as he is admitted to the bar he knows how to put in his little bill.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

The interest in athletic sports now centers around the great gridiron. "Football, the king of games," reigns supremely in the athletic world. We are now in the midst of the season, and every day decides some contest. Colleges, Universities and Athletic Clubs alike, have their teams in the field, and each one striving for the championship of some particular locality, or of America, as the case may be. And why not? It is the game that most perfectly combines strength and science, and is the grandest illustration of the strength in systematic training and concentration of effort. Nothing offers a better opportunity for the application of the physical powers, directed by the higher powers of reason and science, and the moral in this is ineffaceably impressed upon the player, and is not forgotten when he leaves the park and enters the arena of life. It serves as an important aid in choosing the tactics for the contest with the world. It teaches him how and where to apply his strength and make the attack, and renders him sturdy and undaunted in the application. Whatever profession or vocation he may choose he is better prepared for it after serving two or three seasons on a football team. We are in college to prepare for what is to come, then let us not be slack in regard to the lesson in football, it is essential to success.

Amhurst scores against Harvard—10 to 32.

Yale and Harvard play the 19th inst. This will be a hotly contested game.

Sewanee won a victory from Washington and Lee University, by a score of 24 to 18.

Wake Forest expected Trinity to give them a date, but she wrote that there was only one date we could have, and we had a date for that time.

On the 12th inst. Yale defeated the University of Pennsylvania, by a score of 28 to 0. Princeton's supporters can get odds on the Thanksgiving game.

Wake Forest plays the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, on Thanksgiving. We are glad to meet the Tennessee boys, and anticipate a pleasant acquaintance.

Yale has a trainer for every position in her team, and he selects the player for that position and instructs him in all its possibilities. Princeton, also, has a corps of coaches, and is doing good training.

Are we to have no class games in football this season? I see no reason that we should not, and the material and practice they would furnish to the college eleven is sufficient to justify them, to say nothing of the class pride they foster.

The Yale-Princeton game on Thanksgiving will be the game of the season, and, perhaps, the best game ever given to the people of New York. Both have strong teams, and will make an exciting struggle for the mastery. Tickets have been on sale for weeks, and the spectators will be numbered by the thousands.

In examining our exchanges we find that the Southern institutions are behind in athletics. Years ago this was not considered a feature of the college, and a part of its work, but to-day the lack of it is to be criticised. But we do not come to criticise, but to commend and encourage the progress that is so apparent in the last two years. The spirit is spreading, and will soon extend to the gulf.

In consideration of the fact that three years ago the Wake Forest football team played the University of Virginia on their own soil, our manager has tried to arrange with the Virginia boys for a match in Raleigh. He has offered better

inducements than they have given him, still they don't come. It is only a courtesy due us to play in Carolina this season. They can't claim the championship of the South without meeting our team.

The University of North Carolina, Trinity and Wake Forest Colleges are now considering the propriety of joint Field-Day contests between the athletic teams of the respective institutions. This need not interfere with the established Field-Day of either college, and we think it would be a step in the right direction. It would result in more thorough training and better work by all, and add a stimulus to athletics in North Carolina. Let committees be appointed to make the necessary arrangements while there is yet time.

• Perhaps the supporters of football have never before realized such a surprise as the result of the Pennsylvania-Princeton game the 5th inst. It was the general opinion that it would be an interesting game, but not one dream had we that the University of Pennsylvania would score six points against four by Princeton. But we should keep in mind that Pennsylvania's team averaged eighteen pounds above Princeton's, and beef will tell in a football game. We note, with regret, that King, of Princeton, was injured, and had to be carried off the field. He approaches nigh our ideal ball-player. As a result of this game Pennsylvania will play Yale in the great Thanksgiving game of '93.

We give below a *fac simile* of a letter from the Physical Instructor of Washington and Lee University, who was umpire in the Wake Forest-Washington and Lee game, addressed to the Football Captain and Team of Wake Forest College, in the evening after our game closed:

Gentlemen: I wish to congratulate you on your victory of to-day, and upon the magnificent physical proportions which you exhibit. In the heat of contest there is great temptation to win the game at any cost. At such times the umpire cannot see everything. The only way in which a fair game

of football can be assured is that each team shall be properly instructed to play according to rules. You have done this, and show an evident intention to play an honest game, win or lose. This disposition on your part is of incalculable benefit to true sport in the South. In the name of lovers of fair play and genuine sportsmanship in this locality, I thank you for your visit to Lexington, and the true athletic spirit which you have shown. Wishing you a successful trip and a return next year,

I am yours sincerely,

FREDERICK W. COBB.

By kindness of Professor Sikes, we give a short account of the University of North Carolina-Trinity game:

On the afternoon of the 12th of November, the 'Varsity team met the Trinity team on Trinity's ground, and, for the first time, defeated them. The 'Varsity had the advantage in weight and experience. Only two of the Trinity players had ever engaged in a match game before. The recent Virginia trip induced the 'Varsity boys to change their tactics from running to rushing. The University won the ball, and in less than five minutes had made six points. The game was a series of rushes. Trinity could not hold the heavy rushes of the 'Varsity boys, but at times she took the ball herself and rushed over them. Both teams fumbled the ball and both fell on it well. Trinity's veteran half-back, Daniels, played, but the Durhams were not there, and so his sprinting was of no avail. Devin, Wake Forest's old full-back, played a good game for the 'Varsity. The score stood, at the close, 24 to 0. This was Trinity's first game this season. She has pluck that will not down. Look out for next year.

The editor is gratefully indebted to a member of the team for the following synopsis of the trip and games of our football team in Virginia:

"Wednesday afternoon, October 19th, our football team boarded the 'Shoofly' for Lexington, Virginia, where we

were dated to play the Virginia Military Institute and the Washington and Lee University, respectively. The first eighty miles travel, from the station here to Weldon, was accomplished with seemingly unusual quickness, the time having been beguiled by a charming young lady's accompaniment and the general good spirits of the boys. Arriving at Weldon, and spending an unsatisfactory night, owing to the incessant whistle of in-coming and out-going trains, we stepped on the cars next morning to extend our trip towards our destination, to learn our fate, by putting North Carolina brawn against Virginia muscle. After leaving the historic city of Petersburg, nothing of interest occurred, except at almost every station our train would pass a long string of flat-cars heavily loaded with coal. But the grandest sights—sights upon which our eyes and souls feasted—loomed up before us between Lynchburg and Lexington. Some of the boys had never seen 'such big hills,' and when away in the distance the Blue Ridge rose up in all her grandeur, they could scarcely contain themselves, and some of them solemnly declared they could live in that country on mountain air and scenery. Leaving Balcony Falls, a little station, now familiar to us all, we followed close on the bank of the North River, now whirling around double curves, now looking straight up above us for hundreds of feet, at the immense rocks and crags impending from the perpendicular excavations. Finally, about half-past six o'clock, tired and dusty, we reached Lexington, noted for her surrounding battle-fields and the homes of their heroes. We were quartered at the Irvine House by the Washington and Lee boys. We had now traveled about 330 miles, and felt far away from home among strangers and opponents. But we rested well that night through sheer exhaustion and worry. Next morning we awoke with the thought weighing upon us that soon we must fight our hardest battle. The men seemed nerved and ready for the contest. At 2 o'clock the team was dressed in

the handsome white sweaters, and showed some nervousness, due to excessive anxiety.

"At 3:30 P. M. the captains tossed, and the Virginia Military Institute got the ball. With a strong determination and plenty of avoirdupois the Institute boys lined up with a V, and rushed with terrific force; however, they made but little ground, having immediately collided with our line, which seemed to catch something of the inspiration of Lexington's resident hero, and indeed an unbiased looker-on could not help giving our rush line the appropriate name of stone-wall. At the first 'down' one side of the ground was literally lined with Cadets, who were wildly exhorting their best eleven, while the other side of the field was thronged with Washington and Lee boys, who inwardly hoped us success, and would occasionally give vent to their desire by lustily ringing out our college yell. Thus, owing to the cordial ill-will and rivalry between the institutions, our team had something over two hundred well-wishers at either game. However, the Virginia Military Institute boys hurriedly lined up and made a strong attempt to go around our right end, but with little gain. Soon the ball went over to Wake Forest, and soon went back to the Virginians. Thus the game was hotly and manfully contested for twenty minutes of the first half, when by our irresistible rushes and quick dashes over tackle and end, the Carolinians scored a touch-down and kicked goal, making the score 6 to 0, in Wake Forest's favor, and thus it stood at the end of the first thirty minutes half. At this juncture victory seemed in sight for the Tar Heels; but after ten minutes' rest Wake Forest, having the ball, lined up with a V, which was well stopped by the Cadets, and summoning much courage and determination, and aided by what Wake Forest terms illegal interference, soon scored two touch-downs and goal kicks, making the score 12 to 6 in favor of the Virginians, and only five minutes before the game was up. Wake Forest hurriedly and determinedly lined up to make

her desperate effort to score a touch-down in the short space of five minutes. Standing in V shape, and, on starting instantly converting it into a diagonal, we succeeded in gaining twenty-five yards; with this encouragement, and the exhorting voice of our captain, we soon scored another touch-down and goal kick, making the score 12 to 12, and yet thirty seconds to play, during which mite of time the Cadets failed to score, and the game was called, and declared a tie. The game was played throughout with the best of feeling between the teams. That night, Friday, we were regally entertained by the hospitable and cordial boys in gray, and continued at their board until Saturday night.

“We were sure now that our hardest struggle was over. After spending a restful night we awoke, ready to meet the boys just across the campus, Washington and Lee’s. The afternoon soon came, and the field was alive with interested spectators; the feeling now, however, among the students being considerably reversed as to our success; yet the Cadets, in wagons and carriages, donned the old gold and black, and frequently and with deafening force, gave our yell. ‘Play ball,’ the the umpire called at 3:30 P. M., for forty-five minute halves; the reason for these lengthy halves, being, as we supposed, that the Washington and Lee boys had strong hopes of winding us, which, however, they found more difficult than they anticipated. Space forbids a detailed account of the game, but suffice it to say that at the end of the first half Washington and Lee had a goose egg, and at the end of the game they still clung to the 0, and Wake Forest had scored 16 points. This game had little ill-feeling, and no disqualifications.

“Elated over our success in foreign ‘barn-yards,’ we hurriedly repaired to supper, and thence to the train. Amid cheers and good wishes from the Cadets we parted from them, and bade the barracks adieu. We took the train at 8:25 P. M. for Richmond, where we were booked to play Richmond College

on Monday afternoon. After an all-night's ride we arrived in the beautiful city at 7:25 A. M. The College's Business Manager met us at the depot and kindly assigned us to our quarters. Most of the team slept during the morning, but on Sunday afternoon many of them rambled over the old city, and visited her historic places.

"Tempus was a fugiting, however, and Monday afternoon soon came, our boys now being thoroughly sore and stiff from their previous work.

"While the College boys copied the acts of Washington and Lee in their score, the game was played all through without a single hard word, but good feeling reigning. When the game was called the score was really 22 to 0, but technicality made it 18 to 0, in the Carolinians' favor. Thus ended the last game of our Virginia series, pleasantly, profitably and victoriously; no one seriously injured, and all being benefited by the contact of our manly and friendly opponents.

"On Tuesday morning the train pulled out, bearing the team for Wake Forest. At 3:17 they arrived, and the patriotic and enthusiastic boys gave the victors an appropriate ovation.

"Kind boys of Virginia, many of us will never have the pleasure again of meeting you on the football ground, but your cordiality has made us your friends, and the memory of our trip and stay among you will hang long as a beautiful picture in our hall of recollection.

"The team was kindly treated wherever they went. In Richmond Jacob Allen, Esq., invited the team to banquet at his house. On their return Professors Maske, Sledd and Ferrell banqueted them at the Purefoy House."

E. Y. WEBB.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

GLORY!

VICTORY!

ON to Richmond.

WE are the people.

IT is reported that Liberia has gone Republican.

OLD gold and black and Grover Cleveland are both winners.

THAT little Baptist game at Richmond was a regular love-feast.

MISS ELMA DAVIS, of the Falls, is spending a few days with Miss Minta Allen.

IT is said that we will not know who is elected until the returns from Alaska come in.

THE following telegram was received from the team just after leaving Richmond: "We are coming, and we are the people. *Have Dinner!*"

THE resolutions in regard to Professor Beckwith's death failed to reach the editor in time for publication in last issue, hence its late appearance.

SINCE our victory at Lexington the Washington and Lee men seem to have discovered that bald heads or hoary heads do not always signify hurt backs and rheumatism.

A PARTY of students attended the Trinity-University football game of the 12th inst. All were well pleased with the game, and return thanks to Trinity for many kindnesses shown.

THE students and citizens of the Hill are under many obligations to Mr. Yarborough, of the Postal Company, and his assistant, Mr. Brewer, for the admirable way they handled the election returns.

THE Soph. class have met at least a dozen times this fall and haven't succeeded in getting a cap yet. We are glad to note this marked improvement over former classes.

SINCE the election no less than eight petitions for the post-office have been circulated. It seems that some people think that there is something in being on the winning side.

THE University of Virginia says she wants to play ball, but don't want to leave Virginia. They don't give reasons, but we suppose they are afraid their kind of umpire don't grow down in North Carolina.

THERE are 182 students registered up to date, and a good prospect of making the number over two hundred during the next term. There is one thing remarkable about the present crop of Fresh., and that is, not one of them has returned home on account of home-sickness.

OUR football team leave on Tuesday 22d, for Knoxville, Tennessee, where they play the University of Tennessee Thanksgiving. On the following day they play the Asheville team, which they so easily beat last spring at Charlotte. As usual, our team can be counted on to win both games.

WE regret that on account of some very mysterious circumstances, certain resolutions of the fragments of the class of '92, who happened to be on the Hill at the time of the reception, failed to find their way to the printer, after we had mailed them. We assure the aforesaid fragments that if they will send us another copy of the resolutions, we will take pleasure in publishing them.

THE Democratic victory was appropriately celebrated by the students and citizens on the night of the 11th. All kinds of firearms, torch-lights and other paraphernalia of political celebrations were brought into use. The procession, which was near a mile long, paraded the principal streets of the town for five hours. Speeches were made by Professors Poteat, Sledd and Carlyle.

THE Senior Class team have challenged the Juniors for a football game, but the latter are rather slow in accepting. Meanwhile the Senior team is improving in every way, and now almost has a "cinch" on the College penant. These class games should be continued, by all means. Everyone very vividly remembers the interest excited last Fall, and would, no doubt, be glad to see similar games this year.

OUR football record, up to date, is something to be proud of. During our last Virginia trip we never lost a game, making a total score of 50 points, to our opponents' 12, in three successive games. Two other games have been forfeited to us. After our next trip, which cannot but result victoriously for us, we will have plenty of open dates on which we can give certain "champions" in Virginia and North Carolina, an opportunity of proving their title.

WE would advise that Mr. Kittrell post the following rules in some conspicuous place in the reading-room, for the instruction of the students: Be careful not to poke your elbows through your neighbor's ribs; he is very probably mortal and may resent it. Don't read the magazines and newspapers aloud; the Seniors, Juniors and Sophs. learned to read in their first year. Don't insist on calling everyone's attention to the patent out-side news of your home paper; as there are other things of more importance to most people.

LAST month we failed, unintentionally, however, to notice the opening of the Wake Forest Academy. Upon the death of Miss Fort, whose careful and efficient training had accomplished much in securing for the Academy its reputation for superior scholarship and thoroughness, Miss Evabelle Simmons was chosen Principal of the school. The many qualifications which fit her especially to fill this position are too well known to the readers of THE STUDENT to need repetition. The Principal is ably assisted in the various departments by Misses Sophie, Hannah and Susie Lanneau. With an increased number of students in attendance, the Academy enters upon its most prosperous year.

WAKE FOREST SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The first meeting of this Society took place on the evening of October 3d. Papers were read by Professors Poteat and Lanneau, of which the following reports have been handed us:

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SENSITIVE BRIAR (*Schrankia uncinata*)—By Professor Poteat.—1. As to the strength of an adequate stimulus: Leaflets close promptly when fanned by a bumble-bee's wing an inch distant; when blown upon with the mouth two feet distant; when sprinkled with water slung from the hand or with rain. A stimulus not strong enough to close the leaflets may result in the depression of the *pinnae*. 2. As to the direction of propagation of the impulse: It is propagated with distinctly greater ease from the basal to the terminal parts than *vice versa*, both in the case of the leaf and of its divisions. 3. As to the velocity of propagation: Average about one inch in thirteen seconds in the centrifugal direction; and much more slowly in the centripetal. 4. As to recovery: The leaflets are fully expanded again in about twenty minutes after closure.

In Professor Lanneau's presentation of his subject, "Chicago and the White City," we had a glimpse of the great "Auditorium Building," a costly structure (\$3,500,000), facing Lake Michigan on the east. Thanks to one of its thirteen elevators, we quickly rose to the top of its lofty tower, 270 feet in the air, obtaining a bird's-eye view of Chicago's three divisions—the North-side, West-side and South-side. Conspicuous among the notable structures in the busy heart of the city, was the fifteen-story "Rookery," in which 3,800 people find constant employment. From our eminence, looking southward some five miles, we saw on the lake shore the White City—the cyclopean buildings of the World's Fair—glistening in the sunlight. Descending, and taking the Illinois Central train, we were soon in Jackson Park inspecting, in turn, the drives, the flowers, the waterways, the electric

fountains, the groups of giant statuary, and the elaborately finished buildings. Space forbids even a summary. Allusion to one must suffice—the “Manufacturer’s and Liberal Arts” building. It covers more than thirty acres. Its roof is 245 feet from the ground. In its twenty-seven roof trusses there are more tons of iron than in the great Eads Bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis; more than double the weight of iron in the East River Bridge, connecting New York and Brooklyn. It is the largest building in the world. The Coliseum at Rome held 80,000 spectators. In this mammoth structure could be placed three Coliseums. It would hold the entire standing army of Russia.

The second meeting of this Society was held Tuesday evening, November 1. Professor Brewer read a paper on the manufacture, properties and uses of Aluminium. He described the electro-metallurgical separation of aluminium from the mineral bauxite by the Hall patent; mentioned some of its most valuable properties, and its application to the manufacture of various instruments and utensils.

Dr. Powers followed with “Some Things about Cholera.” He gave the life-history of the disease and its symptoms; discussed the question as to how it is communicated, and reviewed the work that has been done in recent years to discover a method of preventing the disease by inoculation.

IN MEMORIAM.

The hand of God moves in a mysterious way, and the intent of its workings cannot always be understood by men; but they can know that each throe of pain and every affliction is given to teach some lesson. When a friend, brother or son has built for himself a sacred chamber in the temple of our affections by his continual immolation of self, and who has moulded a Christian character that wins our admiration, is called from his appointed duties on earth to a higher

sphere, then we can only comfort ourselves with the reflection that the lamp of his life shines with a greater brightness when surrounded by the darkness of death.

It was the pleasure of his Creator, on the night of June 25, 1892, to send forth His Harvesting Angel and gather into His garner Professor Exum G. Beckwith, one of the most ardent supporters of Wake Forest College, and a devoted member of the Philomathesian Society. He was ever known by those under his care, and by his colleagues, as one who served duty rather than honor, and God always in preference to man.

He was a student of the College from 1877 to 1882, during three years of which time he was absent from no Society roll-call. In 1882 he represented his Society as one of the Anniversary Debaters, and graduated in June of the same year, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The following two years he spent at Wake Forest, both as student and tutor, and received the Master of Arts degree in 1884. The next year he spent at Johns Hopkins University, in the special study of Physics and Mathematics. For the two following years he was Principal of an Academy at Clayton, N. C. In 1887 he was elected Assistant Professor of Mathematics of Wake Forest College, which position he occupied till his death.

In December, 1888, he was ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry, and served churches in Wake and adjoining counties with great faithfulness and efficiency till his summons came.

Since we, the members of the Philomathesian Society, desire to give expression to our sympathy for the bereaved family, and also to our great sorrow at his death, therefore be it

Resolved 1st. That we have sustained a great loss in the death of our brother, who was loyal to our Society as well as to the College, but knowing that God's blows are always dealt in kindness, we bow submissively to His will.

Resolved 2d. That we extend our tenderest sympathies to the bereaved family.

Resolved 3d. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of our Society, published in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, and sent to the family of the deceased.

R. H. CARTER,
W. C. NEWTON,
G. H. ROSS,
Committee.

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Vol. XII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., DECEMBER, 1892. No. 3.

SOME OBSERVATIONS—TRUE COURAGE NEEDED.

The great excitement engendered by the political campaign of 1892 has well-nigh subsided, and the partisan interest of politicians is less intense, except, perhaps, with that small number (?) who hope and expect to air the spoils. Men are returning again to that state of mind when common sense and reason can be appealed to with better results.

In the beginning we want to say, on account of some remarks that may follow, that we have no sympathy with the pessimistic views held by some with regard to the future of our country and government. So far from that, we believe it is clear to every student of history, that as a nation, we are making rapid progress along some of the most important lines in the science of democratic government. The recent political campaign was, in many respects, the most reputable in the history of our country. Although there were more parties in the field than ever before, each earnestly contending for the supremacy of the principles of its own platform, there was more marked good feeling and respect for the rights and views of opponents among leading politicians than ever before. And though voters everywhere seemed to think that more depended upon a right use of the ballot than pre-

viously, or at least what each party held to be the right view, there was less popular demonstration than in any previous campaign. There were no local disturbances on election day, as were anticipated in some sections. Indeed, there is much at present for which we should feel thankful as a nation. We are citizens of a great country, with a government the grandest the world has ever witnessed. We breathe the pure air of liberty. To-day we are at peace with all the world, and no serious indications of war appear upon our horizon.

But while our attainments in the past as a nation in self-government have been great, and while the signs of the times do not necessarily predict a gloomy future, it would seem that there are issues before our people at present which, not to say are evils, should they not receive our speedy and careful consideration, may result in serious injury to the nation's progress in the future.

As has been said and thought many times recently, we are living in an age of social and political transition. We are in the midst of a great revolution. But what is revolution, what is conflict, but signs of progress? The latter half of the century just drawing to a close has been a period of unprecedented progress in almost every department of human knowledge. But as the twentieth century begins to dawn upon us we seem to be entering upon an entirely new era, destined to be marked by a great reform movement. The feelings and questions that stirred our people in the sixties and reconstruction days have passed away. We are met to-day by new issues, and new leaders are coming to the front. Men of all classes are beginning to think more widely and to act more than ever before.

Of course, in as short an article as this must be, we can only touch upon one or two of what seems to us to be the points which demand attention.

First, we are met at present by a great awakening among the masses. For reasons, which we will not undertake to

mention here, they have been aroused to action ; and it takes no prophet to tell that in the future they will be more active than ever before in the solution of all social and political questions. We do not condemn this. Ours is a government of the people and by the people, and it is best, freest and most just when the largest number of our citizens can take an intelligent active part in the administration of government, and not only in affairs that pertain to government, but in the formation of a healthy public sentiment, which is essential to the existence of good government. But the question is, and it is one which comes close to every patriotic citizen, are the masses prepared to act for the best interest of their country? for act they certainly will, in some direction. Whether they act upon right principles, or whether they are led astray by hasty, thoughtless and selfish politicians, who seek only their own aggrandizement, depends very largely upon whether they shall be educated, and the kind of teaching they receive. If they are brought face to face with the principles of truth, liberty and justice, which should be the basis of all our social and political creeds, in most cases they may be depended upon; for, generally, there is something in the breast of man that responds to truth and right teaching. Previous to the Reformation of the sixteenth century, which shook the very foundations of catholicism, and set men to thinking, in Germany, and most other Catholic countries in Europe, the people—the masses, so to speak—were not allowed to own and read the Holy Bible. It was considered too sacred to be handled or even looked upon by them; only the priest could have free access to it. But when Martin Luther, aided by the printing-press, began to scatter copies of the Holy Book all over Germany, it was then that error began to be dispelled from the minds of men, and truth to occupy its proper sphere. And now, as then, if the masses are brought in contact with truth—if they are properly taught—they may be expected to act properly. This being

true, how great need there is in this age for men of right convictions, and with courage to back them, such as Luther exhibited in going to Worms to teach the truth to men. One other thought in this connection: We are accustomed to think of great reform movements as originated and set in motion by great leaders. With the Reformation we associate Luther, as its originator; the same may be said of Napoleon with reference to the French revolution. But may we not take another view of reforms, and one, too, which seems to us to be the more correct? There were signs which tended toward the Reformation, which were entirely apart from Luther's teaching or influence. Men whom Luther's influence had not yet reached were beginning to lose faith in the practices of catholicism. The great upheaval was coming, Luther or no Luther. It was the natural longing in man for something better than he possesses—something above and beyond him. There is no doubt that Luther represented all that was good and noble in the Reformation, and gave great impetus to the move; but what was his true work in that important era? It was to educate, to set the truth plainly before the minds of men who were already losing confidence in former doctrines and creeds. His office was to direct the minds of men in the right direction. Now, as then, it would seem that the commotion has come. Would that there were many Luthers in this age—men of sound principles and true courage to—educate, to plant the seeds of truth in the hearts and minds of restless humanity.

The second point which we shall notice is local centralization. And under this head we mean to include, not only the centralizing tendency of capital; this is, indeed, a problem that demands the serious consideration of every true citizen, but this has been discussed at much length by abler writers, and in a more impressive manner, than we can do here. The form of centralization which we wish to notice more particularly here is human centralization in the shape of societies,

organizations and parties, that are springing up all over our land. Each year witnesses the formation of new societies, new organizations and new parties to swell the already large numbers. We wage no war against organization. "In unity there is strength;" in organization there is great power, which may be used as a means of education. But we do believe that there should be a proportionate increase in national unity. Is this true? is the question. If it is not, then our aim should be to produce more national unity; for should local unity or centralization continue to increase in a larger proportion than national, in the course of time the tendency would be for local organizations to overcome national gravity, in which case the results would be serious. But lest we seem to express pessimistic views, which we promised in the outset not to do, we will not say more on this point.

In closing, let us try to draw a few practical lessons from history, which may be of help to us in meeting the important issues of our age.

It is generally admitted by the more thoughtful, that reform is needed along some lines. Indeed, it would seem that whenever God in his wisdom would advance man just a step higher in the scale of human progress, His means have been reform. And yet, nearly all the great reform movements of which we have any account in history have been attended by great excitement and outbursts of feeling, which have done good only in proportion as they have been turned into right channels by the more thoughtful and considerate. Nor need we expect our own reform movement to be free from the same evil. But let us not make the mistake of calling the great disturbances in the social and political, and even religious spheres, at present, the true element of reform. Napoleon with his mighty armies swept over Europe, changing the boundaries of empires, and making and unmaking kings at his will, but was that the true work of the French revolution? Certainly not; for Napoleon himself was a

tyrant, and he was hardly banished from the country before the changes he had made were replaced and the house of Bourbon returned.

But the true element of reform in that wonderful era was that sacred longing to be free in the hearts of those oppressed Frenchmen, which was perceptible in their actions before Napoleon was heard of, and which continued to increase till it wrought out the liberty of France. And he who thinks that the stir and commotion in the social and political world at present, created by a few leaders, is the true work of reform, has taken the wrong view; they are only evils that usually attend great reform movements, and, like Napoleon and his works, will pass away. But the true element in this great move—that sacred longing for something higher and nobler and better, placed in the breast of man by his creator—will live on, gradually working out the great problems of life for nations yet unborn.

Let us remember that the great hindrances to human progress in all ages have not been the lack of fundamental principles and truths, for when God made man he placed within his breast the principles of truth, justice and liberty. But the world has had its dark ages, its age of skepticism and error, because men, blinded by ignorance, have been too easily deluded and too much controlled by old customs and creeds and doctrines. But by means of great awakenings, such as characterized the sixteenth century in Germany, error has been dispelled and men brought face to face with truth. And we should be thankful that we are living in an age of great awakening, of great activity, an age when creeds and doctrines of every kind are being sounded to the very core, and they will stand or fall as they are founded upon the principles of truth, liberty and justice.

C. T.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

Twenty-four hundred years ago Prince Siddartha sat under a tree in India, his face toward the east, not having moved for a day and a night, and attained unto knowledge—the truth which was to rescue the human race from its woes—and so became the Buddha, the Knowing One. He was a prince of royal parentage, who became imbued with the idea that he should be the deliverer of mankind, its savior, by teaching it the way to truth. He saw mortality, change, stamped upon all about him; the evils of the world weighed heavily upon him. All things moved in circles, nothing forward; there was no progress, all was unstable; nothing permanent, all things were passing away, except truth—that was permanent.

At last, after years of fasting, abstinence and meditation, he came to the conclusion that this perpetual change was an evil; that something permanent was possible; that an escape from change to permanency, a freedom from decay, was to be found in knowledge. This knowledge, upon which so much depends, was to know the laws of Nature, and was attained, not by intellectual, but by moral training, by purity of life and works. “He saw an infinite number of souls in insects, animals and men, and saw that they were surrounded by inflexible laws—the laws of Nature. To know these, and to obey them—this was emancipation.”

Buddhism is a vast system of metaphysics, but its fundamental doctrine is enunciated in four sublime tenets, viz.:

“All existence is evil, because subject to change and decay.

“The source of this evil is the desire for things which are to change and pass away.

“This desire, and the evil which follows it, are not inevitable; for, if we choose, we can arrive at Nirvana, when both shall wholly cease.

“There is a fixed and certain method to adopt, by pursuing which we attain this end, without possibility of failure.”

Nirvana is reached by the observance of the correct faith, of a wise application of that faith to life, of perfect truth in all that we do and say, of an outward life not involving sin, of a right obedience to duty, of a proper recollection of past conduct, and by proposing always a proper end and aim, and by keeping the mind fixed upon permanent truth. In connection with these are five obligatory laws: "Do not kill, do not steal, do not commit adultery, do not lie, do not become intoxicated."

Buddhism was a revolt from Brahmanism. Nirvana, with the latter, was the absorption of the soul into God. The revolt seems to have been, not from the doctrine itself, but from the importance attached to it. That is, the Brahman, in contemplating the Infinite forgot the finite; in revolting from this idea the Buddhist went to the opposite extreme, and said: "Of Nirvana we know nothing. It is our end and aim, but it is the direct object of all we know; it is, therefore, to us, as nothing. The celestial world—that of the gods—is even of less moment to us. What we know are the everlasting laws of Nature; by obedience to which, we rise, disobeying which, we fall, by perfect obedience to which we shall at last obtain Nirvana and rest forever." Nirvana, being the absence of all desire, by some scholars is thought to be annihilation, but it is, no doubt, the old doctrine of divine absorption. To the Buddhist it is a freedom from all evil, and that is sufficient; his only care is to obtain it.

The principle of this religion, best known, is transmigration. The soul passes through different stages till Nirvana is reached, then all change ceases; permanence has been reached. Through all these journeyings *Karma*, the law of consequences, by which every act receives its exact recompense in the next world, where the soul is born again, is in operation. "*Karma*," says Buddha, "is the most essential property of all beings; it is inherited from previous births; it is the cause of all good and evil, and the reason why some

are mean and some are exalted when they come into the world."

There are many points of similarity between Buddhism and Christianity. Having nearly the same code of morals as Christianity, Buddhism has the same mode of worship as the Catholic church, while the spirit of it has led certain authors to call it the Protestantism of the East. The two religions make their conquest by the sermon instead of by the sword. In this feature Buddhism has excelled Christianity, for it has never made any persecutions whatever. While holding sway in nearly all the eastern part of Asia, it has never once had a religious war. It gives woman a higher place than any other Oriental religion, and is the most tolerant. Both these religions teach the immortality of the soul, and the doctrine of future reward and punishment. But between the two there is this significant difference: In Christianity God comes down to seek man, in Buddhism man, by his own efforts of obedience, struggles up to seek God. There is as much beauty in the thought that man is, by his own merit, allowed to work out his own salvation, as in the one that God, through no individual merit, but through mercy to man, saves him.

Buddhism has many faults, but for many centuries it has been a help and blessing to millions of mankind, and to say that it is but a superstition, which degrades the human race, is worse than idle. It is not the Christian missionary's business to teach the falsity of Buddhism, and the sooner he finds this out the more successful will be his efforts.

R. F. B.

WHY STUDY GREEK?

In the arena of life there is no assurance of success without arduous toil, and no eminent height to be gained by a few efforts, or the labor of only a few days. In a magnificent structure all the various parts are prepared, piece by piece,

and then arranged, each in its proper place, till the entire building is complete. Then, and not till then, is it prepared to command worthy admiration on account of its beauty and grandeur, and to afford a place of comfort and permanent habitation to its occupants.

So it is, that by a little here and a little there, of the right kind of material, well prepared and judiciously arranged for the development of the mind, men have attained to that high standard of mental culture, which is not only a thing of beauty and grandeur, but which becomes also a means of lasting influence for good.

It is an established fact that our minds are more or less affected by everything with which they come in contact, hence the necessity of always selecting such material for thought and meditation as will awaken and develop in the mind high and noble aspirations, and give such permanence to these aspirations as will cause them to have complete control of the various faculties, so as to blend them together for the attainment of the highest good. There should always be earnest effort to avoid a one-sided development. True, each one should seek to find out that work to which his capacities are best adapted, and then train himself accordingly, but even this may be done in such a way as to cause the training to be one-sided, and, because of this, to fail of satisfactory results.

There is, however, such a thing as one's training himself for his own special sphere, and yet being so symmetrically developed as to attain to the heights of eminent success.

In consideration of these facts, and with reference to the proper means of self-culture, we may mention as one of these means, the study of the Greek language.

This subject opens the way to a field of thought too broad to be discussed here, and so we shall consider only *some reasons* why one should study the Greek language.

First, let us notice the purely disciplinary value of the study.

Under this head we are to consider chiefly that training of the mind which will cause it to be more readily controlled by the will, so that it may be applied more effectually to any given subject, and thus become the instrument by which large undertakings may be carried on to completion.

It is agreed by many distinguished scholars, that for mental discipline the study of Greek is unsurpassed, and although it seems to have stood largely side by side with Latin; still it is ranked as superior even to this. Hon. Daniel H. Chamberlain, of South Carolina, in speaking of "the value of classical studies," said: "If classical studies conduce, in a high or the highest degree to the complete symmetrical discipline of the mind; if they strengthen the memory, cultivate the judgment, develop the reason, educate the taste, refine the imagination; if they warm the sympathies, stir the emotions and stimulate the ambition, the conclusion is irresistible, that they are great sources of practical success in life."

Evidently this conclusion is drawn from facts well established by learned men—facts recognized in the personal experience and observation of these men.

We shall not, therefore, diverge very widely from the opinions of eminent scholars, when we say that patience, keenness of discernment and skill of effort, which are the requisites of success in any undertaking, are greatly improved by the study of Greek. In fact, there can be no progress in the study without the development of these qualities.

Before a man can erect a building, perfect in all its arrangement and structure, he has to learn how to prepare the various parts, and then how to place each where it belongs.

All this requires the development of skill and keen discernment, and patience to continue the work in all its varied details until it is brought to completion. Now in translating into Greek the student has to find the words necessary, then prepare them, by whittling them into the proper case and gender, or voice, mood, tense and person, so as to fit into

their respective places, then arrange and re-arrange, putting in a particle here and another there, till all shall combine into one common whole.

And if anyone thinks he can do all this successfully without bringing into fullest exercise all he possesses of patience, keen discernment and skill, just let him try it.

Such, however, is the nicety of expression and arrangement inherent in the language that, to anyone who is really interested, the work of translation becomes a pleasing, albeit a difficult task. When anyone has, by patient toil, acquired a sufficient knowledge of declensions and conjugations, and also of the construction of sentences, to translate well, the looking out of words and their proper relation in the sentence, and the relation of the sentences to one another, reveals to him a use of words so expressive and life-like as to command his highest admiration; and as he proceeds the strength and beauty he discerns, under his own efforts, afford him a world of pleasure and gratification.

Now, if the study of Greek furnishes that exercise which is pleasing, while it is disciplinary, and pleasing in its discipline, surely, then, it possesses a superior power to train the intellect for cheerful and useful exercise under the guidance of the will.

In this selection and arrangement of words and sentences, each student obtains a better insight to the author's feeling and sentiment than he could from the ordinary translations of other men.

This leads us to observe further, that the study of Greek opens the door to a great variety of shades of thought and meaning, which could not be brought out in a single translation. We mean by this, that many words of the language are so full of meaning that each admits of several translations, which, though they may be essentially the same as a whole, still open a variety of channels through which we may see into the author's views and sentiments. Such an insight to the heart and character of the great writers of

Greek literature, it is impossible to obtain by reading the single translation of any man, however great.

A very striking illustration of this is found in Bentley's criticism of Pope's translation of the *Odyssey*, when he said: "It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." Bentley had, himself, seen more in the Greek of Homer than Pope could publish in a single translation, although assisted by contemporary poets.

Therefore, as each one translates for himself he traces the various shades of meaning, and by combining these, obtains a better idea of the real sentiment, or truth, which the author sought to convey.

Again, the study of Greek brings the student into a better acquaintance with ancient authors and their works.

It is said that all the classical authors number scarcely more than thirty names, and that their works, such as are specially noticed by modern classical scholars, may be encompassed in about fifty ordinary volumes; and yet, from the great principles of law, civilization and morality contained in these works, thousands of European and American volumes have been written—volumes which have wielded a powerful influence in the formation of laws, and the systems of general education—and have been great factors in the onward march of civilization.

It is believed that "to the Greeks first, and then to the emulous Romans, we owe, not only the masterly works which were produced in the various developments of science, but also the lives and actions which honorably distinguished the best periods of ancient history," and the question is asked: "Has not literature, in its most flourishing periods, kindled its torch at the altars of antiquity?"

The student of English is directed to the study of the early English authors, in order to obtain something of the purity of thought which found expression in the earlier days; so he might well be directed to works of Grecian writers in

order to gain a better conception of some of the grandest principles known to modern civilization.

Among the modern works written on various subjects, law, science, education, religion and the like, everyone that is worthy of note is deeply imbued with the spirit of the manners, customs and civilization of ancient Greece.

The authors were enabled to write those works because of their acquaintance with the life and character of the Greek, obtained through some knowledge of his language, and a careful study of the works which the Greek himself had written.

In these works, written by the Greek, are found his descriptions of his own people—their tastes, customs and laws. Why then, should not anyone, by studying the language, acquaint himself with those characteristics of the Greek, the knowledge of which would tend to strengthen his manhood, make his character more firm, and thrill his heart with the spirit of true patriotism?

It is said, "The Greek touched nothing which he did not adorn."

Doubtless it would be a work, both of pleasure and of profit, for the student to assure himself of the truth of this statement.

A refreshing draught from the same "fountains where Chaucer and Spencer drank," would fill the heart of any man with new strength and vigor.

Thrilling to the heart are the descriptions which the Greek gives of the bravery of his fellow-countrymen on the battlefield; their bold and vigorous defence in the senate chambers of those laws and rights which they held sacred, and their deep and ardent love for kindred, home and fatherland.

Witness Herodotus, Xenophon, Demosthenes and others, and anyone who has read but few even of these will doubtless have his heart made better and purer, and his emotions more tender and sincere by this contact with the principles and practices of the ancient Greeks.

Then, too, by some acquaintance with the language, may be obtained shades of thought and meaning from the New Testament which will give to the mind broader views concerning the will of Heaven, and fill the soul with a deeper sense of life's meaning and responsibility.

Thus, all these things combined, will make the student of Greek a better scholar, will give him that training of the intellect, the usefulness of which will be seen more and more so long as the mind is capable of vigorous exercise, and will so shape and modify the desires and purposes of the heart and mind that he will have something of the same love for country, home and kindred, and will be actuated to the performance of noble and manly deeds, all of which he found illustrated in the heart and life, in the homes and on the battle-fields of Greece.

I. T. NEWTON.

THE BACKSLIDING OF REV. PETER WILKEY.

[CONTINUED.]

"Excuse me, old fellow; I did not hear you when you opened the door. But your good news don't give one-half the pleasure I imagined it would."

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Steve. "You look as glum as a James River oyster."

"Sit down," said Wilkey; and with a sober face he pointed to the big straight-back arm-chair which sat in the chimney-corner. "You see," he continued, dropping into his mountain vernacular, "it is all about *her*. You know last spring I was considering what I ought to do about our engagement. We were both children when it was made, and were hardly responsible—that is, she was a child. I just felt that my education was making a chasm between us, and that I was growing farther and farther from her and her sphere of life. And then I began to criticise everything that she wrote me, and you know a fellow can't love a girl if he is finding fault

with her because her mouth is too big or her handwriting is poor. So this summer when I went home I determined to tell her that things could not continue as they were; but, hang it! I couldn't. She met me just as she used to, and didn't notice my coldness one bit. One of the first things she did was to show me a cheap line of standard books which she had bought and paid for herself, and pointing to them she said, in her quaint, honest way: 'Pete, I can't let you get ahead of me in book-learning.' The child always had high aspirations. I reckon she inherited these from her father, for he came into our neighborhood from the low country, and folks said that down there his people were awful rich, but he never said anything about them to anyone. He was lazy and trifling, and scarcely made a living for himself and Lena. Well, all that summer I went to see her regularly, and positively I was too big a coward to tell that innocent girl that I did not love her. Still I couldn't close my eyes to the fact that in my sphere of life she'd be a hindrance. So I came back intending to write her all about it. Well, I wrote the letter, going over our courtship, showing how I, through no fault of my own, had changed, and asked her to release me from our engagement. Here is the letter I've just received."

DEAR PETE—Trouble, they say, don't come singly, and I believe it. Father died last week, and while I was thinking that your love would comfort and cheer me, that terrible letter came, and I am almost heart-broken. It was easier to see Pa die than to believe that you had lied to me. What you say about us not being suited to one another now is true, but I had never thought of it before. Yes, you are released from all promises, but I don't think that I will ever believe anybody else in the whole world. I am going to live with one of Pa's sisters out West, and I'll be glad when the time comes to leave this country and everybody in it. Good-bye! You know what you told me once that word means. LENA DONNELL.

"That is the saddest letter I ever read, and I feel as bad as if I were a-going to my own funeral," added Wilkey, not stating why it should be necessary for him to attend his own obsequies.

"Old lady, you were giving me a lecture last week about backsliding, but you are certainly the greater backslider of the two. I hope now," said Steve, smiling, "that you will say nothing more to me about changing signs and turning gates, now that you are guilty of the outrageous crime of trifling with a young lady's feelings. You preachers are a bad lot, anyway. But here," noticing the downcast looks of the young minister; "don't be so self-conceited as to think you have broken that girl's heart. Your artless story reveals the fact that you are wholly ignorant of feminine nature. That girl will be in love with some other fellow inside of six months. Mark what I say."

"Well, I hope she will, but I don't believe it," Wilkey, with a sigh, responded.

* * * * *

Wilkey graduated with honor at Wendell, and entered the following year the Theological Seminary. His mother died during his sophomore year, and his little patrimony was soon spent in defraying his expenses at college. His funds failed. But on the very eve of departure from Wendell, he received an anonymous letter containing a sufficient amount to meet his obligations. His unknown friend continued to furnish him with a stated sum each month. No clue was given to the name of his benefactor or benefactress beyond the fact that the letter bore the postmark of "Albany, Nebraska."

Six years have passed since Wilkey entered Wendell College. He now is on his way westward to take his first charge. Failing to make connection, he is forced to remain over a whole day in a western Nebraska town. Wandering about the embryonic city, he noticed groups of people dressed in their best attire, many of them carrying flowers, and all going in the same direction. A bright, talkative youngster informed him that it was Commencement Day at the Female College. Wilkey turned and followed the crowd, and, entering the great red building, took a rear seat in the rapidly filling auditorium.

The whole building was decorated with evergreens; the rear of the stage was a background of variegated hot-house flowers, while in front of this living wall of beauty sat twenty young maids, fairer than the flowers, waiting to receive their Bibles and certificates of proficiency. The programme opened with an instrumental quartette, which was well-nigh drowned by the tittering, gabbling audience. A slim girl, with a squeaky voice, delivers the Salutatory, after which the inoffensive hearers enjoy a classical duet, played by two of the music graduates. A French essay is read in a way which would have thrown a polished Parisian into convulsions, but it, like the one in Latin, received a hearty applause. Wilkey's new friend leans over and whispers loudly in his ear:

"The best is coming now, yer bet! She is a purty woman," jerking his thumb toward the bank of flowers which covered one of the rostrum pianos, "and her folks have oceans of money."

He was interrupted by the big pleasant-faced President coming to the front of the rostrum and announcing: "Valedictory, Miss Lena Donnell; Theme—Self-sacrifice sweeter than Love."

* * * * *

A reception was given that night complimentary to the graduating class, and Rev. Peter Wilkey, although unbidden, attended. Searching the parlors, he at last found Lena, the centre of an admiring group of courtiers. Walking bravely over he stretched out his hand, and in his most polished manner said:

"Miss Donnell, permit an old friend to congratulate you upon the honors you have won, and especially upon the thoughtful treatment of your valedictory theme."

"Mr. Wilkey! Thank you, sir; I recognized you this morning in the audience."

The circle of admirers gradually diminished, until Wilkey and Lena were left alone. The parlors were crowded, the

campus inviting, and soon they were strolling along the walks, chatting of days long ago. Suddenly a silence falls. The gravel crunches loudly beneath their feet; a low, wierd murmur falls on their ears as the leafy branches of the old oak trees are stirred by the night-winds; the moonlight throws dark heavy shadows across their pathway, and a heavier shadow falls across their minds.

"Lena," said Wilkey, speaking in impassioned tones, and looking full into her face, "once I made a great mistake. Forgive me."

"Mr. Wilkey, are you quite sure that you made a mistake?" she asked, ironically. "Perhaps you are making a more ludicrous blunder now."

"Lena!"

"I will thank you to address me by my proper title," she hastily replied.

"Miss Donnell—Lena, I can't call you that. Believe me or not, I've never ceased to love you. I did not know myself. Brute that I was!"

"Don't speak of that, if you please. I once trusted you as a friend. You destroyed that confidence. I cannot forgive you."

"I am a backslider, Lena. Believe me; restore me to your confidence, and I'll be true to you as long as life shall last."

"I don't know. You proved faithless once. Let us return to the parlor."

Nearing the tall red building Wilkey glanced upward, and the moonlight gleamed upon the brazen letters above the grand entrance, and there he read the words, *Albany Female College*. The mystery was solved. He now knew his unknown friend of Albany, Nebraska, to be none other than the fair young woman by his side. She, too, noticed the comprehensive look which flashed across his face, and he, turning quickly, said:

"Lena, I owe everything to you. When I was a boy, you were my inspiration; while at college, penniless and despairing, you were the anonymous friend who helped me; and to-night I find you—my ideal, my queen—only to lose you. Promise me, that when you have forgiven my backsliding, that you will send for me."

She was silent.

* * * * *

One year later, Rev. Peter Wilkey was waiting at the post-office of a rough, western town for his mail. He received only one letter, and that was brief:

"DEAR PETE—Hosea, 14: 4—Latter clause.

LENA."

He opened his pocket Bible at the verse designated, and read:

"I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for my anger is turned away from him."

* * * * *

Steve Graham received a letter about three months afterward, and in his reply he wrote: "Right gladly will I accept your invitation to be best man. And I will frankly confess, that for once I was mistaken in my judgment of feminine nature."

B. D.

FINIS.

REPUTATION—CHARACTER.

Perhaps no two words are more frequently used interchangeably than reputation and character. By use they are sometimes made to express the same thing, but by no means do the two words have a synonymous meaning. A man's reputation is what others think, or rather say about him—the accepted verdict of popular opinion. Character is what a man really is, his true worth, his inward principles, his one

rule of life. Popular opinion, or reputation, does not affect nor determine character. A man may have an unfavorable reputation, and at the same time possess a strong, noble character; in fact, his firm, unyielding character may sometimes be the means of rendering him unpopular. Probably we can all call to mind several such cases. On the other hand, a bad man with a weak, bad character, may, in many circles, have a *fine* reputation.

Reputation has no fixed value, its worth is never the same, but is constantly rising and falling, in somewhat the same manner as a commercial product. Character is always the same: strong, unvarying and invincible. Reputation comes and goes, like a wave on the lake, or a cloud before the wind; true character remains steadfast like a huge, immovable rock. People generally judge a man by his reputation; God looks into his private life and reads his character.

The man possessing only reputation is often afraid to act, lest he shall spoil his fair name; but the man of true character will always do what he considers to be duty, regardless of what men may think or say.

Now, we do not in any way wish to depreciate reputation, but only to show, that for it to have true value, it must be based upon principle. There are those who value virtue only so far as it renders them popular, and begets for them the good will of others. Such are they who adopt for their motto, "Honesty is the best policy," or "Be virtuous, because it pays." But he who is honest because it is right, and seeks virtue for its own sake, is a higher and nobler type of manhood.

SAM. J. PORTER.

EDITORIALS.

THE STUDY OF LATIN.

In the average college curriculum the Latin language is probably studied more extensively and thoroughly than any other one branch. That it has a just claim to this prominence, especially in a college composed of English-speaking students, can easily be seen from the following observations:

It is the basis of the Romance languages—Spanish, French and Italian. After the decline of Roman supremacy pure Latin gradually ceased to be spoken, giving place to these new and growing dialects. Like the people who spoke them, these dialects were primarily rude and barbarous, but coming in contact with the vigorous Latin influence they became refined and elevated, finally assuming the place of the Roman tongue. In this way the Latin has come to form the basis of the etymology and syntax of what are termed the Romance Languages, and hence the student of these languages should feel that he is losing no time while acquiring a thorough acquaintance with Latin. Indeed, the study of these languages cannot be pursued with the best results without a knowledge of Latin.

Besides, the Latin has had an almost unmeasured influence upon English; indirectly through the French, which was, for a long period, the polite and fashionable language of England, and directly through an extensive study and use of Latin itself by all early English scholars. Indeed, during the formative period of our language, Latin was the medium through which all English men of letters expressed themselves and preserved their literary and scientific productions. So great has been the effect of Latin upon our language that thirty-three thousand of our choicest and most useful

words have been derived directly from it. Accordingly it can readily be seen that there is no better method for acquiring a broad and comprehensive English vocabulary than by first acquiring a good Latin vocabulary.

In addition, the Latin has also had its influence upon the German language, both in vocabulary and in construction, and the German student will frequently find a good knowledge of Latin to be of great use.

Furthermore, the Latin language is rich in its own literature, containing, as it does, the writings of wise thinkers and philosophers, and the productions of highly refined and representative poets. To get into the full meaning and spirit of these writings, they must be read in the original. The merits and charms of no literary production can be properly appreciated unless read in the language in which it was originally written. Behind the hard structure of the Latin language lies a rich store of sparkling gems, the acquisition of which will abundantly reward the faithful toiler. Who cares for the dull, monotonous task of studying Latin Grammar after one is once able to read at leisure such choice productions as Cicero's *Amicitia* and *De Senectute*, and the charming poems of Horace, Virgil and Tibullus.

Latin is so linked and interwoven with everything pertaining to an education, that no one of this day can be considered educated without possessing a fair knowledge of it. Aside from every other advantage, it furnishes a fine mental discipline, cultivating the memory and giving tone and vigor to the imagination. Strong, terse and full of energy, it quickens the reasoning powers and facilitates logical tests and judgments. No student, who desires to get the most out of his college course, and who has any desire to become a thoroughly educated man, can afford to neglect or slight the study of the Latin language.

SAM. J. PORTER.

WHAT WAKE FOREST NEEDS.

There has been talk for the last five years of the next improvements of Wake Forest College. No doubt we need many things, but especially we wish to call attention to a few small things that must come in the next few months.

Of course it is recognized by all that we are severely in need of a first-class dormitory, or an inn, as these fixtures are called by some people; a well-equipped laboratory for the study of Natural Philosophy, and a sanitarium. But as the cost of either would be very great, and as the Baptist denomination of the State is not able to help us much just now, we know that these improvements must be waited for for several years; but while we can do without these great improvements, there are certain small additions that must come right speedily.

First, and above all, we are in immediate need of a first-class water system. No more carrying water up three flights of stairs and down again; no more complaints as to the health of the community. We need hardly to speak further of this necessity, as it has already been discussed until everyone is tired, and we have good reason to expect it next year.

Next, we need a lighting system. Trinity has gone a step in advance, and her buildings are furnished with an excellent system of electric lights. Why can't Wake Forest move in the procession to a slight extent and furnish her students with gas-lights? We have excellent gas-works for the laboratory and Heck-Williams building, and, at a very small expense, pipes could be extended to the dormitory. This addition is most necessary, for several reasons: Oil-lights, unless very carefully attended to, are injurious to the eyes; they are dangerous everywhere, and especially where there are one hundred students and forty-eight lamps in one building; they are inconvenient and troublesome in everyway. By all means, let the corridors (if not the rooms) of the dormitory be lighted with

gas. They are not lit at all now, and the students of the third floor are always in danger of breaking their necks in passing from the Phi. to the Eu. end. "*Lux fiat!*"

One thing else will fill our cup for the present. We need a heating system. This, too, can be furnished at a small expense. Its numerous benefits need hardly be enumerated. No more cutting up and carrying wood up four stories; no more filling your bed-room with a quarter of a cord of wood and chips for cold weather; no more cold or badly-heated recitation-rooms.

These three additions can be put in next summer, and at a comparatively small cost. The students will be able to enjoy life more and to study better. There is no reason why we should not have them, and there are hundreds why we should.

J. W. B.

HOW MUCH PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE HAS SHE?

The woman of to-day is by no means the woman of twice forty years ago. In the time of our grandmothers the attention of woman, in this country, was centered upon the domestic affairs, and the principal lessons taught pertained to the kitchen and its requirements. To-day the plea is for better educated women. There is a general awakening to the importance of the work that must be done by the woman of a few years hence. Higher female education cannot be neglected, the interests of the nation demand it. But in the efforts and anxiety to secure this, the importance of the domestic arts should not be entirely lost sight of. Every woman expects, at some time, however remote, to be called to preside over a home. Is the young-lady graduate usually well equipped and fitted for the responsibilities incumbent upon this position? How much practical knowledge has she?

What would be thought of a man who accepted business, requiring skill, when he had given it no thought, and was

ignorant of his responsibilities? But the women of to-day ignorantly assuming the responsibilities of home governess are not a few. I do not underrate a college course for girls, only regret that it is so contracted. I hope the example set by Yale in admitting women to the higher courses will be followed in quick succession by many other institutions; but however great her accomplishments, no woman is prepared for the duties of a woman's life without the science of house-keeping blended with her other acquirements.

It is a sorry man who cannot supply the ordinary needs of a family without placing his wife in rude contact with the influences of the trading classes, that tend to draw her away from the higher realms of human employment; and it is a sorry woman who cannot conduct the domestic affairs on economical principles, and be content with the loftier sphere that was unoccupied before woman was given as a helpmeet.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

ANOTHER month, remarkable for the number of deaths of distinguished men it brought with it, has passed. Merrimon, our honored Chief Justice, and Bain, State Treasurer for eight years, and elected for four more, have passed away. In every respect they leave fit examples to the rising generation. Both, ever faithful to the duties imposed upon them, honest in every dealing, upright in every act, staunch and true to their country and their God, were truly men worthy of the name and honor cast upon them by their native State. They have passed from off the stage, other actors have taken their places, and we can only ask that they act their part as well as did their predecessors.

Another death of vastly more interest to the world at large has taken place. Jay Gould, the wizard financier, the most powerful man in America, the man too busy in amassing wealth to care for his fellow-man, to care even for himself, has succumbed to death, the inevitable, the only master he has recognized in twenty years. His history is worth reading only that we may take warning from his fate. Reckoned the greatest genius of finance of this century, he lived a life filled with a fear of violent death, and died, leaving nothing to remind us that he had lived, except his great fortune; and that, like all great fortunes amassed by one man, will be scattered to the winds before another generation passes. Had he been satisfied with his first small fortune, had he stopped then and taken time to help some struggling institution, the name he leaves would be more respected and more honored.

It has been said that the press moves the world. That we would be in our grandfather's shoes had it not been for the wonderful progress of journalism. But we've been thinking about it of late, and have about reached the conclusion that certain newspapers have a tendency to retrogression rather than progression. Such is the *Mail and Express*, of New York City, which never publishes any political news unless it favors its party. It begins its weekly edition with a quotation from the Word of God, and just below, on the same page, publishes all sorts of vile fabrications in favor of its party and against all others. This, everyone knows, is in no way right. The people ought to know the truth, whether favorable or unfavorable, whether it will change votes or not, and it behooves all newspapers to publish the truth, especially when relating to politics. The *New York Herald* is known as the greatest of newspapers. In politics it is bound to neither side. Hence its high reputation and popularity. It attacks both sides, and always endeavors to lead the people aright.

THE last session of the 52d Congress has met, but, characteristically, no business of importance has been transacted, and, in all probability, it will do nothing more than pass a few appropriation bills. Crisp will, undoubtedly, be re-elected Speaker, with but little opposition. The wonder is that he is opposed at all, in view of the fact that he has proven himself the best Speaker that the House has had in twenty-five years. He is the truest representative of Southern Conservative Democracy, and we need have no fear as long as the leadership is in his hands.

THE President's last annual message has been delivered to Congress, and through the press to the people. It has been regarded by the public at large with but little interest. The newspapers, of course, have taken occasion to discuss it in full, but have failed to find anything of special merit or fault throughout its entire length. In view of the fact that it is the message of a representative of a party no longer in power, we are not surprised at the unconcern with which it has been received by the people. It is in no way a remarkable message. The President simply states, and incidentally defends, his course as Chief Executive, and finally tries to explain his defeat, which all know can never be explained satisfactorily. In refusing to recommend that Congress modify the McKinley Act, the President shows himself a firm believer in the past as well as the future of his party—the party of Protection. In every act of his administration he has conformed, as nearly as possible, to the platform on which he was elected, and when he steps down and out next March it cannot be said that anyone could have made a better executive under the circumstances. While not distinguishing himself as a statesman in his relations with foreign powers, and being exceedingly unfortunate in many of his appointments, he has shown himself to be an executive officer of remarkable business abilities, and will go on record as above the average of American Presidents.

WHAT a contrast is presented just now between this country and the countries of the Old World! France's ministry has fallen, England's is falling, and poor Germany don't know where she is at. Little Italy, the insatiable, is at odds with the Pope, and Russia, alone of the great Powers, is at peace with herself and the world. On the other hand, look at the United States. Not a threat of danger anywhere. Not a "strike" in all the land. The Republicans, long since, have accepted, with philosophical composure, the verdict, as delivered by the people on November 8th, and are biding their time. The Homestead strikers have resumed their work, and all is quiet at New Orleans. It really seems that the demagogue is dead forever.

Truly we are in an excellent condition to celebrate Christmas, and let us celebrate as we should. Let the dram-shop and the powder and fireworks stores be closed, and let there be one Christmas that all can enjoy, rich or poor, old or young—we will all be better for it.

ALUMNI NOTES.

SAM. J. PORTER, Editor.

—Rev. F. M. Jordan ('50-52) needs no introduction to the people of North Carolina. As a pastor and evangelist he has done a great and noble work. He has done evangelistic work in seventy-six counties of North Carolina, and in Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee. Though now well on in years, he still preaches with marked vigor and enthusiasm.

—J. P. Mitchell ('73) is a successful merchant at Winston, N. C.

—'74. J. S. Mitchell has just been elected Sheriff of Hertford County for the fifth time.

—'81. Carey J. Hunter is General Agent, in North Carolina, for the Union Central Life Insurance Company. He is located at Raleigh, and is doing a fine business. His pleasing manner and many admirable social qualities, combined with tact and energy, render him a successful business man. He frequently visits Wake Forest, and we are always glad to see him.

—'84. But few of Wake Forest's sons have become more distinguished for their scholarly attainments than has Prof. Charles Lee Smith. After graduating at Wake Forest he taught for awhile in Raleigh, and was afterwards Associate Editor of the *Biblical Recorder*. In the fall of '86 he entered as a student in Johns Hopkins University, where he took the degree of Ph. D. Immediately upon taking his degree he was chosen as Instructor in History and Lecturer on Sociology in the University. Last year he was elected Professor of History and Political Economy in William Jewell College, Missouri, where he now is. He is now engaged in delivering a course of lectures on social, economic and political problems to the business men of Liberty, Mo. He has agreed to deliver the same lectures in a number of other towns and cities.

—Rev. Oscar Haywood ('85) is doing a good work and exerting a broad influence among the people of East Tennessee. Of a lecture delivered by him at a recent State Teachers' Institute, *The Knoxville Daily Journal* says: "A feature of special interest was Rev. O. Haywood's lecture on the "Human Race." This lecture is a gem of oratory, and it should give the author a wide reputation. Mr. Haywood is no mean platform speaker. His physical earnestness, personal magnetism and agreeable presence, together with a thorough knowledge of elocution, render him a successful lecturer. He passes in rapid transitions from the humorous

to the pathetic, from the comical to the eloquent." This quotation shows in what high esteem Mr. Haywood is held by the people among whom he is laboring. He is also the successful pastor of the Morristown Baptist Church. At the last meeting of the Baptist State Convention, held in Knoxville, he read an interesting and instructive paper on "Pulpit Elocution."

—'87. E. J. Justice is a growing young lawyer of Rutherfordton. He is in copartnership with his father, who is one of the first barristers of the State. Mr. Justice is a popular young man, and has an extensive practice.

—'89. Prof. T. M. Hufham is President of Mars Hill College in Western North Carolina. From last report his enrollment of students was 180. As an educator Mr. Hufham stands in the first ranks. Favorably situated, he is doing an extensive work, and deserves to meet with the hearty co-operation of the friends of education in North Carolina.

—'90. T. R. Crocker is Professor of Latin and Greek in Turlington Institute, Smithfield, N. C. The trustees of the Institute are to be congratulated upon selecting Mr. Crocker for the place which he fills. He is a young man of sterling character and marked ability, and has already distinguished himself as a teacher.

—'91. W. O. Howard is Professor of Latin and Mathematics in Jefferson Davis College, Minden, La.

—'91. Rev. F. M. Royall is now spending his second year at the Seminary, at Louisville. After finishing at the Seminary he intends entering the Foreign Mission work in China.

—'92. W. R. Cullom and J. G. Blalock are attending the Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky. Wake Forest sends her full quota of students to the Seminary, and it is pleasing to know that they stand among the first in their classes.

EXCHANGES.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

DOST thou love life? Then waste not time, for time is the stuff that life is made of.—*Ex.*

THE MESSENGER, of Richmond College, is a worthy magazine, and gives to its readers some solid wholesome matter.

THE FURMAN UNIVERSITY JOURNAL, from our sister Carolina, is an attractive pamphlet, and worthy of its many friends.

THE RANDOLPH-MACON MONTHLY is a magazine of no mean character. The exchange department is admirably conducted.

THE NAPA CLASSIC comes to us from the regions of California wheat and gold, and brings, not these, but evidence of that which gold cannot buy—knowledge. It merits the support of many friends.

THE ALAMO AND SAN JACINTO MONTHLY comes from a long way south, and we appreciate the distinctively Southern feeling so easily read between the lines. It has greatly improved since the October number, not only in appearance, but in character as well.

WE ARE glad to have on our table the *Tennessee University Student*. This is its first visit, yet not a stranger, for we recently met the Tennessee boys on the great gridiron. "The Singer and the Song" manifests no common literary taste in the writer. The exchange and Alumni departments have good management.

THE STUDENT welcomes *The Rambler*, from Jacksonville. Illinois College is well advertised through its columns, and it is one among the few of our exchanges in the North or North-

west that comes regularly; we admire system in anything. *The Rambler* is characterized by that business snap and energy of the section whence it comes.

THE VANDERBILT OBSERVER stands well nigh the top in college journalism, and deserves special notice. It has passed that stage when the boyish style is pre-eminent. "My Used-to-be Girl" is a very amusing article, and we sympathize with the writer in his toilet for, and result of his *debut*. *The Observer* has a good staff.

THE DAVIDSON MONTHLY makes no mean showing as a representative from an institution in the Old North State. It is "very literary in appearance," and the November number contains some contributions of real worth. Its management, both business and literary, is progressive in the main, but it lacks zeal in athletics. We can hardly conceive of any student body in Carolina folding their hands in easy contentment, and have no team to represent them on the great arena of sports. Can no word be said to disturb your listless dreaming?

IN ADDITION to the large number of college magazines with which THE STUDENT exchanges, there is on our list a daily newspaper, that stands second to none other in the South, except, possibly, the *Atlanta Constitution*. We speak of no other than *The State Chronicle*, of Raleigh. It asks no one to dictate how it shall be conducted, and is partial to no sect or institution. Its aim is to give everyone due credit and the people the news. It does not, like some others, stoop to a departure from the truth to please a *few* friends, but seeks to make friends of *all* by a strict adherence to the principles of justice and right. It is not an old paper, but under superior management it has attained excellence, and the present management will place it at the front of Southern journalism.

THE JOURNAL, from Alabama, has donned a beautiful dress this season, and its general make-up is in keeping with

the external appearance. Some one of its contributors offers "A Suggestion" on higher female education. This is a living question with us. In the North it is no longer a question, and it is only Southern modesty that shuts the doors of our institutions against it. The author of the suggestion is very zealous on the subject, and being opposed to co-education, begs the question by proposing restricted admittance to the higher classes. "A system," says he, "in which they were so conditioned would furnish an opportunity of pursuing studies in higher branches than are taught in the average female institutions of the country, and would, at the same time, by virtue of the restriction, practically exclude females." This man would muzzle a hungry ox and fill the rack with hay. His plan is abortive, and his own statements dethrone his position. Free, unrestricted co-education in the South is only a question of time. It is the only probable means which can secure to woman the culture she demands. It must come slow; it cannot be established in a day. The South must be educated up to it, and that old prejudice, which a few years ago opposed both sexes in the high schools, must be uprooted.

THE V. M. I. CADET is a visitor we hail right heartily. Its literary character has a beautiful finish. "His Spanish Sweetheart," in the October number, is a first-rate story, and even worthy of a national magazine. The writer tells us in a pathetic manner, how little Inez, the Spanish girl of just eleven years, was carried down the rapids of the swollen Rio Grande, and was saved from the fury of the river by an Indian hunter, and carried to the camp of the Comanche Indians. There she was kept and her skin dyed to the hue of the red man's. When she recovered from the stupor the past was lost to her young mind, and she was taught that she was the Chief's own daughter, and grew up to womanhood under this delusion. Edward, the playmate, with whom she was riding when the waters swept her down, was sent away to school soon after Inez was given up for dead, because his

spirits were sinking under the weight of the girl's misfortune, and he must be revived. After trying several schools he finally enlisted as a cadet in the Virginia Military Institute. The customs there were adapted to his case, and he improved rapidly. In '93 we find him at the World's Fair, First Lieutenant of his company. Having been reared on the frontiers of Texas, we are not surprised to find him often among the Indian wigwams. In one of these he was impressed with a beautiful Indian girl, whom, in some mysterious way, he found to be Inez, the companion of his childhood. The natural sequence to their meeting needs no mention. The plot of the story is excellent, and shows originality; the style easy and attractive, and description vivid.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

"OUR MODERN KNIGHT."

"His shield was bright, that Knight of old,
His sword was keen, his courage high;
In shining steel, on charger bold,
He bravely rode to win or die.
In battle fierce he sought his fame,
Or in the tourney sword to sword;
Discourtesy his greatest shame—
His lady's smile his best reward.

"He bears no shield, our modern Knight,
No glittering sword or lance he wields,
Yet well he knows the keen delight
That courage finds in warring fields.

To bear the ball beyond the goal,
To check the rush, to tackle true,
Inflames as much the striving soul
As joust or combat used to do.

“And who shall say that courage high
Has not its place in modern life,
When thronging thousands testify
The manly love for manly strife.
Our Knights that nobly play their parts
Know the stern joys that warriors feel,
And canvas jackets cover hearts
As brave as ever beat in steel!”

“Those old iron-fisted Spartans knew a thing or two. They ordained that no Spartan girl could get married until she had demonstrated her proficiency in the gymnasium.”

“Man presents physical, mental and spiritual aspects. We believe that a normal development of the physical is a necessary antecedent to the normal development of the mental and spiritual.”

Athletic sports and physical training are no longer confined to the East. The great Northwest is not asleep on this question, but the spirit is daily becoming stronger. The Detroit Athletic Club has long ranked among the first in the country, and Denver and San Francisco have well established athletic leagues and clubs.

It seems that, by common consent and without any well-defined reason, all the football teams in the South disbanded as soon as the Thanksgiving games were over. It is a fact that the greatest games of the season are played on that day, yet this is not any reason that they should be the last. No team in the South accepted Wake Forest's challenge to play in Raleigh on any date before Xmas. What's the matter with Wake Forest's team? Who are the champions?

By Divine teaching the Sabbath is a day of rest, and in keeping with this injunction it seems that Chapel Hill's football team found it convenient, on Sunday, the 27th ult., or soon thereafter, to go to rest for the winter. They played a game the day before, but on the second day following, when Wake Forest challenged, they had disbanded. May your hibernal sleep be sweet and refreshing, and your dreaming be not disturbed by any hydra-headed monster reminding you of a forfeited State championship.

The physical development of woman is being too much neglected in this day of fashion, when fashion means a portable iron or whalebone cage, and an insufficient inhalation. Years ago woman was held in bondage by man, and bought and sold, now, when civilization should see her free she is a slave to fashion, and deforms her natural beauty, when beauty and attraction are the chief objects sought. A freer motion of the body and sunshine and fresh air would add more to the grace of form and glow of the cheeks than all the stays and powders.

The education of the physique is now growing so much in favor that the State of Ohio has enacted that Physical Training shall be included in the branches regularly taught in the common schools in the cities of the first and second-class, and in all educational institutions supported wholly or in part by money received from the State. Ohio seems to lead in this movement; how long now before others shall follow? All should adopt such methods as shall secure a rational, progressive physical education, for the time is just ahead when it will be placed on an equal plane with mental education.

In an article for the *Christian Union*, Edward Everett Hale emphasizes the necessity of much sleep for brain workers. He says: "For myself, I long since settled down on ten hours sleep in the twenty-four as good for me; and in this, as in all things, I get the best." Napoleon I. is said to have slept only four hours in the twenty-four, but his constitution was

a wreck when he had passed his forty-fifth year, and at the age of fifty-two he died, completely worn out. Napoleon's rules of action have influence many aspiring youths, because the world called him great, but his early physical decay should be a warning to all such. Enough exercise, food and other necessities will not supply the lack of sleep.

The great Thanksgiving game of football, to which so much interest was attached, has passed, and again Yale wears the laurels. Without doubt it was the best game ever played on American soil, and the score much smaller than generally expected, for the scores of both teams against the University of Pennsylvania had led many to believe that Yale would win an easy victory from Princeton, but it was merely by the skin of the teeth that Princeton failed to score a touch-down. It is probable that the teams of either Princeton or Harvard are in many respects equal to Yale's, but that characteristic Yale grit and determination have repeated the record of last season and saved them from a single point scored by opponents.

Now that the cold raw winds of early winter make even man shiver, woman dares not face it. She is content to be shut in-doors, and hide from the invigorating breezes. All the elements are coaxing her out; the winds whistle jovially, and play with the feathery snow ere it falls in silent beauty on the lap of mother earth. A brisk walk, for a love of the keen feeling of new life that would follow, and even the rifle and target, or to follow the hound with horse and horn would leave a more beautiful glow of health in her face. "The girl who can weather the wintry gale can command a kingdom of exercise and enjoyment." Though she may not bring down the bear and deer with bullet, she would capture better game; "that priceless boon to womanhood—glorious health."

Early in September Wake Forest's outlook for a creditable football team was by no means encouraging. Several of the

team of '93 did not return, and of the new students very few could be utilized for football. It required no ordinary effort to organize and train a team from the accessible material. It is due to the untiring efforts of Captain Blanton, who is loved by all his team, aided by Sikes, Physical Instructor, that Wake Forest sent out a team that won honors for the College on every field, and could sustain her past records against any team in the South. Four match-games were played during the season, of which we give a summary. First we met the team of the Virginia Military Institute on the grounds of the latter, where the hardest and best effort was made. The game resulted in a tie, by a score of 12 to 12. The following day Washington and Lee, on their own "barn-yard," "had their little day" against us, and we won an easy victory, by 16 to 0. One day intervening, and the Richmond College boys claimed a match, which was decided in Richmond to be 18 to 0, in Wake Forest's favor. The fourth, a report of which appears on another page, was played with the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, on Thanksgiving, and gave us another victory, by a score of 10 to 6. Some Southern teams may possibly wonder why the seemingly small scores we made in the last two, but the real cause is best known to ourselves.

THE EDITOR thanks Mr. Jones for the following report of the trip of the football team to Knoxville Thanksgiving:

On Monday night, November 21, Capt. Blanton's room presented quite an interesting and affecting scene.

The football team of Wake Forest College has always reflected credit and honor upon the Institution, and it had met to-night in answer to the captain's call, to decide whether or not we should once again go forth upon the "war-path in search of fame and glory."

Subsequent to the acceptance of our challenge, we had received a communication from the University of Tennessee, stating that football was a comparatively new sport in Knox-

ville, and that its people could, therefore, not fully appreciate the game; but as ours was a "Thanksgiving date, it was likely to be hailed with enthusiasm."

The debate was prolonged into the "*wee sma' hours*." Some contesting that we could not afford to run such a financial risk, while others took a more patriotic view of the question, and insisted that we play "just this last game of ball." It was finally decided that we had best disband. Then followed an interval of gloomy, solemn silence, which was broken by some one singing the old hymn—

"Blest be the tie that binds."

Lachrymal glands were full almost to overflowing, and everyone seemed sad about something. When the singer began the verse—

"When we asunder part,"

some of the brawny eleven broke down, and football patriotism showed itself in expressions of eloquence and enthusiasm. Our "*Prince*" of Business Managers jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "Men, this means the death of athletics!" Then all shouted, "Play ball, Wake Forest!" To every member of the team these dear old words are familiar. Nothing else so great an incentive to telling work. So when we adjourned it was understood by all present that we would "play ball."

Memorable meeting! We can never forget it. Tuesday afternoon we boarded the train amid the shouts and good wishes of one hundred and seventy-five students. We reached Greensboro just in time for a nice warm supper, after which we retired to dream of football and victory. Having lost our weariness in refreshing sleep, we all left the next morning in gay spirits, except, perhaps, our "*Baby*" centre rush, whose slumbers were broken by frequent mutterings of "Off-side in the centre!"

We were honored in having his Excellency the Governor of North Carolina to accompany us as far as Salisbury; and

there being a "*Chief Justice*" in the party, we listened to the discussion of many grave and momentous questions.

We were now nearing the "*Land of the Sky*," which, in rugged mountain scenery is surpassed by perhaps no other country in the world. We sped across the open fields, and soon began our spiral climb of the towering Blue Ridge peaks, girt round with their belts of steel.

On reaching the summit we stood upon the platform and saw beneath us what seemed to be several different lines of railway, but it was only the same road over which we had just passed. We now sped down the mountain sides, and dashed through the darkness of the tunnels, leaving behind us the most magnificent scenic display we had ever dreamed of. Almost before we were aware of it, we had arrived at Asheville, and had fallen prey to the numerous hotel porters, who pulled and tugged at our coat-sleeves with such expressions as "Take you right up to the Kenilworth Inn," or, "Battery Park is the place for you, gentlemen!" But we tore away from them and resumed our journey. We were now following the course of the beautiful French Broad, now lashing itself against the rocky crags attempting its stay; now leaping and dancing in the sunlight, as if rejoicing in its freedom.

As we passed Paint Rock, a station about midway between Asheville and Knoxville, we witnessed a beautiful sight in the way of a celestial pyrotechnic display. Indeed, it seemed to be raining stars. Finally, about half-past eight, the train pulled into Knoxville.

We were greeted by the University yell of the Knoxville boys, who met us at the depot, and quartered us at the Hotel de Schuberte.

Retiring as soon as possible, we slept as only weary, dusty travelers can sleep. The next morning was spent in looking over the city, and noon found us partaking of a royal Thanksgiving dinner, at the Schuberte. At 3 o'clock, P. M., we were on the field anxiously awaiting the contest.

Our opponents soon arrived, and 3:30 the captains tossed, Tennessee winning the choice. When the referee called "play ball," the Tennesseans, taking the ball, lined up with a "flying V," and rushed down the field. But they met the sturdy Carolina boys in their path and decided to stop, making five yards only by an "off-side play." They then tried the right guard, but found Sikes, the hero of many a battle, at his post; he embraced the man with the ball and brought him to the ground. The ball soon went over, and Wake Forest, by a series of rushes and two neat gains around the right and left ends, carried the "*pigskin*" dangerously near the opponents' goal. But the "inevitable fumble" will happen, and the Tennessee boys thus gained the ball. A rush was made for the tackle, but they only got a taste of "*Justice*." Neither could they roll the "*Hill*" away. So the ball passed again to the Carolinians. Captain Blanton tries the right end for fifteen yards. Daniel plunges between Wilton and Britton for five and Blanton gains ten more between tackle and end.

Finally, with a sweeping rush, Capt. Blanton crosses the line and kicks the goal, placing six points to Wake Forest's credit.

During the remainder of the first half we were frequently near the line, but no more points were scored. As we were lining up for the second half several courteous 'Varsity men collected at one end of the pavilion and heartily gave vent to an impromptu yell, something like the following: "Tarheel rah! Tarheel rah! Hoopla! Hoopla! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Our "V" rolled across the field, carrying the enemy fifteen yards with it. Blanton goes around left end for ten yards, and Pridgen darts between tackle and end for five more. Blanton makes a superb dash through the centre for twenty yards. Jones then carries the ball eighty yards around the left end, behind the stout interference of Blanton, Daniel Pridgen, Crudup and Britton, for a touch-down.

After changing hands frequently, the ball is finally carried across the line by Brown, of Tennessee. Full-back Cannon kicks goal, giving the U. T. boys six points. This touch-down, however, was secured only by the foul interference of Cannon. The 'Varsity boys tried again and again to lengthen their score, but they found Wake Forest in front of them each time, Blanton and Wilson tackling hard. Thus the game ended, with the ball only three feet from opponents' goal.

Score: Wake Forest 10; University of Tennessee 6.

Never can we forget the kindness shown us by our North Carolina friends in Knoxville. On Friday evening Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Wray gave the team an elegant banquet at their magnificent home, on Central avenue. Five of us were so fortunate as to be the guests of Mr. Frank Green and his sister, Mrs. Pridgen, who dealt out their kind hospitality in abundance. We intended to play the Asheville team on our return, but owing to some misunderstanding in regard to terms, the date was cancelled.

Thus closes the brilliant career of the "Team of '92." Boys, we have nothing of which to be ashamed. Our record stands as its own monument. With Captain Blanton as our leader, we have met our foes defiantly, and the "Old Gold and Black" waves proudly and triumphantly in the breezes. They may call us "lesser lights" at will, for in the athletic firmament, *veritably* we are *stars of the first magnitude*.

W. H. J.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

WINNERS? Well, yes.

BANQUET the ball-team.

THE old gold and black won't down.

MISS ANNIE YARBOROUGH, of Louisburg, is visiting Mrs. C. F. Read.

REV. R. T. VANN and wife, of Scotland Neck, are visiting friends on the Hill.

WE WERE glad to see Mr. W. B. Hunter, of Neuse, on the Hill a few days since.

WHAT has North Carolina's greatest Free School to say about championships now?

WE ARE glad to see Professor Sledd in his recitation-room after a severe attack of the grippe.

THE much talked of comet didn't put in an appearance, greatly to the relief of several backsliders.

WELL! WELL! well! The Big Free School don't want to engender inter-collegiate ill-feeling. Whew!

IT IS reported that there are three more petitions out for the post-office. We hope somebody will get it.

MISS RUTH WINGATE, formerly of the Hill, now of Franklinton, has been visiting her brother, Mr. W. B. Wingate.

MISS JENNIE ALSTON, of Pittsboro, Chatham County, has been visiting on the Hill, much to the delight of her many friends.

IT LOOKS now as if we will have no inter-class games this season. The Seniors have challenged, but on account of bruised-up men the Juniors couldn't accept.

MRS. P. D. CARTER and daughter, Miss Mamie, of Colorado Springs, Col., arrived in the village on the 10th inst. To them THE STUDENT extends a hearty welcome.

MR. J. R. THOMSON, of Keith, N. C., who had to leave College on account of his health in October, has returned. We are glad to note his recovery, and welcome him back.

SO TRINITY was not exactly in it this year, but she plays a manly game, and is not given to the habit of forfeiting on the least provocation. She expects to be there next year.

WITH THE coming of December our old enemy, "the grip," very serenely put in its appearance, and commenced its annual job of making us tired. Nothing at all serious so far, however.

THE following from our great half-back Captain and President of the Association, voices the sentiments of hundreds of Wake Forest's adherents throughout the country: "Hurrah for the champions!"

RIDDICK."

A VERY exciting game of football between the little boys of the College and those of the Hill, took place on the 25th ult. The score stood 4 to 4 at the end of the game. Efforts will be made to have the tie played off.

WE NOTE with pleasure the improvements going on about the Hill. Mr. Riggan, the genial proprietor of the up-town grocery and Student Supply Store, has made several additions to his building, and is better prepared than ever to wait on the boys.

REV. W. B. BAGBY, of Texas, at present Baptist missionary to Brazil, was on the Hill a few days since and delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture before the students and residents. We hope to give our readers a full report of the lecture in the next issue.

THE APPROACH of the great comet created quite a stir among the students about the last of November. Some were disappointed, and others were exceedingly glad that it failed to knock us into the middle of next week, as predicted by various astronomers. The falling of the stars about the same time was viewed with interest by quite a number, and some sat up all Sunday night to see them all fall, but the comet fooled them, and the night passed off without an incident.

THE THIRD of the annual course of lectures provided by the Faculty, was delivered Thursday evening, December 1, by Professor Lanneau, of the chair of Physics and Applied Mathematics. His subject was "The Bright and Morning Star." We

can give only an imperfect sketch of a lecture in popular style, which yet presented important historical and scientific facts, and profound astronomical truths :

The solar system, with its central luminary, its circling planets and satellites, its "shooting stars," meteors and comets, was set aside as distinct, as severely isolated from the stellar universe beyond.

There was a careful avoidance of oppressive numerical details. Only two mammoth specifications. Ninety-three million miles—our distance from the sun. Two hundred thousand times that distance—the distance to the *nearest* twinkling star. The conception of these vast measurements (the *method* of estimate being clearly illustrated by diagram), was impressed by a novel supposition, thus: If, when Columbus landed on this Western Hemisphere, in 1492, he had sent up a great balloon to greet the noon-day sun, and it mounted sunward at express speed, 37 miles per hour, it would not have reach its destination until the declaration of American independence, in 1776. If it had then reversed its course and dropped from the sun earthward at the same express speed, it would not yet have arrived, and not until past the middle of the 21st century will it have reached the earth. Such is the sun's distance from us. And this is the *unit* in astronomical estimates. More than two hundred thousand such units is the distance to the *nearest* star.

If our sun, at noon-day, should recede from us to thirty times its present distance, it would then appear to us about as we now see the brilliant planet Jupiter overhead. If the sun continued to retreat, four or five times further, the sky would darken, the stars shine out. If it retired to the remoteness of the *nearest* star, it would there appear as itself, a twinkling star, like one of the brightest ones in the constellation Orion. If it retired yet further, to the remoteness of Sirius, the brightest by far of all the stars, it would then, with all its fervor, shine upon us *feebly*—apparently no larger, no brighter than our present modest pole-star.

The twinkling stars, then, are suns—independent, glowing suns, stationed here and there in the profound depths of space. And though, from our standpoint they seem crowded together, the intervals between them are like that between our sun and Sirius. The marvelous little instrument, the spectroscope, also bears witness that the stars are veritable suns—some of them far hotter than our sun, immensely larger, and many-fold more effulgent.

Sirius, now seen between 9 and 10 o'clock P. M., is somewhat below Orion, in the East, is THE bright star. It shines with four times the brilliancy of any other star that ever greets our eyes. Since Ptolemy's time it has moved southward about the breadth of the full moon. Just that seemingly little distance in all those seventeen centuries. Similarly all the stars really move, and in various directions. But at their remoteness their change of place cannot be detected by the unassisted eye. They are said to be "fixed."

Sirius, it is now found, moves in a seemingly small ellipse. For years, as shown by the spectroscope, it is *retreating* into remoter space at a varying rate, sometimes twenty to thirty miles per second, or over one hundred thousand miles per hour. For years it approaches us at like rates. In about fifty years it completes its amazing round. Its vast sweep is comparable only with its inconceivable distance from us. So with all the seemingly motionless and changeless stellar host.

Clearly, with no room for quibble, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth HIS handiwork."

Sirius is not only the surpassingly *bright* star, but is also, at times the auspicious *morning* star. In the spring Sirius will gem the evening western sky, just above the setting sun. By June it seems to pass the sun, to be further west. Then at dawn of day it must precede the rising sun.

In Shelley's inimitable word-picture:

"The point of one white star is quivering still,
Deep in the orange light of widening morn,
Beyond the purple mountain; through a chasm

Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it; now it wanes; it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air;
'Tis lost! and through yon peaks of cloud-like snow
The roseate sunlight quivers."

Summer advances. Sirius mounts up—no longer quivers "deep in the orange light of widening morn"—but shining clear, the bright and morning star, it heralds the coming king of day.

The morning star to us is the morning star to the round world. Sunrise comes to all. Its herald greets the nations in turn, as they belt the earth. Mark that lonely night-watcher on a lofty minaret in Cairo, Egypt. It is June. It is near day-dawn. His eager eyes are strained toward India—eastward. Morning after morning his gaze is still eastward. And now, lo! "the point of one white star," "deep in the orange light of widening morn." He hesitates—is in doubt. Another day and night pass. The earliest blush of dawn begins, and, see! the unexpected star shining clear, the bright and morning star. His glad shout puts all Cairo astir. It is repeated far and wide—"The NILE is RISING!"

He watches on. Sirius daily mounts higher. All the while the Nile rises higher and higher. When, in September, he sees Sirius at dawn, high overhead, on the meridian, again he shouts: "Abundance, the Nile is at its height!"

Thus, in that classic land, Sirius, the bright and morning star, has been eagerly awaited and watched, year after year, from remotest antiquity.

Through the centuries, the Nile's annual rise, overflowing and fertilizing the land, making Egypt of the past the granary of the world, has begun at the Delta, invariably just as Sirius appears at dawn, the bright and morning star, the harbinger of coming plenty. The priests and the peasantry of the Pharaohs worshiped the star as they worshiped the river upon whose annual rise depended their earthly all. To them it was the *auspicious* morning star.

To us the star may signify far more. Exalted in nature, majestic in movement, chief among the shining stellar hosts, it is a fitting type of Him who is chief among ten thousand; who, in his final Revelation, himself said to John on Patmos: "I am the bright and morning star." And that day-star of the soul's eager watching, marks a rising Nile of love and grace to all of every nation who welcomes its whitest light.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RUFUS WEAVER, Editor.

The California Illustrated Magazine is rapidly becoming the great magazine of the West. A recent number contains a sketch of the Baptists of California, by Rev. Frank Dixon, a former student of Wake Forest.

My Septuagint, by Dr. C. F. Deems, who for many years was a resident of this State, but now of New York City, is a collection of essays, sketches, poems and addresses. The book is dedicated to seventy eminent men, friends of the writer, who are now dead.

A COLLECTION of the poetical works of Phillip Brouke Marston, the blind poet of England, has just been published. In addition to his popular short poems, "Song Tide," "Wind Voices," "A Last Harvest," not contained in former editions, there is a sympathetic biography by the well-known American poetess, Louise Chandler Moulton.

MARION CRAWFORD has just returned from a several years' sojourn upon the Continent. His arrival in America is coincident with the appearance of his new novel, *Don Orsino*, which by many critics is ranked as one of the best productions of this very prolific writer. This novel, which has been issued as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a sequel to his popular story, *Saracinesca*.

LEE MERIWETHER has added another volume to his delightful books of travel. *Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean*, is written in his characteristic, entertaining way, and brings one into close and intimate contact with the people, which adds so much to the charm of *A Tramp Trip Through Europe*. Besides being an interesting book, it presents some valuable contributions to the vexed labor question.

REV. H. C. MOORE, pastor of the Baptist Church in Elizabeth City, and a recent graduate of Wake Forest College, has undertaken the arduous but praiseworthy task of compiling a book of poems, selected from the various productions of North Carolina writers. The work will be issued during the early part of next year, and we anticipate its appearance with peculiar pleasure. North Carolina has grudgingly withheld a just recognition of the merits of her literary men and women, and the forthcoming volume will show that in our midst there is poetic talent of which the State may justly be proud.

ALL LOVERS of wood and field, rugged mountain heights and secluded vales, should read that charming book, entitled *The Beauties of Nature*, by Sir John Lubbock, published by MacMillan & Co. The volume is admirably printed, and abounds in well-engraved illustrations. The beauties of Nature, as found in plant and animal life, form the subject-matter of near one-half the book, while the remaining pages are devoted to mountains, rivers and lakes, with a concluding chapter upon the starry heavens. Ruskin is suggested in the beautiful language and perfectness of detail, and the book is quite justly destined to become popular.

Darwin and After Darwin, is the very suggestive title of Prof. George John Romanes' new work. The writer is one of the most celebrated of English scientists, and his former scientific works have won for him a world-wide recognition. The discussion of the Darwinian Theory of Evolution forms

the subject-matter of the first volume. Since the book is intended for a general public, all unnecessary scientific terms are carefully eliminated, and a clear, concise definition is given to the theory, which, though still abused by ignorant, and prejudiced individuals, is receiving the thoughtful consideration of well educated men.

WHAT I HEARD.

A few days ago, while waiting at a depot, I chanced to hear a conversation between two old acquaintances, who had just exchanged greetings. They were both young men, and, as we learned from what was said, they were interested in football, and one of them was pretty well informed as to the games and challenges of the season just out. He had a copy of the *North Carolina University Magazine* in his hand, and said to his friend, whom he called Jake :

“This issue of the *University Magazine* seems to be mad.”

Jake—“Is it? I haven’t seen the last number.”

Bob—“Why its feathers are all ruffled and turned hind end in front.”

J.—“Well I do know !”

B.—“And it looks bad, like somebody had thrown ashes on it and spit tobacco juice in its eyes.”

J.—“So help me !”

B.—“But I know what’s the matter with it.”

J.—“Out with it.”

B.—“The *News and Observer* published a letter from Wake Forest the other day.”

J.—“What sort of a letter?”

B.—“You know both schools have a football team, and both wanted the championship of the South.”

J.—“Yes.”

B.—“Well, this letter said Wake Forest has it.”

J.—“Who wrote the letter?”

B.—“A reporter for the Associated Press.”

J.—“He is not a student at Wake Forest then?”

B.—“No.”

J.—“Did he graduate there?”

B.—“No, and he is not even a native Carolinian.”

J.—“This is his own individual opinion then?”

B.—“Yes, and opinion of the public, too.”

J.—“Everybody?”

B.—“No, but of all unprejudiced people.”

J.—“What does Chapel Hill say about it?”

B.—“They tell Wake Forest to play the University of Virginia, Trinity, the University of the South and Vanderbilt.”

J.—“Do they manage the Wake Forest team?”

B.—“Well, not quite, but you know they are the ‘greater light,’ and have the right to dictate.”

J.—“Is Wake Forest going to play all these teams?”

B.—“No, not any of them.”

J.—“Why?”

B.—“Because she has challenged everyone of them and all, with one accord, have said they wouldn’t play Wake Forest.”

J.—“Why is that?”

B.—“Don’t know, but you remember Wake Forest and the Virginia Military Institute made an even score.”

J.—“Yes, but tell me when Chapel Hill and Wake Forest are going to play? I want to see that game?”

B.—“They won’t play at all.”

J.—“Why, didn’t Wake Forest challenge them?”

B.—“Yes, but Chapel Hill’s team had disbanded.”

J.—“Disbanded?”

B.—“Quit playing and gone into winter quarters.”

J.—“They went in mighty suddenly; what scared them in?”

B.—“I don’t reckon they were scared.”

J.—“May-be not. Did they play the Virginia Military Institute?”

B.—“No.”

J.—“Why, hasn’t the Virginia Military Institute got a good team?”

B.—“Splendid. The University of Virginia wouldn’t play them.”

J.—“And Chapel Hill thought her chances were slim?”

B.—“No, not that. They just didn’t want to play them.”

J.—“Won’t any of these teams you have mentioned play Wake Forest?”

B.—“They all declined her challenge.”

J.—“Then Wake Forest’s team holds ‘the championship of the United States,’ don’t they?”

B.—“No; but Chapel Hill would give it to them rather than play them for it.”

J.—“Who are the champions of the South?”

B.—“Chapel Hill conceded the championship to the University of Virginia.”

J.—“And Chapel Hill holds the championship in the State?”

B.—“That is undecided, but it lies between them and the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh. But here is the train; good-bye, old friend.”

I went away pleased at having been there, for now I know everybody is not as ignorant of Wake Forest’s games and challenges as Chapel Hill *would* be. I’ll ask Bob to go up to the University soon and try to console the boys there.

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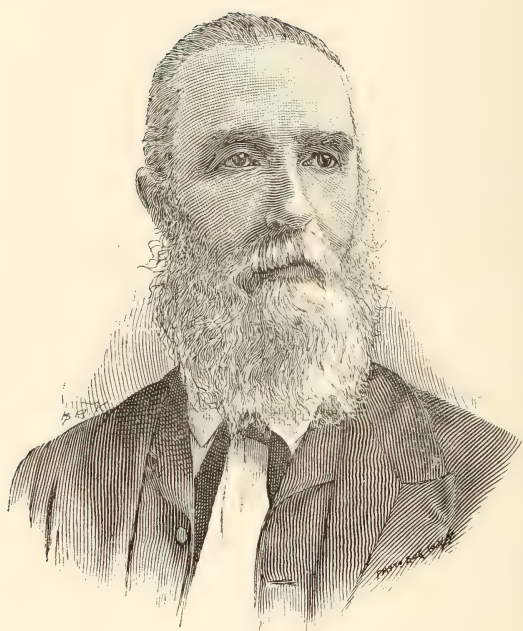
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Vol. XII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., JANUARY, 1893. No. 4.

SKETCH OF PROFESSOR WILLIAM ROYALL, D. D.

Doctor Royall died suddenly on the 3d instant in Savannah, Georgia, where he had gone during the holidays to visit his daughter, Mrs. W. C. Powell. By this sad event Wake Forest College is sorely bereaved. He first came to this Institution from Furman University thirty-three years ago. He has filled here, with conspicuous ability, three different chairs. First, that of Latin and Greek, then the chair of Modern Languages, and last, the chair of English. Many who knew and honored him in Furman University and in his native South Carolina, will mourn with his colleagues and pupils in Wake Forest, and with his friends and former pupils in many States besides the Carolinas.

Measureless our loss. Incomparable his gain. For he was ripe for the garner.

About three years ago, when very ill, and friends in the room moved softly and whispered low, he looked at them quietly, and said: "In three minutes I shall know all about it." But the portals were not opened to him then. He was

to serve awhile longer. Very recently, while delivering one of his always masterful and buoyantly spiritual sermons, he remarked calmly: "If I knew certainly that the judgment would come to-morrow, I would make no material change in my manner of life." Active to the last moment—indeed, while walking to a friend's house—in the twinkling of an eye, he quietly changed worlds. He had lived to serve. "Having served his generation, by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

My acquaintance with him was begun thirty-six years ago, in South Carolina, our native State. A stripling, just graduated from the Citadel in Charleston, I was invited to Furman University to serve as tutor of mathematics. Among the noble men of the Faculty who kindly welcomed and encouraged me in my untried work was Professor Royall. In our frequent Faculty meetings his gentle firmness and wise views were always inspiring and strengthening. He was then in the vigor of early manhood, and had already developed his rare power of masterful analysis, so essential to the true teacher. Towards the close of our three years association in the University, the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary was founded in Greenville. Then came the days of Greenville's phenomenal pulpit power, when men were moved by John A. Broadus and William Williams, each an Apollos; and by James C. Furman, who was to South Carolina what the persuasive Wingate was to this State. At such a time even, and in such association, Doctor Royall commanded admiration as a preacher of great power.

In 1860 our paths parted; separated widely for thirty years, when, most gratefully to me, they met again in our pleasant association here. So had he impressed me that, in all these years, he stood out prominently before my mind's eye as a stimulus to duty. Many a man fades from one's recollection; but who that once knew Doctor Royall can ever forget him? The gentle-voiced, sweetly dignified man as he appeared here in the golden autumn of his life, such was he in the days

when he gathered friends in his pleasant home on the bank of quiet Reedy river—where his now sorrowing sons and daughters were, for the most part, prattling children.

William Royall was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, July 30, 1823. He died January 3, 1893. His life, therefore, well nigh filled the Psalmist's measure, three-score years and ten.

THE GIRDING.

Before he was twelve years old he was buried with Christ in baptism, in the historic "font" of the old First Baptist Church, Charleston. At fifteen he entered the Sophomore class in the South Carolina College, and graduated at eighteen. When twenty he married the helpmeet who so sweetly cheered and strengthened his steps for nearly a half century. At twenty-one he was ordained to the gospel ministry.

Thus quickly equipped, he began his busy service. But he was equipped *thoroughly*. His early training was by his uncle, Dr. William E. Bailey, of whom it has been said by the eminent scholar, Basil Gildersleeve: "Whatever I may have of accuracy as a scholar, I owe more to him than to any other of my teachers." In logic and metaphysics he was trained by that master dialectician, Dr. James H. Thornwell; in languages, by Dr. William Hooper, the linguist of both the Carolinas; in political economy, by Dr. Francis Lieber, a national authority. Was he singularly skilled in argumentative discourse? Recall that, after graduating and while teaching in a Charleston High School, for two years he studied law under Hon. Henry Bailey, Attorney General of South Carolina.

But his crowning grace was spiritual power, akin to that of the godly Basil Manly, Sr., who baptized him. He valued highly his Sunday-school training in a remarkable class taught in the Old First Church by my honored father, Charles H. Lanneau, Sr. The class embraced J. L. Reynolds, James P.

Boyce, Basil Manly, Jr., William Royall, William J. Hard, and T. W. Mellichamp—all of whom became ministers of the gospel and educators of distinction. Only a few weeks ago Dr. Royall said to me, "Much of my theology I received while in your father's Sunday-school class."

Had the faithful teacher due reward of soul-joy as he welcomed to the courts of light, first the zealous Hard and the scholarly Reynolds, next the multi-powered Boyce, then the songful Manly, and now the clear-minded, pure-hearted Royall?

In Dr. Royall's youth there was no Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. That was yet to be conceived and borne safely through its years of struggle by his great-souled Sunday-school classmate, James Petigru Boyce.

Nevertheless, for a year he received invaluable theological training under the profoundly learned Dr. Thomas Curtis, Sr., and Dr. William T. Brantly, Sr. Of the latter, the ever-classic Tupper has said: "In college he always seemed to me like Jupiter, giving brain-birth to full-armed Minerva; and in the pulpit like the incomparable Paul, magnified into three-fold physical greatness." Such were Dr. Royall's teachers.

THE PREACHER.

His ministerial work has blessed some twenty churches, principally in Abbeville, Edgefield and Greenville counties, South Carolina; in Wayneville, Georgia; in Florida, Texas, Tennessee and North Carolina. His pastorates were from two to ten years.

He baptized two hundred and twenty in one revival in Georgia; four hundred in his pastorate of Flat Rock church, North Carolina. In all, he led into the baptismal waters not less than fifteen hundred converts. Fully and richly stored, he was always ready to serve.

His last sermon, on Sunday, December 11, preached, on an

hour's notice, to our Wake Forest church, in the unexpected absence of the pastor, from the text, "All things work together for good to them that love God," will long be treasured by those who were privileged to hear him. Though preached on an hour's notice, that sermon was not the fruit of just one hour's thought. It was characteristic of him to make diligent preparation for every demand of either class-room or pulpit. Recently, he remarked to a colleague, in familiar converse in our reading-room, "I have long wanted to know just what our Saviour meant when He said, 'I am the *light* of the world,' and to preach from that text. I have read everything in this library on the subject of Light, but I am not yet ready to preach from that text." His preaching was well characterized in the words of Professor Poteat, at the memorial services in the College Chapel on the 5th inst.: "With steps not too rapid he went straight to the heart of the text and laid it open. His illustrations, which always illustrated, were drawn from his wonderfully rich and varied experience, or from the realm of science. He studied science unremittingly, in all its branches, and mainly, I believe, for the light it might throw on the truth of God. His mind was of the logical order, with a power of analysis and insight surpassing that of any man it has been my privilege to know. But overspreading the course of the most exacting argument there was the play of a generous glow of feeling, which allured the less gifted and somehow seemed to make them sharers in the reasoning and the triumph of the result."

THE TEACHER.

In educational work, no less than in ministerial, he was abundant in labors. Reference has been made to the youth teaching in the memorable school of Dr. Bailey, in Charleston.

In 1855, in the vigor of early manhood, he was elected to a professorship in Furman University, where he ably conducted the academic classes for five years. In 1860 he accepted the

Professorship of Latin and Greek in Wake Forest College. In the memorial services, the 5th inst., it was testified that his coming here in 1860 "was a revelation and an inspiration in college work."

Here he wrought wisely for twelve years, excepting fourteen months of chaplaincy work in the 55th N. C. Regiment during the war.

He resigned his Professorship in 1872 to found the Raleigh Baptist Female College, which became a noted seat of learning.

Failing health caused his removal to Texas, where he taught with great acceptance in Bryan and in Calvert. From 1875 to 1878 he was the beloved President of Baylor Female College, Independence, Texas. He was afterwards President of a similar Institution in San Antonio.

His health restored, in 1880 he was gladly recalled to Wake Forest, to fill the chair of Modern Languages, which, at that time, included English. Here again he wrought nobly for another period of twelve years, during the last four serving as Professor of English alone.

In 1888 the University of North Carolina conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

THE MAN.

On most countenances cold Death stamps unwonted dignity. To his none could be added. His dignity of mien and thought was characteristic.

Yet so gentle in voice, so warm and sympathetic in nature, to young and old he was the most approachable of men. He was the students' friend. They freely sought the counsel and aid he ever gave so charmingly.

He was himself a life-long student. On the solid foundation laid by Bailey, Thornwell, Hooper, Lieber, Curtis and Brantly, he built well, wisely and *continuously*. He forgot nothing of moment; he was ever learning. His was perennial

freshness of thought, abreast with the rapid march of science and the broadening flow of philosophy. Last summer—never idle—he sought the educational gatherings at Saratoga, alive to all their interests. The inspiration of those occasions, and his well-matured, discriminating views, gave birth to his recent, and last public lecture in the College Chapel, an admirable, luminous discussion of "What is Literature?"

He left one labor of love undone. It was his purpose, expressed to his children, to record in fitting, tender words his tribute to the memory of the dear companion who was called from his side only last July. He paused before executing the delicate task; in the pause, came Time's veto.

Elizabeth Bailey Royall, daughter of an English physician, Dr. Robert S. Bailey, of Mt. Pleasant, S. C., was no ordinary woman. Her strong, gentle character, fervent piety, and wise conduct of her household, were, for forty-eight years, as castles of contentment to her devoted husband.

He was not long separated from her.

Preacher, teacher, princely man! farewell. Friends, colleagues and pupils love and revere thy memory. The sons of the prophets stand stricken, and wail, as of old, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

January, 12, 1893.

JOHN F. L'ANNEAU.

STUDENT DUDELY'S MISFORTUNE.

It was Thursday night of commencement week. The magnificent chandeliers were flooding the Society halls with a dreamy, hazy light. From the walls grim portraits of college presidents, famous divines, and distinguished jurists and statesmen were frowning down unregarded, save now and then, when some sallow-faced youth would point them out as having been connected with his Society. To-night Love was

holding carnival; devouring, yet leaving undevoured the bright pleasure-beaming eyes, the beautiful faces and the divine forms before him. "Young eyes spake love to eyes that spake again!" All seemed joy and happiness, but it was not so. The close observer could have seen here and there knots of boys, from two to a dozen, gathered around some fancied enchantress, and at other places some luckless youth exerting his brain to appear interesting to two or three less favored beauties. Oh, these awful commencement times! Why must some young men think that they can enjoy themselves only in the presence of a young lady already favored with half a dozen questioners, each in turn craning his head to contribute his share to the conversation? It cannot be that they fear that unmistakable evidences of their stupidity would appear if they should attempt to play the lion by taking a whole young lady for their share. And why do they send Nancy Smith an invitation that costs ten cents, and open their letters for a week afterwards with fear and trembling, dreading an acceptance? Of course, these *élite* young men have no acquaintance they would be ashamed to acknowledge before all their companions.

To the honor of our sex in general, and our college boys in particular, be it said, Student Dudely did not belong to the above class. Those present on that particular evening will recall that he sat on a plush sofa in the corner with Miss Ruth Lewis, the most beautiful girl in the hall. (This with all due respect for the opinion of a certain lady of doubtful age and moderate beauty, who could not see "why the boys admired Miss Lewis.") She was indescribably pretty, a little above the average height, her form was perfect, and her fresh rosy complexion, her hazel eyes large and lustrous, her abundant chestnut hair, her cherry lips, her shapely neck and slender arms; who can picture them? Her beauty extended even to her finger tips; to see them was to know that she was beautiful, and to love her. What a power girls of the above

type have! Milton paints Eve a blonde, and to a blonde the palm of beauty belongs in nearly every nation; the maturer mind and soberer judgment give the prize to the light-haired and light-eyed, but the fire and spirit of the younger men declare in favor of their dark-haired sisters. Paris gives his judgment to Venus, but Juno retains her sceptre. Student Dudely was not insensible to the graces of the young lady, but she seemed to be to his; after remaining with her nearly an hour, and attacking her at every point, descending even to flattery, which, since the day that Satan tempted Eve, has been deemed the gateway to a woman's inmost soul, he was obliged to confess himself foiled. The next day before the train came to carry her home, he tried again, but with no better success.

"I will humble her yet! She shall love me!" was the very imperative mental comment of Mr. Dudely. His father owned a whole block in the business part of Greentown, and he was reckoned the handsomest young man in the place. His name was on every town girl's lips.

Mr. Dudely is so handsome! Mr. Dudely has such lovely blue eyes! Mr. Dudely has such a cute little mustache! Mr. Dudely has such nice auburn hair! and a thousand other things with Mr. Dudely in them.

"Mr. Dudely called last night," was always said with pride and delight, and heard with pain and envy.

The summer, which, to many students, is a time of trial and struggle for the means of returning to college, when book-selling and stereoscope-selling are engaged in for a meager salary, was, to the more favored Mr. Dudely, a time of pleasure, and passed quickly by. He had written to Miss Lewis, and received a postal in reply, informing him that she could not correspond with a mere acquaintance. But he did not altogether despair, and the end showed his wisdom. One evening shortly after he returned to college, he received a neatly addressed little envelope, postmarked Lewiston, which

he found to contain an invitation to a hop at the residence of Colonel Lewis. It was immediately accepted. Nothing could have pleased him more; the air of the ball-room was his element, and there he was a prince. Visions of beauties, doubly beautiful in their ball-room dresses of white and silver, and of himself whirling through the mazes of a german with the lovely Miss Lewis, sweetened his slumbers that night.

He was a little out of practice, to be sure; so that evening he aroused his room-mate, a great, overgrown, awkward, big-footed fellow, and went to the hall for a dance. The thump, thump, thump of the big fellow's feet awoke the landlady, who screamed out up the stairway something about tearing the house down, but without being able to allay the noise in the least. This continued for a week. The big fellow's lessons were badly prepared, a thing never before heard of; and the landlady, not without reason, declared through town that her lodgers must be going crazy, that she slept in mortal terror of the plastering falling, and, for her part, she would never have thought it of Mr. Slogow.

Friday evening came, and Mr. Dudely dressed for the ball. The students that were at the depot to get a whiff of mixed steam and coal smoke, so indispensable to the happy existence of students of assinine propensities, did not suspect that Student Dudely was more neatly dressed than usual; but could they have seen beneath his duster they would have seen something of a dress. He wore one of the most neatly fitting evening suits; his spotless shirt, studded with brilliants, set so well in the yoke that even the fastidious wearer could not complain. Suffice it to say, Student Dudely was satisfied.

The sun was setting when Mr. Dudely reached Lewiston, which, as well as he could make out, consisted of a depot and guano warehouse, a store with a rhyming sign, a big chicken-coop, and a little post-office. He looked for a carriage, but none was to be seen. There was only one white man in sight, a red-headed, self-important young fellow, that in colo-

nial times might have passed for a Prince of Wales, but is now easily recognized as a flag-station depot agent. From him Mr. Dudely learned that Colonel Lewis lived down the railroad, nearer to Clarkville than to Lewiston, and that he should have got off there; and there, indeed, Mr. Dudely remembered seeing a carriage. Pulling the invitation from his pocket he saw that it was dated at Clarkville, although postmarked Lewiston. Nothing remained for Mr. Dudely but to employ one of the negroes lying around the depot to guide him to Colonel Lewis's. He secured the service of one somewhat above middle age, who, at the mention of Colonel Lewis, became very respectful.

The last rays of the sun were fading from the tree-tops as Student Dudely and his dusky conductor set out. He was furious; vexed with himself that he should not have noticed where his invitation was dated, and vexed with the miserable little village that could not furnish him a conveyance. The heat of his passion sent his blood to the surface and pushed the perspiration from every pore. His linen was in danger. Besides, although it was late in October, the evening was very warm, and no breath of air could reach them in the thick forest through which the first mile of their journey lay. Nor did Student Dudely dare to unbutton his duster, for the dust rose in clouds from beneath their feet. But, by going slow, he managed to get over the first mile of their way, and through the forest, without soiling his linen. They now reached a clearing, but no houses, save a few negro cabins, were in view. Student Dudely learned from his guide that this was part of Colonel Lewis's farm, although he lived two miles down the road.

"De Kurnel's a nice man to lib wid, sah; I'se bin wid him twenty years, nigh about, and nebber had a quarrel yit. Down dar's whar I lib;" and the old negro pointed to a little cabin near the road, whence came the odor of frying bacon and baking corn-bread to excite a ravenous appetite in Mr. Dudely.

The air grew fresh; our footmen could go faster. It began to grow dark very fast, and Mr. Dudely noticed that the sky was becoming overcast with dark and threatening clouds. Suddenly a jagged shaft of lightning rent the gloom, and was followed, after a short interval, by a heavy rumbling of thunder. Instinctively our travelers quickened their pace. Another flash, another peal, and another, and another. It pealed and rolled and flashed, and pealed again. The storm came nearer and nearer; the clouds grew darker and darker; soon a brilliant flash almost struck them blind, and the ensuing clap seemed to jar the earth, and sent down the rain in torrents. In vain did the seeker of the ball-room interpose his umbrella; the storm nearly wrenched it from his hands, and tore it into shreds, and then wreaked its vengeance on his unprotected head. One by one he felt his collar, cuffs and shirt melted to the dish-rag state, and with them his hopes for the evening. There was no house in the vicinity; no white man's nearer than "De Kurnel's," according to the negro guide, to whose cabin they were under the necessity of returning. But returning was no easy matter; it was now so dark that had not their road been a lane they would have found great difficulty in keeping in it; the rain continued to pour in torrents, and soon the little streams that crossed the road were full to overflowing with muddy water. Into one of these Mr. Dudely fell, and barely escaped to the other shore. His plight now was worse than ever; wet before, he was muddy now. So with muddy water dripping from his elbows and running into his shoes, he reached the cabin. What a night he spent, we will not attempt to say. Student Dudely always declared that he never met with more respectful treatment in his life; that he never enjoyed another supper as he did the fried bacon and the corn-bread at the negro's board; and never slept more soundly than he did that night. It is certain that he gave the old negro a five dollar note the next morning.

The next morning broke bright and clear, and the constable, on his way to town, saw Mr. Dudely come out of the negro cabin and start in the direction of Lewiston. There had been a horse stolen in the neighborhood recently, and the constable, an enterprising, red-nosed fellow, with short whiskers and an eye to business and the next election, at once thought of horse-thieves. So he drove on slowly behind Mr. Dudely, just near enough to keep in sight, shadowing him, as the *Family Visitor* detective stories had it. When they reached town the constable had a conference with the merchant, who, it seems, was a justice, and came down and arrested Mr. Dudely. In vain did the unfortunate student assert his innocence; in vain he told his name and parentage, and declared that he was a student from Wyseman College. He was hustled off amid the execrations of the mob now gathered to the justice's office.

How it came about I cannot say, but he was led, handcuffed, out of the justice's office, not being able to give the bond of five hundred dollars to answer at the next court the charge of horse-stealing. One busy little fellow with a brimless hat, and patches of frosted beard on his face, kept saying that he would kiss a stack of Bibles a mile high that the prisoner was the very man he saw in the neighborhood the day before the last horse was stolen. Student Dudely was dazed; he threatened and cajoled, and asserted his innocence, by turns. The mob drowned his voice by cries of "hoss-thief," "hang him," and calls for a rope. The constable, now grown doubly officious, and doubly sure of his election, placed poor Dudely in a buggy, then he got in on one side, and a negro on the other, and they started down the railroad for Clarkville, the county seat. Both the constable and the negro smelled strongly of whiskey and onions, and both gave unmistakable evidence to Student Dudely's olfactories of the need of a bath. The constable and the negro occupied most of the narrow seat, and seemed to pass the time very pleas-

antly in discussing the coming election; while their poor prisoner was "scrouged" into a little V-shaped corner between them, and sat with head down muttering something about revenge and innocence. Poor fellow! his spirit was broken. The other misfortunes were enough, but the prospect of a prison cell was too much for him.

They had travelled in this way for about two hours when the creaking old buggy stopped. Looking up, Student Dudely saw a depot on one side, and on the other a building whose gloomy appearance caused a clammy coldness to seize his body. They were at Clarkville.

Just then a clear musical voice exclaimed, "Why, there is Mr. Dudely!" and there, near them, in a carriage, was Miss Lewis and some other young people.

The interposition of an angel could not have been more opportune; a ray of hope entered Student Dudely's soul. He became his former self again, and jumping up, kicked the negro's shins and beat the constable over the head with his manacled hands until both rolled indecorously out of the buggy. Not then did Mr. Dudely stop kicking, but began to vent his fury on the rickety old buggy. The constable and the negro held a hasty consultation and decided to let Mr. Dudely go.

Miss Lewis heard with expressions of sympathy, yet not without laughter, the story of the unfortunate student, who, in the excitement, forgot his weather-breathen toilet. He looked again into her deep brown eyes, and watched the working of her beautiful lips. He received an invitation to visit her, and was permitted to take her dainty little hand as he said good-bye. This was enough to recompense him for his misfortunes.

G. W.

"KNIGHTS OF THE GRIP."

Just now the trains are largely filled with commercial travellers. Some have been to headquarters for a new lot of samples for the opening season, others to spend the holidays with their families or in the establishments which they represent.

What are these men doing anyway? Next to nothing has ever been written about them.

How do they look? What are they doing? What do they know? There were no drummers a long time ago. The whole business of selling goods by this method is strictly "*post-bellum*." And the outcome of it was to intensify the high-pressure methods which have characterized the conduct of merchandising in more recent years. We will say here that there is a kind of modest involuntary disposition among commercial travellers to obsolete the term "drummer," preferring "travelling man" in its stead. The word "drummer," however, is not without significance, originating as it did from the practice in large cities of sending out a boy to beat the drum as a signal for special sales at some particular establishment.

As we have said, the commercial traveller is strictly a modern institution, and yet the complexion of the "drummer" of to-day is very different to what it was twenty years ago. The law of evolution and of the survival of the fittest have done their work within the ranks of these men. Then the word "drummer" was synonymous, for the most part, with a man whose habits were exceedingly unsteady; this was true to the extent that a large number of the largest merchants never thought of trading with these men at all, some going so far as not to treat them with common politeness inside of their own places of business. But the man who drank or gambled, or in any other way reflected upon his business, has long since "gone to the wall," and his place is filled by a man of a dif-

ferent stripe altogether. Now, according to the best information on the subject, *eighty per cent.* of everything from a sewing needle to a steam-engine is sold directly through the personal agency of commercial salesmen. With six years of almost daily contact with these men, I have never seen but *one* whom I knew to be under the influence of whiskey.

In the selection of these men for the positions they hold, it is evident that more than the moral, intellectual and industrious elements are taken into account. There is hardly anything about these men more striking than their fine physical development; and this is by no means accidental, for other things being equal, a man of all-round proportions, weighing two hundred pounds, will in every case be awarded a place over his competitor who "tips the beam" at one hundred and twenty pounds, or under. So we say in parenthesis, that all of the arguments in favor of physical culture are not in till the money consideration is mentioned. To look upon a representative convention of drummers would be to see the finest specimens of physical manhood to be found in any gathering of men of whom we know anything about. Why should they not look well? They wear the nicest clothes to be found in the best of all the markets, and they eat literally the "fat of the land." The truth is, the hotels, as a rule, are run in the interest of these men.

We venture the assertion, that if the patronage of the commercial traveller were withdrawn, three-fourths of all the hotels and livery-stables would close in thirty days. Legislators may come from all quarters looking wise and dignified, balls and banquets may appear to have possession of the hotel, but rest assured that the best rooms in the house are not opened till the arrival of the drummer with his grip; and from the time he enters the office to the hour his baggage is checked for the next town he basks in the smiles of everyone, from the boot-black to the proprietor of the whole concern. It could hardly be otherwise; the typical "drummer" is no

“kicker.” He asks for no discounts, rates nor rebates, but expects the very best of everything the establishment affords, for which he pays liberally and freely. And now I close with only a suggestion as to what they know.

I suggest to the reader to notice the drummer whom he may chance to see, and note how often he will find sticking in his pockets or slipped under the straps of his valise *The World*, the *New York Herald*, or some other standard daily paper; and many will be found reading the *North American Review*, *The Forum*, *The Century*, or others of the best magazines. Some of the clearest and most discriminating discussions I have ever listened to were made by travelling men in hotel offices or on board the cars. And while it may not be recognized that these men play any important part in influencing of the results of a campaign, it is nevertheless true. They sell the merchant his goods, and while waiting for the train they “throw in” some politics for good measure. The merchant then in turn sells *his* customer what he wants, and having freely received he just as freely gives out some of the extras left him by his travelling friend, and in this way the leaven begins to work.

Avoiding always the role of an interviewer, I have felt some interest in finding out how many of my travelling friends have attended some one or other of the colleges. Quite a number of them are full graduates, and not a few have taken post-graduate courses in the universities in this country and in Europe. The kind and magnanimous spirit shown by these men, one to another as they push for business, often competing in the same line of goods, is well worthy the consideration of all, for it is, to say the least, akin to that doctrine of *all* doctrines, which would admonish us, “that as we would that men should do unto us, do even so to them.”

J. C. CADDELL.

POMPEII.

A slight ripple played upon the bay as the gentle zephyrs passing kissed its placid surface and ruffled its cool bosom. To the east, basking in the mellow beams of the setting sun, stood lordly Vesuvius, dreamily curling his light fumes above him. He seemed slumbering in the quiet summer evening; while silvery clouds floated lazily past, and white-winged crafts, fanned by the warm south wind, glided like swans on the glittering bay. The glowing noonday had given place to the genial shades of eventide, and all Nature silently reposed in the ruddy glow of the August sunset.

Up in the city the scene is different. From north to south Pompeii is all astir. For to-morrow she is to witness the grandest gladiatorial array the amphitheatre has yet furnished. All thought and conversation are occupied by the coming event, and wagers are forfeited upon its results.

But as eventide's misty mantle falls o'er all the city, the tumult dies away, and one by one the glimmering lights are extinguished. Now, as the full pale moon leaps the sky, all is hushed save the murmuring ripple on the sandy beach. Even the lions in their den, and the doomed captives, fettered in the loathsome cells of the amphitheatre, are heavy with sleep and repose.

With the first peep of golden-tinted dawn the sleeping city awakes, and the deep silence is broken by the tramp of eager spectators, the clatter of hoofs and the incessant roar of chariot wheels. Time wears on. The amphitheatre is now jammed and crowded to its utmost extent. Glittering wealth and sordid poverty are there alike eager and expectant. The hour draws near when the contests are to begin. The brawny gladiators in their cells nerve themselves for the approaching conflict. The Governor is now at his place, the trumpet sounds, the fray begins. Madly they rush together in deadly embrace, while

the clash of steel rings out on the silent air. Redder and redder grow the sands as one by one the gladiators fall, mangled by the leaden blows of the cestus or pierced by the glittering point of the gladius or trident. A deep groan now and then comes up from the fray as the dark blood spurts from an expiring form.

The combat ceases and the gory bodies are dragged from the arena. A stalwart form is now ushered forth, carrying in his hand a stilus only. A roar of savage delight rises from that vast assembly; too well they know the harrowing scene that is to follow. Near the middle of the arena the gladiator takes his stand, firm and immovable as a statute, and with weapon poised above his head turns his piercing eye in the direction of a low door on the west side. All breathless and silent now is the throng. Suddenly the door flies open and two savage lions come bounding forth. Leap after leap, side by side, and with angry roar, they near the gladiator. The earth trembles beneath their feet, the walls of the amphitheatre begin to totter, and a deep rumbling and muttering breaks on the silence! The beasts instantly stop, tuck their heads and retreat to their den, and there crouch and tremble in the darkest corner. The air becomes dark and the roaring reverberates and grows louder. "Vesuvius! Vesuvius!" they cry, and the awe-stricken throng rushes wildly from the amphitheatre. A black cloud now overhangs the giant. Broader and broader it grows, and the city is enveloped in midnight darkness, lighted only by the fearful glare of Vulcan's flame. Panic-stricken the inhabitants rushed desperately through the streets of the threatened city. Red-hot stones and ashes fall in torrents and the earth rocks to and fro. Great rents open in the mountain side, from which volumes of molten lava rush down into the valley below. The fiery regions seem pouring forth their entire contents, and giving full vent to their rage. Down, down, upon the fated city plunges the seething flood. Some of its inhabitants fortunately escape,

while others, overtaken by the showers of stones and the seething deluge, are enveloped in its embrace.

Three days the scene of terror lasted, and Vesuvius belched fire and destruction on all the fair country around.

The clouds disappeared, the roaring ceased, and Vesuvius once more stood silent and majestic in peaceful repose. The doomed city had vanished. In its place lay only smoldering ashes and a fiery sea of lava. A few of the inhabitants were spared, but their less fortunate townsmen lay buried beneath the pall of Vesuvius. The shape of the land was changed, and where once were fertile hills and valleys now lay an arid waste. Still, Vesuvius, lordly and silently commanding, stands towering up to the heavens, while Pompeii, with all her luxury and splendor, peacefully sleeps beneath his mantle.

JULIAN E. YATES.

"LIBERTY DETHRONED."

The history of the world from creation's early morn through the centuries of the past down to modern times, presents the great panorama of oppression by nations, which have arisen to the pinnacles of intellectual splendor and national supremacy. While the vapors of chaos and confusion wrapped the world in mystery, and ignorance and superstition ruled supreme, oppression had its birth, and has been handed down to us as a relic of that barbaric age. It seems to have been characteristic of the nations of antiquity for the strong to oppress the weak. Egypt, the very mother of civilization, which more than three thousand years ago was without a parallel in national greatness and development, overran all the nations of the East, desecrating all that was sacred to them, annihilating their armies, trampling upon the bodies of those who had lain themselves on their country's altar for the maintenance of its honor, dragging kings at their chariot

wheels, butchering the aged, and laying their cities in ruins until their desires were satiated with human blood, compelling them to cast their tributes of praise and treasures of glittering crowns at the shrine of Egyptian bondage. But, alas! Egypt met her deserved fate at the hands of those nations which she had forced to bow in humiliation and shame to do her homage. With this one example of the gross violation of the rights of man, and the cruel usages and customs of antiquity, let us pass hastily onward from those times most ancient to times more modern, in which oppression seems to have reached its zenith, and tyranny to have culminated in the dismemberment of Poland. This country, which for ages had been the political redeemer of Europe, fell a victim to the tyrant's hand. About 1410 the Teutonic Knights were endeavoring to get possession of Europe, and were scattering the seeds of discord and corruption, which, in due time, would have brought the continent under their tyrannical usurpation and engulfed it in moral degradation. But the Poles sounded the death-knell to their illegal aggressions and restored liberty to Europe. In 1434 the Turks crossed the Hellespont to lay low the tottering Eastern Empire; their enemies were fleeing like chaff before the winter's gale; nothing seemed able to check their onward crusade. But Wladislas, the boy king, led forth his band of courageous Poles, like an avalanche, against the overwhelming force of the Turks, and drove them irretrievably from the scenes of their recent victories. In the seventeenth century the infidels of Asia were pouring their countless hordes, like a tidal wave, over the eastern boundaries of Europe, and were conquering nations, burning cities, butchering men, and drenching the country in human blood. Europe was trembling for its fate.

The world stood aghast at the appalling scene. Onward they swept across Macedonia's fertile plains to Austria's sunny clime. Leopold marshalled his veteran hosts to stay the

on-coming tide; but as the morning dew vanishes before the rising sun, so cowardly Leopold was driven from the field of carnage. The Moslem sword was flaming beneath the gates of Austria's magnificent capital.

All Europe was aroused by the threatening storm, for not only the fate of a nation, but the destinies of Europe and Christianity, were pending upon the issues of the coming conflict. But, fortunate for humanity, at the moment when it seemed that Christianity must inevitably bow at the shrine of infidelity, the heroic John Sobieski, with his small band of Polish patriots, appeared on the scene to save Europe from the yoke of Turkish bondage. On the 11th day of September, 1683, he led his army on the famous field of action, to perform the greatest work of his life. His men looked down upon their shining pavilions and countless tents, as they stretched out over the beautiful undulating plains which lay before the gates of Vienna. But unintimidated by the magnificent camp, and the stupendous task to be accomplished, they prepared to battle against the Asiatic hosts. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon of September 12 the great conflict began. It was a terrible spectacle, as the few thousands of Polish patriots locked their swords with the Moslem hosts in deadly combat. Their bayonets, dripping with blood, were glittering in the sunlight. The roar of artillery, as it was belching forth death from every side, rolled back over Austria's rugged hills. The shrieks and cries of the dying were mingled with the melancholy echoes of martial music as the combatants rushed onward in their deadly work. Almost within an hour from the first onset the invaders were in a disgraceful retreat, and Sobieski pursued their shattered and broken battalions, fleeing from the field of battle.

Frederic the Great was plunged into a bloody war because of illegal seizure of Silesia, and by his continued aggressions drew upon himself almost all of Europe. Single-handed he began what is known as the seven years war. The Austrian

and French armies were threatening his dominions on the south, the fur-clad Russians, in solid phalanx, were in battle array on his eastern boundary, while Scandinavia's shining and victorious arms were borne swiftly and triumphantly on toward his capital from the north. Although on Ranzbach's heights and Dresden's plains, with maddening zeal and undaunted bravery he rushed into the midst of the allied forces and wrought such wonderful havoc that he gained the noble epithet of being the greatest soldier of his age; yet his enemies gathered thicker and thicker, more and more critical his position. His resources were failing and he had no more men with which to fill his decimated ranks. Something must be done, or his destiny will be forever sealed. When all other help had failed, in his great dilemma, he turned his eyes toward Poland for aid and assistance, and it was due to the indomitable courage and patriotism of the Poles that Frederic was saved from irretrievable ruin; but ere the Poles had returned to their native land, and the scars of war were healed, Frederic joined the great coalition for the dismemberment of liberty's eminent champion. She thus saved the serpent from death which afterward stung her for her kindness.

Never did a more ungrateful heart beat within the bosom of man than that of Frederic the Great. When Germany was drenched in the blood of the martyrs of the Reformation, when the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew was crying from the earth against the perpetrators of so foul a deed; when Mary was stirring up England with religious persecutions, Poland opened her arms as an asylum to the unfortunate and oppressed of every clime.

But her benevolence and magnanimity did not save her from the terrible ravages of war; for already the muttering rumbling of this fatal war was distinctly heard in the distance. The brave Poles, who so often before had met on the field of carnage the feudalistic despotism of Europe, and the

hordes of Asiatic barbarism in the cause of liberty for other nations, were soon to try the fortunes of their valor and skill in fighting for national liberty on their native soil. Patriotism was throbbing as proudly in the bosoms of the Poles as it ever did in the days of yore, but it seemed that the fates had declared against Poland. What vicissitude she was to undergo, nothing but the future could reveal. The place which was then dotted with thriving cities and the teeming millions of her industrious population, was soon to be visited by all the horrors of a bloody war. The tender ties of her domestic happiness were to be severed and the monuments of her civilization were soon to be buried on the rugged shores of oblivion; her broad territory to be devastated and her beautiful crystal streams run crimsoned to the sea. The lawless and blood-thirsty Russians entered the doomed nation from the northeast, on their mission of pillage and robbery. Prussia's ungrateful myriads invaded it from the northwest, and the cowardly armies of proud Austria attacked her dominions on the southwest. Poland was literally covered with foreign foes. But the cry of war aroused the nation to arms, for liberty was not to be surrendered without a struggle. Both young and old alike laid themselves at their country's shrine to defend the flag of freedom. The gallant Kosciusko left the battle-fields of America for the defence of his native land. Upon his arrival he was chosen to lead the shattered fragments of the Polish arms against the invading hosts. While he was thus battling for his country he was upheld only by the star of hope, as it shone dimly from the horizon of adversity.

Like our own beloved Stonewall Jackson, in the Shenandoah Valley, he dashed hither and thither, gaining victories until he led his small army on the ever-memorable battle-field of Prague. Here the last tragedy was enacted, Kosciusko's star trembled in its zenith. Thrones were tottering upon the ensanguined field. His army was cut to pieces, and in accord-

ance with his dying mother's request, he fled to Warsaw to bid farewell to the land of his nativity, and spend the remainder of his life a lonely exile in distant climes.

The contests of dying Poland were unequalled by the gladiatorial exhibitions at Rome, or the conflicts on the plains of sunny Greece headed by the Olympic gods. For many years after their overthrow they continued to hope when they listened to the deceitful sirens as they sang from the thrones of treachery.

But the flag of liberty was destined to wave no more over the sanguine fields of this patriotic nation, for the lurid flames of Prague and the crimsoned walls of Warsaw tell the doom of liberty-loving Poland. Since then their history has been filled with the cries and groans of an oppressed people. Anarchy and despotism rule supreme in the land where liberty once did dwell. The name of Poland has already fallen into contempt.

The power and glory of this illustrious people are past. Already the gloomy pall of oblivion has descended upon this ill-fated land. To-day Poland is only known to us as we ransack the archives of history, and accidentally stumble upon this monument of crushed patriotism.

C. S. BURGESS.

THE WINNING ESSAYS.

[At the beginning of the session of 1891-'92 Rev. Thos. Dixon, Jr., of New York City, permanently endowed an essay medal, to be awarded annually by the Euzelian Society of Wake Forest College. Four essays were to be written, each on only two hours notice of the subject, and the medal was to be awarded by the judges to that contestant who showed the greatest ability to condense thought in the most persuasive language. It was also stipulated that each essay should not be under seven hundred words in length. We take pleas-

ure in publishing below two of the four winning essays, and hope to complete the series in the February issue. Rev. J. A. Long, a member of last year's Senior Class, now pursuing advanced courses in Rochester Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., was awarded the medal last year.—ED.]

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

Among recent developments along educational lines, none have played a more prominent part than college athletics. While none can deny that a "sound mind in a sound body" is the rounded man, it is to be feared that this maxim has wrought its own destruction. The pendulum always swings from one extreme of its arc to the other. It was after an age of religious fanaticism that infidelity ran riot. However imprudent educators of the past have been in regard to developing the physical as well as the mental, that is no reason that the educator of this age should go to the opposite extreme. We will only have to wait one generation to see the ravages of this craze upon the minds of college-bred men, especially in New England. It is stated that out of the seventeen hundred students at Yale, only one hundred and twelve belong to the literary societies. In the Middle and Western States there seems to be more moderation, while at the South the athletic craze is unknown almost, but milder forms of exercise are indulged in. The athletic annex to a college or university involves a needless expenditure of money. Athletics almost double the expenses of the student. Where athletics have become popular in an institution, it has taken control of the work of that institution. All the honors are distributed among the athletes. The man with the most muscle is the Great Mogul. To-day Russell is Governor of Massachusetts, not because of his great intellect, but through the patronage of Harvard athletes. The object of college training is not to turn out Kilrains and Sullivans, but to sharpen the intellect and broaden the man. There was a day when the

plumes of the knight adorned the cap that crowned the strongest knots of brawn, but that was an age coeval with bull-fights and duels. No person with refined sensibilities can look upon a modern game of foot-ball, with all its cruelty, and feel that it is in keeping with our civilization. Stand off and see the student comrade throwing up bets right and left upon his champion. Under the pressure of the excitement of the moment he takes the initiatory step that will lead him to the race-track and the gambling saloon. It is an undenied fact that athletic sports give license to a very insinuating species of profanity. Every institution ought to have a good gymnasium, and provide it with a well-prepared director. Yale and Harvard, with their aristocratic patronage, may be able to sustain the burdens of athletics, but the average college, with the average student, who is to make the extraordinary man, can't afford it. In a gymnasium all are equal, but in athletics wealth shows itself, to the discomfiture of some, and to the detriment of the harmony and good will of all. Granting that all can participate, the athletics of to-day demand not less than a fourth of the student's time. I know we hear the plea that he can do as much work in the remaining three-fourths, but that is all bluster. From statistics we learn that Yale's students do not do that well. Besides, they have almost abandoned their literary societies. This plea will not stand the test. In addition to this, you must add the excitement and tension to which field sports subject the participant. A man's education, a man's success, do not depend on how fast he can run or row a boat, but upon his will-power and application.

Educated men are not the shortest-lived class. Then why such an unequalled effort to develop the physique of the man in pursuit of an education?

I would not be understood as being puritanically conservative. We are in the midst of an age of change. What suited yesterday may not do to-morrow. Only yesterday I read an

account of an exhumed slab that corroborates the statement that there was a difference between the Grecian athlete and the Grecian scholar. Just so twenty-five years from now will demonstrate the same fact to the American educator.

It remains to be seen what will be the outcome of this movement, but the day is ever to be deplored when our colleges are to be swept by this tidal wave of enthusiasm, which reminds us more of an Indian war-dance or a Spanish bull-fight than of civilized amusement.

THE RAISON D'ETRE OF THE THIRD PARTY.

From the dawn of history the farmer has been the repository of civilization, and, in fact, the great civilizer of mankind. On the plains of Persia, in the valley of the Nile, around the walls of Babylonia we catch the first gleams of civilization. The Aryan yeomanry had lifted the world from the misty shadows of myths toward progress. The agriculturist has laid the foundation of every nation, and in turn the tyrant has usurped authority and appropriated the proceeds of honest toil, the toiling millions having ever worn the yoke of tyranny.

Superstition and priestcraft have ever held the struggling world in their relentless grasp. The history of mankind has been one gigantic struggle to free itself from these, and little by little the forces of tyranny have abated, and only in these latter days has the voice of the masses been heard. Mankind is not a herd of dumb driven cattle, made only to quail and cower beneath the tyrant's lash. Like a throbbing, quaking volcano the masses rose in Spain in the wane of her glory, but only to fall back into an unbroken slumber of night; for it was a warning to the oppressor to tighten his reins and rekindle the fires of the Inquisition. But in France the upheaval came, and who shall be able to tell its good. The

scepter fell from the tyrant's hand, thrones crumbled, the world was made freer. We have only to look back over the centuries to hear the echoes, once faint, but now loud enough to awaken a sleeping world. "The voice of the people is the voice of God." Amid the taunts and jeers of a derisive world Cromwell and his Anglo-Saxon comrades sent the divine Right of Kings tumbling from the throne, and made their voice heard. But dreams of tyranny still haunted the throne, and it was on another continent's trackless shore that the equality of man was to assert itself. The foundations of this great nation were laid by the brawn of the exiled toiler; its freedom wrought by a courage of which the world knew no equal. For the first fifty years of the Republic, wealth was in the hands of those who had earned it. To-day it is in the hands of the few. To quench the spirit of freedom, money, tyrants and swords cannot do. The laborer has fought the battles of civilization, and when his patriotism declines a nation's days are numbered.

The farmer, the mechanic, the operator has learned this. He knows his privilege, his duty, and when we see the simultaneous uprising in every quarter of this nation, where freedom is blooming, we say, surely it is the Spirit of the Eternal, who made all men equal, moving upon them. Capital and kings have been the allied enemies of human rights. They have ever asserted their right to combine, but when the laborer has tried to combine to obtain and maintain his rights, the dungeon, the stake, the guillotine have been his fate. The condition of the laborer to-day is nothing new, but his attempt to obtain his rights at the ballot-box has no parallel. First superstition ruled the world, then war, now wealth; but the age of intellect is dawning, and it is this, the free thought of the age, that brings the Third Party into being. The farmer knows very well that the promises of the old parties are no more than the repetition of old wives' fables; they know that both the old parties are in the grasp of the money power, and

that money never has given fair legislation. It promises great boons, and then breathes out threats to suppress the disappointed murmur. Why was it that the Associated Press refused to publish an account of the Third Party's convention at Cincinnati? Truth can't be hidden: "though crushed to earth, it will rise again."

The farmer remembers that when there was no discriminative class legislation he held his share of the wealth, and to-day asks the question, Why is it that although he and the railroad are pioneers in civilization, the railroad grows rich and he becomes poor?

As it is, the capital is at the North, the mortgaged farm at the South. The Third Party shakes hands over the Mason and Dixon line and enters a common cause. One party stands for the brewery vote, the Catholic vote, and Tammany as leader; the other for the negro vote, the manufacturer's vote and the vote of the pensioners, wrenched from the hard earnings of the laborer. The sacredness of the home, the perpetuity of free institutions are imperilled: pauperism, crime and want stare the toiler in the face!

Corruption, demagogery, gerrymandering, class legislation can never be eliminated from the old parties, because their arena of action is fixed, and it is only by entering a new field that just legislation can be had. The need of the time is not the leveling of fortunes, but protection of labor, and that is what the Third Party propose. There could be no stronger argument advanced in its favor than the bitter opposition it meets. Whether the present organization known as the Third Party shall accomplish the work designed, the work must be done; the restless masses are marching to relief.

QUIET LIVES.

There are a great many quiet, lowly lives in the world which have no great name among men, and of which we hear but little. No flattering pen records their noble needs; no eloquent tongue bespeaks their praise. But they are noble, sweet and worthy lives, even if they are not noisy and boisterous.

Silence and quietness often speak more eloquently than words. Deep rivers flow silently, while the shallow brook splashes noisily by. Noiselessly the sunbeams dart down upon the world, shedding life, light and beauty wherever their genial influence is felt. Unheard, the snow-flakes fall over woods and fields, mantling the earth in garments of purest white. Silently the shining stars move on in their majestic courses. Silently the seasons come and go. Quietly the flowers bloom and the grass grows. How strikingly do all these wondrous works of Nature remind us of those quiet, unobtrusive lives—lives which, like sunbeams, shed their genial light and warmth into many darkened hearts; lives which, as snow-flakes, hide the faults of others; lives which act as guiding-stars to some desolate wanderer; lives which, as flowers, bloom out and shed their sweetness and fragrance all around. Such are the lives of our mothers and sisters. Such are the lives of those humble, honest parents, who, by labor and sacrifice, are barely able to keep their sons in school. We frequently find such lives in the humble home, in the lowly thatched cottage, by the country fire-side. Let us not despise these humble lives, for they are the sweetest, the purest and the most heaven-like of all earthly things.

SAM. J. PORTER.

EDITORIALS.

THE LEGISLATURE AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

The discussion going on now in our Legislature brings before the public some of the difficulties of higher education. The so-called University of North Carolina has been receiving large appropriations from the State, but in spite of this fact the curriculum is scarcely above that of a first-class college. At any rate, the fact is admitted that students with equal preparation may enter either the University or some other one of the leading colleges of the State, and graduate with the same degree, at the expiration of equal period of time, having done approximately the same work. The State aids an institution called a University, which to-day is the strongest competitor of the different colleges. So long as this competition exists the State is depriving our strongest educational institutions of equal rights by granting special privileges to one. If the denominational colleges are necessary and beneficial, any public measure by which they may be hampered is foolish, unjust and uneconomic.

Education consists of three stages: primary education, which should be the same for all; secondary education, for those who can devote a longer time to study, and higher education, intended for specialists and professional men. The work of the first stage is done by our primary and high schools; the second stage is accomplished by the colleges, and the third should be completed by our University. Leaving out embryonic lawyers, all specialists and professional men are forced to leave the State to secure the instruction in their different departments as required to-day. The secondary stage is completed by the denominational colleges with greater success

than either the first by the free schools, or the third by the University. Therefore, the Legislature should be careful how they endanger the development of those institutions which are doing the most successful work of education in the State.

It is hoped, however, that the University, doing entirely University work, will be supported by the State, granting such appropriations as will be needful to successfully accomplish the specialization of any of the higher branches of knowledge.

RUFUS WEAVER.

RESOLUTIONS.

Although the month of resolutions will, perhaps, have ended ere this issue of *THE STUDENT* reaches its readers, we feel that while the daily papers are "filling up" on stale jokes regarding broken resolutions, there is something that can be said to advantage in a serious mood in regard to this time-honored custom.

Lives there a man in all the universe who has not resolved that with the death of the old year some evil feature of his past life should die? Lives there a man who has not broken every resolution he has ever made? Was there ever a time when a New Year's resolution amounted to more than a hollow mockery? Well, there may be one or two affirmative answers to the latter two questions—perhaps, one in ten thousand—but to the first we must all plead guilty. So this institution of resolving with each new year to shake off certain obnoxious habits and to live a more respectable life, is of some importance, something that concerns everyone. Hence, we've decided to devote a few words this month to this custom.

As we implied above, resolutions in these modern times are of no good—not in the least, to anyone. (Bear in mind now, that we're not speaking of resolutions of respect, for we are not prepared to state as to whether they are of any

good or not—we have our doubts.) But we speak of New Year's resolutions, especially those in regard to cursing, lying, cheating, drinking, smoking, getting in love, &c. Again we say, they are of no good, because, as we observed above, all resolutions are broken. Why they are broken we are not prepared to state. Some people haven't will-power, or self-control; some don't care, some haven't self-respect, and others are slaves and can't help themselves. It makes small difference who you are or what your mental powers, your New Year's resolution is broken. Therefore, don't resolve. Now don't resolve not to resolve, you might break your resolution; but *determine*.

Well do we remember the words of a certain college president, addressed to a student who had said that he had resolved never to break a certain college regulation again. Said the president: "My dear young man, don't say that word 'resolve' again. It means nothing. Resolutions are as a name written in the sands; they are destroyed by the first tide." And never was better advice given a young freshman than when that good president said: "We've decided to lay your case on the table this time; *don't* resolve, but *determine* never to drink again." And that is what we wish to impress on the minds of the New Year resolvers. Don't Resolve; but Determine. And don't say you've determined until you feel that there is a determination in you that is worthy of the name. Then you may know that the time is come for you to let the tobacco and whisky go, and you can draw yourself up as a man should and say, "I am Determined." It is a cure for all habits—a cure that never fails—Determine.

J. W. B.

WEAK-BACKED STUDENTS.

Of course a student's first duty is to apply himself to his studies, but how many there are who know so little about it. One of the most important lessons which a boy learns at

school is how to control his mind. Until he does this, he will do a great deal of unnecessary work which will be of little or no profit to him. No one can be considered educated until he has so disciplined his mind that he can cause it to do his bidding at will. To accomplish this end, great effort and no small amount of patience and perseverance are required. Impatience is probably the greatest hindrance to effectual study.

Every year a number of young men come to college and begin their courses of study very auspiciously, but before six months have passed some of these young men have decided not to take a degree. They lose patience and become discouraged. The monotonous routine of college duties has become tiresome and burdensome to them, and they very soon conclude that "education don't pay," or that they know enough already. One reason why they fail to find interest in their studies is that they are not satisfied to stick to one thing long at a time. Let us follow a representative of this restless, impatient class, and watch his style of living for a short time. He usually spends the whole afternoon romping through the campus, idling on the streets, or loafing about college. After supper he goes to his room with a fixed determination to do good work. He takes up his book and applies himself intently for a few minutes. Suddenly he thinks of some fellow across the way whom he must step in to see; immediately he throws aside his book, rushes out of the room, to return probably about 11 or 12 o'clock. He has done nothing himself, and has bored and kept from study a half-dozen others. He does comparatively no work in his room, and so shamefully fails on recitation. No wonder he tires of college life. There is nothing in college life for a man who does not work, and so there is nothing for him except failure. Such students become dissatisfied with nearly everything they have to do. They give up to the silly and momentary impulses of their undisciplined minds, until it is well-nigh impossible for

them to give to their work the close attention which is necessary in order for them to do it properly, or, in any degree, to become experts in it. Their minds become weak, vagrant and frivolous, ready to be wafted about or torn into fragments by every light breeze that passes. They seem more interested in other people's business than in their own. They must know everything of a trivial character that is going on. Studying, with them, is the exception, and not the rule.

Occasionally such students finally settle down into more steady ways and studious habits. But unless there is a radical change, not only is their stay at college a failure, but they are apt to be "drags" throughout life, and rated by all well-to-do people as "bums," and good-for-nothings.

S J. P.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

THE political outlook just now is exceedingly wearisome; that is, speaking from a newspaper point of view. The excitement incident to the election has died completely, and the inevitable revulsion of feeling has set in, and the campaign lie has long since gone to its final resting-place and lives only in the memory of certain sore-headed *post-mortem* editors. The poor newspaper man has to content himself with what little interest he may excite in discussing the Nicaragua Canal scheme, Blaine's health, the probable make-up of the next Cabinet, with an occasional word as to the happy state of affairs in this country as compared with those across the Atlantic, and now and then a squib in regard to Drs. Briggs, Smith and McGlynn. All of which topics are about as wearisome to the public as to the editor.

There is no doubt but that if the Nicaragua Canal should become a reality the whole of America would be vastly benefited. But as to whether the Congress of the United States would be wise in issuing \$100,000,000 in bonds on that uncertain scheme, we might say, dream, in the face of the great Panama scandal which has destroyed the French Ministry and is threatening the safety of the Republic, we believe the people have good cause to doubt. We can't go too slowly in this matter. The lesson that France has just learned so dearly should be a warning to America. If Congress sees that the venture is a practicable possibility, and knows that its direction is in the hands of trustworthy men, it cannot go to too great an expense to bring it about. But if they go into it blindly, as did the French Deputies, trusting in the faithfulness of men who in no way merited such trust, they may rest assured that this Congress will retire cursed by the people as no other body of law-makers has ever been cursed. In this instance, ex-Speaker Reed to the contrary, however, Congress must be a very "deliberative body."

To-day every State in the Union, as well as one or two Territories, is naming, through its county organs and innumerable petitions, its choice for members of Cleveland's Cabinet. This, though in no way sensible, is hardly to be wondered at. Every contributor to the campaign fund, and everyone who so kindly, obligingly and patriotically tendered his services as campaign orator, now that his party has won, joins in the common grab for the party spoils. Those who contributed money want honor, those who so patriotically distributed their "gas" to the four winds (as well as parties) want money. Those whose thirst for honor led them to open their pocket-books so freely, are being very easily and gracefully gratified in the shape of very complimentary newspaper write-ups. Of those who want money some will be gratified, some very sadly disappointed.

For weeks the newspapers have contained flaming headlines concerning Blaine's health. This time the reports are

true. Blaine is at last at that "point of death," at which he has so often been represented as lying during the past ten years. We can say this much in his behalf: He is, by all odds, the greatest American of two generations, and stands head and shoulders above any President since the war. That he was not elected President can only be attributed to the fact that he stood too far above his, or any other party, and, consequently, was not appreciated by the wire-pulling politicians. And now, as he is about to lay down that life which has been so transcendently honorable and useful to his native land, the newspapers take their last opportunity of making news as regards his health. Truly there is such a thing as the curse of greatness. Even as we write we hear the news that "Blaine cannot live through the night;" whether 'tis true or not we cannot say, but expect the worst. He will die an unhappy man; his highest ambition unrealized; his most promising sons dead, and the one remaining, his name-sake, an undutiful ingrate; having no hope in the hereafter; truly his life would almost seem a failure. But the time will come when we, forgetting his over-vaulting ambition, shall "long for the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that is still"—that voice which has more than once bent the will of the world's greatest rulers. Then, and not till then, can we give him the honor which he so richly deserves as America's Nestor, the Plumed Knight.

Benjamin F. Butler, well known as a soldier, politician and man of letters, passed away on the 11th of the present month at Washington. His was a most remarkable career. Known best in the North as a soldier, and in later times as a politician, he has ever since the war been considered in the South as an arch-enemy to Southern progress. While we know very little, and care less, of his career as a Northern General, we are certain that he made the best Governor of Massachusetts, his native state, that that State has ever had, and for this he deserves credit.

ALUMNI NOTES.

SAM. J. PORTER, Editor.

—'54. Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard heads the list of useful and experienced pastors in our State. His has been an active, busy life. A man of large capacities, he has been called upon to perform important duties, which he has always done wisely and well. Nor does he seem to lose any of his energy, eloquence and power, now that he is growing old, but rather seems to be filled with new vigor and zeal. Though honored with many years of toil, and a man of vast experience, still he is young and active in thought and soul. Having resigned his charge in Wilmington, he becomes the pastor of the Tryon Street Baptist Church in Charlotte. This is the Doctor's native home, and no doubt he will find it pleasant to labor among the people and friends of his earlier years.

—'61. Rev. Dr. J. L. Carroll is indeed a giant in body, mind and soul. He is a man peculiarly attractive and of great magnetism. As a pastor he is thorough-going, energetic and knows how to take hold of the hearts of his people. He is at present pastor of the Baptist Church at Chapel Hill.

—'71. There is hardly a man in North Carolina who is doing a greater work for the Baptist cause than Rev. Dr. C. Durham. With his well-known enthusiasm and practicability he goes about his work as Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Missions in full earnest. A better man could not be chosen for the place. Surely there is no one who would do more work than he does, and at the same time do it as well. He is doing a broad work in educating the people on the important subject of Missions.

—'81. Rev. L. N. Chappell has been doing missionary work in China for about four years. Time has shown him to be one of our most faithful and consecrated missionary workers.

THE STUDENT sends greetings to him in his far-away home across the sea.

—'82. E. E. Hilliard, Esq., editor Scotland Neck *Democrat*, is to be congratulated upon the success of his paper. He is showing himself to be a journalist of ability. He is a man fully abreast of the times, and a staunch advocate of truth and progress.

—'84. On December 22, Mr. W. W. Kitchin, of Roxboro, was married to Miss Musette Satterfield of the same place. Mr. Kitchin is a popular and thriving young lawyer. As Democratic nominee from the 17th Senatorial District, he made quite a reputation as a platform speaker during the last political campaign. Miss Satterfield graduated with honor at the Greensboro Female College, and is highly esteemed for her many accomplishments and social qualities. THE STUDENT sends congratulations, and wishes for them a happy and prosperous life.

—'85. Rev. J. A. Beam is pastor of churches in Person County, and is also Principal of Bethel Hill Academy, which probably prepares more students for Wake Forest College than any other school in the State. Mr. Beam is doing a great work for the cause of education, and deserves the encouragement and hearty co-operation of all friends of education.

—'86. Rev. J. L. White, though a comparatively young man, stands among the first of our wise and useful pastors. Nothing better need be said of him than that he is the efficient and beloved pastor of the First Baptist Church of Asheville, and is fully alive to all its interests and welfare.

—'87. Rev. W. F. Watson has been called to the pastorate of the Roxboro Baptist Church, made vacant by the resignation of Rev. J. H. Lamberth ('83).

—'92. W. A. Garland is acting as president of Judson College. He is a young man of fine promise, and bids fair to become a prominent educator. THE STUDENT wishes for him the best success.

EXCHANGES.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

GIVE to the young a love for the highest and purest in literature, and you open to them a new world of thought and beauty.—*Exchange*.

THE OAK LEAF is a charming little sheet that fairly characterizes the Oak Ridge boys. The December number begins with a prediction for a successful future for the Institute. We hope the prophecy may come true, and that the Institute will send some boys to Wake Forest next year. We would welcome and protect them.

THE WAFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is a regular visitor to our sanctum, and always receives a hearty greeting. The table of contents in the December number presents an interesting list of subjects, and the nature of the contributions is varied and not tiresome. All the editors do their work well, and the *Alumni* department deserves special mention.

THE female students at the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, are adopting the Jenness-Miller "rainy-day dress." The skirt is plain and tight-fitting, and reaches down to only about half-way between the knee and the ankle. Long gaiters are worn. The dress is described as a great success, enabling women to splash through the mud as well as men.—*Exchange*.

THE holiday number of the *Kee Mar Journal*, the literary exponent of Kee Mar College, is a bright and sunny sheet, and its very appearance and make-up is characteristic of young ladies, and complimentary to those who edit it. But they have too much of the work to do, enough matter is not con-

tributed by the students in general. The *Journal* is true to its aim, and glows with a true womanly spirit.

THE December number of *The Laurentian*, from Appleton, Wis., has only two contributions, but in "My Country; Her Needs and My Duty to Her," the patriotism of the young politician is admirably brought out. A great deal of such patriotism ought to burn in the breast of the college student. Too little attention is given to politics in the average institution of learning. *The Laurentian* manifests a great deal of college and class-pride, but none too much.

THE GUARDIAN, from Waco, Texas, is a magazine of distinctly Southern type, and we are glad to give it a place on our table. It is devoted to religion chiefly, and with such contributors as Dr. Penick, of Louisiana; Dr. J. B. Gambrell, of Mississippi, and Dr. J. H. Amacker, of Arkansas, together with the confessed talent of the corps of editors, it is destined to do a successful and telling work for the diffusion of the principles of religion in the South. It ought to be read by all, and especially by ministers of the gospel.

THE WILLIAMS LITERARY MONTHLY, for November, is replete with its usual number of choice selections of prose and poetry. It first gives a sketch of "Tom Moore, Patriot-Poet," that does him full justice. Then a savor of poetry followed by "Between Tacks," a spicy story full of human nature. It portrays how a beautiful young woman, "easily a queen wherever she went," very cultured and refined, used "the defensive weapon of conversation." "She hated scenes, and whenever she perceived a man was about to propose to her, she used her shield with such skill that many an ardent suitor found it impossible to lay his suit before her." He gives adroit pictures of how she employed her powers to avoid a proposal from each of three suitors in just so many short *tacks* while yachting. It illustrates well the way a pretty woman can raise a suitor to the third heaven and then drop

him mercilessly. Such an article is a boon to a college sheet, and renders the magazine more readable to the more thoughtful as well as the casual reader. "Chat" gives some beautiful productions of the imagination and fancy, and the *Monthly* is fortunate in having a talent that can conduct it creditably. The *Monthly* also gives a very comprehensive and creditable book and magazine review.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN for December, came in early, and is a decided improvement over any past number we have seen. It opens with a poem written for the Thanksgiving exercises, and it is a pleasing rhyme with a wholesome sentiment. Then comes a sketch of the Jewish child-man and learned theologian, Augustus Neander, which gives a forceful account of his conversion, and how, when elected Professor of Theology in Heidleberg, he came awkwardly and embarrassed to the desk before a crowded auditorium. They had determined to drum out the converted Jew, but when his pale face beamed as if transfigured, and a quick loving glance flashed over the assemblage, the threatening scraping of the feet hushed and the room grew stiller and stiller, softened by the magic of his voice. They loved him more and more because something told them that Christianity was the dearest thing in the world to that young Jew. When the end came he said to his sister: "Hannah, I am tired; I will go to sleep," and he closed his eyes to all on earth. At his burial a large concourse of sorrowing friends and pupils gathered to see the grave close in upon his body. An extract from a lecture on "George William Curtis," delivered by Professor E. C. Perisho, also presents features of special merit.

THE TEXAS UNIVERSITY is a college magazine of a high literary character and splendid finish. The general literary management is good, but the editorial departments are all short, and the amount of work done by the editors is small for a staff of seven. The contribution, "Intellectual Incon-

sistency," deserves special mention. More such articles should find their way to the public through the college press, but we would like to be at liberty to ask whether it was written by a student or an *alumnus*. The contributions are all very good, and the monotony of the usually labored historic production is relieved by the "Poems, Fragments and Quartrains," by Charles Oldright. We also find an open letter by the same author, in which he gives some reasons for a *College Annual*, to be published by the students of the University of Texas. He says: "While the advantages of such a publication to the University as an advertisement would be very great; while part of its contents would become valuable and otherwise unattainable history; while it would afford a lasting receptacle for the more daring literary and artistic efforts of our would-be Parnasseans; yet the chiefest value of each annual to any student would be its concrete representation of one of the years of his youth, its picturing of familiar scenes and remembered faces, its collection of well-known names and chestnuts which never sprouted. As it is, the events of last year are unfamiliar to many, those of the year before are fading memories." What an annual can do for the University of Texas it can do for Wake Forest College. Shall we publish one?

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

All the first days of January have afforded greater pleasure to the wearers of the ice-shoes than have been enjoyed at this latitude in many winters. The ice has been thick and the ponds supported the weight of many lovers of open-air exercise. But perhaps few know the superiority of skating as an exer-

cise as presented in this outline of an article in *The American Athletic Journal*:

The exercise that brings into play the most of the muscles without a strain or over-tension upon any, is the most healthful and beneficial. Since the mind influences the contractility of the muscles, it is necessary for it to be pleasantly occupied in order to secure the best results to both body and mind. An exercise that does not stimulate the mind becomes irksome and repulsive; the muscles act imperfectly, and are easily fatigued without the harmonious action of a full nervous impulse.

The usual athletic sports have their peculiar benefits on portions of the body; none have the universal action on all parts of the system that skating induces. It most perfectly occupies the mind with the surrounding objects, and the intricate movements of the body, and the whole muscular system is brought into play. The superiority of skating, as an exercise, is confirmed by the best informed physicians, and Salzmann, in his work on exercise, says, in reference to skating: "I am come to an exercise superior to everything that can be classed under the head of motion. I know nothing in gymnastics that displays equal elegance; and it excites such divine pleasure in the mind of the performer that I would recommend it as the most efficacious remedy to the misanthrope and hypochondriac. Pure air, piercing, bracing cold, promotion of the circulation of the different fluids, muscular exertion, the exercise of such various skillful movements unalloyed mental satisfaction must have a powerful influence, not only on the corporal frame of man, but on his mind likewise."

Within a few years past physicians generally have recommended it as an exercise for women and children, as well as men. The objections urged were; that the exercise was too violent; that the system was too much exposed to the coldest weather, and, therefore, too liable to colds; and that it was

dangerous exposing the body to falls. The first is raised only by those who are in no degree acquainted with the art of skating. In this country woman is considered as a delicate organization and incapable of sustaining any burden, but it is an established fact that woman is capable of the same amount of physical culture, in proportion to her size, as man. Women are naturally of a livelier organization, and since their habits confine them to the house it is a greater reason that they should exercise *more* than men. Pure air and exercise is what they need most, and as skating is most beneficial, we would recommend it in preference to all other kinds of exercise.

Concerning the liability to colds, all recognize the fact that men who labor in the open air exposed to the weather are less susceptible to colds than those of more delicate habits, and we consider the liability a recommendation rather than an objection. If skaters will sometimes exercise until warm and then sit or stand until the body is chilled, we do not condemn the exercise for the indiscretion of individuals.

The proportion of serious injuries received in skating is no larger than in the more common exercises. The liability to fall adds zest to skating. Do you avoid travel by railroad because there is liability of collision?

Let our women and men employ every opportunity to indulge in the exercise of skating. Let our over-considerate mammas induct their delicate daughters in the health-giving sport, instead of rearing them like hot-house plants—in a temperature, the warmness of which is now their first consideration—lest the paleness of confinement change to the palor and flush of consumption; and let the boys be boys; and both sexes revel in the exercise till the roses of health replace the hue of the lily, and the rising generation will live to bless them, and cherish the memory of their sensible parents.

WE ARE indebted to Mr. D. M. Prince, our delegate, for the following condensed report of the organization of the Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association:

The Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association for football and base-ball is now a fixed organization, and the principal colleges south of Mason and Dixon's line will indulge in the games next season under the conditions of its constitution.

The meeting in Richmond, December 28, for the formation of such an association lasted all day, and the leading institutions were well represented.

Those present were, Dr. F. P. Venable, University of North Carolina; D. M. Prince, Wake Forest; W. H. Graham and G. W. Hodgson, Sewanee; J. B. Robertson and W. M. McGuire, University of Virginia; G. F. Southgate and E. B. Iglehart, St. John's College; C. J. West and W. S. Symington, Johns Hopkins University; Dr. G. W. Kent, University of Tennessee, and G. B. Ferguson, University of Alabama.

Dr. Venable was called to the chair, and Mr. Robertson selected to act as secretary.

A free interchange of opinions then took place, and it was decided to name the new organization the Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association.

Considerable time was consumed at the morning session in the discussion of a suitable Constitution and By-Laws.

Stringent rules were adopted against professionalism, and the membership is limited to students, *who are not now receiving, and who did not receive, money at the time of matriculation.* Directors of Physical Culture cannot enter any contest.

This may make many of Wake Forest's supporters in football tremble, for we lose "Jessie," the hero of many a hard-fought battle. But do not grieve, Professor Sikes, you have won many laurels, and have made athletics at Wake Forest what it is.

The Association is divided into two sections, the northern to consist of Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, and the southern to embrace Tennessee and Alabama.

The champions of the respective sections will play for the championship of the South.

The final contest in base-ball this year will be played in Richmond, May 13, and that in foot-ball will take place on Thanksgiving Day.

Any college failing to put out a team each season, or to keep its engagements, will be dropped at the next annual meeting.

The Constitution provides for a yearly assessment of \$30 from each Institution. A trophy of the value of \$75 will be given to the champions of each game each year.

The presidency of the Association will be given after the first year to the winning college in base-ball, and the vice-presidency to the winning college in foot-ball. After then the championship foot-ball and base-ball teams will hold alternately the presidency and vice-presidency.

The officers of the Association are: President, J. B. Robertson, University of Virginia; Vice-President, W. S. Symington, Johns Hopkins University; Secretary-Treasurer, Professor W. H. Graham, Sewanee.

The object of the Association is to encourage and stimulate athletics among the colleges of the South, and to eliminate entirely any professionalism, and all cases where paid players are holding positions on teams.

The next meeting of the Association will be held in Lynchburg, Va., on the last Friday in December, 1893.

Now that the Association is formed and we are members, it behooves you, boys, Alumni and friends of the Old Gold and Black, to do your duty. We have the material; we need your support, if you want to see the championship pennant floating in the summer breezes next commencement.

Apropos of this, we would state that it is quite probable that we will meet Chapel Hill on our own grounds this spring.

While discussing the Constitution of the S. I. A. A., the playing of games on college grounds was recommended.

We once played the University boys on their grounds, and have never been treated more hospitably, and we would like to return, as much as possible, their kindness.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

'93.

XMAS.

NEW YEAR.

BEAN-BAGS.

ANNIVERSARY.

EXAMINATIONS.

AND WE'RE getting tired of:

BEAN-BAGS.

LADIES'-MEN.

THE gymnasium.

THE beautiful slush.

CERTAIN masqueraders.

"WHEN will THE STUDENT be out."

THE spectacted ecclesiastical devotees.

THE Wake Forest excuse for a post-office.

CERTAIN poetical geniuses in the Senior class.

THE "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, alias "The Rival of Pike's Peak."

THE internal structure of Villi, and everything else with an infernal structure.

THE man next door to us who is eternally singing "Give me back my harp. (We wish he had it.)

MISS BUSKY, of Norfolk, is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Baker.

HIS MANY friends were glad to see Percy Crudup on the Hill a few days since.

IN THE words of the wild and woolly Westerner, "Would that I were an acrobat."

IT IS said that Victor Hugo had our present Senior class in mind when he wrote "'93."

MISS GRANDY, of Elizabeth City, has returned from a three-weeks visit to Mrs. Professor Brewer.

HER MANY friends were glad to see Miss Buxton, of Northampton, on a visit to Mrs. Brewer, Xmas.

MISS M. GWALTNEY, who has been teaching at Pinnacle, N. C., has returned home for a short rest.

WE ARE sorry, but the weather was so cold we forgot to mention the fact that "Xmas is coming," in our last issue.

THEIR many friends were delighted to see Misses Lena Allen and Mary Yancey, of Raleigh, on the Hill a few days since.

THE BAPTIST Convention met as announced, but it seems the Alumni couldn't muster sufficient courage to indulge in a banquet.

WE WERE glad to see Jim Brinson ('87), of Colorado, on the Hill Xmas week. May his traditional fame as an equine painter never wane.

UP TO date (January 16), there are 187 students registered, with prospect of at least twenty more at the beginning of the Spring term, on the 18th inst.

WE BEG leave to inform our readers that Anniversary comes but once a year, and that once is the third week in February next, which, if all signs fail not, is coming soon. Don't wait for the wagon.

SNOW!

SLEET!!

SLUSH!!!

AND THE thousand other ills that flesh is heir to, came with the New Year, and it looks just now as if they were going to stay until certain idiots quit singing about "beautiful snow."

MR. B. A. JUSTICE, familiarly known as "Chief," left the first of the month for the University of North Carolina, to take law. We wish him all success.

THIS way of having examinations immediately after Xmas is extremely boring. A Freshman remarked to us that he couldn't eat Xmas dinner for thinking of internal structure of cray-fish, cats, &c.

DR. F. M. ELLIS, of Baltimore, delivered a very interesting lecture before the students, just before the Convention. His subject was, "Baptize, Evangelize, Teach," and he handled it in a masterly manner.

THE Beau Brummel of Wake Forest desires us to state that he always feels like singing that sad but suggestive refrain, "'Tis nobody's business but mine," whenever certain asinine idiots remind him that he is in love.

MR. W. J. WINGATE, desires to state that he is not a candidate for postmaster, as he has taken the matter in his own hands, removed the Republican incumbent and is ready to wait on the students if they want anything in his line.

IF WE are to place any credence in rumors, something wonderful happened here on the night of the 8th inst. Our reporter has spared no pains in his endeavors to ferret out the mystery, but up to a late hour nothing certain could be obtained.

WE AT one time thought that E. A. Poe was the author of those lines about clasping "the rare and radiant maiden," but certain events which took place here Xmas week, have

led us believe otherwise. If you don't know the rest, ask the B. B. Captain.

WE ARE indebted to the poet of the Freshman class for the following (with apologies to Tennyson):

Come into the garden, Maud,
Come with a brick-bat and a stone;
Here's the darndest cat you ever saw,
And I'm with the beast alone.

XMAS WEEK on the Hill was spent as usual. The boards were filled with the annual programme of parties of all shapes, sizes and varieties. Of course everybody "enjoyed" themselves—no more could be expected—but as for us, we're glad, yea, very glad, there's somewhere else to go when such times come.

YOUNG LADY: Can you tell me, Mr. Brakeman, where the quotation, "there's a tide in the affairs of men, &c.," occurs. Mr. Brakeman: I think you'll find it in Julius Cæsar. Bright Junior: You're fooling us; Julius Cæsar never wrote about anything but marching and retreating, and whipping the Helvetians.

WE ARE constrained to remark that the spring Freshmen deserve the commiseration of the human race. Now that our "kind guardians" have severely set down on that diabolical custom of hazing, the lonely Fresh. is doomed to pass his college days without an idea as to the taste of blacking and the exhilarating sensations produced by a midnight journey to the cemetery. *Requiescat in pace.*

PEOPLE like to kick, especially women. They have been kicking because we haven't been breaking our necks in finding out the names and inserting complimentary notices of everyone who visits the Hill. Let 'em kick. We have this to say: We are running this "Album of Song" to suit J. William Bailey & Co., and don't propose to insert any advertisement unless paid *cash in advance*.

REV. W. H. BAGBY, Baptist Missionary to Brazil, kindly stopped over on his way from the Convention, and delivered an entertaining lecture on the "Geography, resources, condition and customs of the land of the Southern Cross." We learned a great deal about the Brazilians that we didn't know, and have a better opinion of the country from having heard the lecture. We are sure that the students thank Bro. Bagby for his interest shown in our Institution, and will always remember him kindly.

JUST after the beginning of the Fall term the ladies of the Hill very graciously tendered a reception to the students of the College, especially the new students, and those who up to that time were unacquainted with the ladies. This reception was the most enjoyable ever given here. Old and young, decrepit and athletic, male and female, ate their fill of good things, and talked their throats full sore of everything. The lonely Fresh. were made to feel perfectly at home, and to learn that there were other sources of pleasure, other than that of acquiring knowledge, at Wake Forest. A report of this affair was prepared for a former issue, but by an oversight of the editor it was omitted. We now most humbly make apology for our carelessness (?) and assure the ladies that their thoughtfulness was not unappreciated. As a return for the interest shown, the students gave an athletic exhibition in the gymnasium recently, complimentary to the ladies. All kinds of acting known and unknown to civilization, were indulged in. Our space forbids a detailed description of the programme. It is enough to say that Dr. Taylor, remarked at the conclusion of the performance that some of the acts were the finest he had ever seen in an amateur exhibition. Speeches were made by Dr. Taylor and Professor Carlyle in behalf of the ladies, Professors Maske and Ferrall. Professor Sikes, the director of the gymnasium, has promised a second exhibition for next month, to which the ladies are most heartily invited.

DEATH OF DR. WILLIAM ROYALL.

On the morning of the 3d inst., Wake Forest and vicinity was sadly startled by the news of the sudden death, at Savannah, Ga., of Dr. William Royall, the esteemed Professor of English at this Institution.

Dr. Royall had left Wake Forest only two weeks previous in comparatively good health, with the intention of spending the holidays with his daughter, Mrs. W. C. Powell, in Savannah, and up to the time of the telegraphic announcement of his death, the family in North Carolina had thought that his health was as good as usual, and had every reason to hope that his life might have been spared for many useful years to come.

The corpse was brought here for interment on the evening of the 4th, and was met at the train by a large concourse of sorrowing students and friends, who formed in procession and reverently conducted the remains to the residence, where they lay in state over night.

On the morning of the day following, the funeral services were held in Memorial Hall. Talks in testimony of the esteem in which Dr. Royall was held were made by Pastor Gwaltney and Dr. Mitchell, and his colleagues in the Faculty, Dr. Taylor, Professors Poteat, Mills and Lanneau, and Rev. I. T. Newton, of the Senior Class, in behalf of the students, after which the last sad rites were concluded at the grave. Among the prominent Baptists of Raleigh who were present, we noticed Dr. C. Durham, Revs. J. B. Boone and N. B. Cobb, and Messrs. J. N. Holding and J. D. Boushall.

Thus has passed the "Grand old man" of Wake Forest College, one of the State's ripest scholars, and a prominent leader of the Baptist denomination in North Carolina; his death leaves a void at Wake Forest which we can never hope to fill. Though we may find an English scholar of equal attainments, a philosophical theologian as able, we can never

enjoy the advantages which were combined in Dr. Royall, as sage, scholar, theologian and man, who, ever manifested such lively interest in, and, at the same time, commanded such profound respect from the student body. His life was all that could be expected from a mortal, and has, and ever will be a fit example to the generations which he has spent his best energies for forty years in teaching.

He leaves a family of two sons and three daughters, and a large circle of sorrowing friends, to all of whom THE STUDENT extends its warmest sympathy.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RUFUS WEAVER, Editor.

THE opening chapters of Walter Besant's new serial story, entitled *The Rebel Queen*, appears in the initial number of the new volume of *Harper's Bazar*.

REV. ALFRED J. CHURCH M. A., has added another attractive volume to his valuable series of books for the young, entitled *Stories from the Greek Comedians*.

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB, editor of the *Magazine of American History*, died in New York, of pneumonia, after a week's illness. She was a woman of superior ability, and indefatigable energy. Her most important literary production is the *History of the City of New York*.

MR. JOHN H. BONER, author of a notable poem on Edgar Allan Poe, is a native of North Carolina. A volume of his poetical works, recently published, is filled with dainty gems and lyrics. He is destined to become one of our popular minor poets. For a number of years he has successfully filled the position of literary editor of the *New York World*.

THE students who have enjoyed Rodolfo Lanciani's *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*, placed in our library last year, will doubtless be pleased to learn that this accomplished archæologist has recently issued another volume, equal in interest, importance and beauty. The work is entitled *Pagan and Christian Rome*, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE following paragraph now going the rounds contain 57 words, 110 e's and no other vowel:

"We feel extreme feebleness when we seek perfect excellence here. We well remember men everywhere err. Even when Eden's evergreen trees sheltered Eve the serpent crept there. Yet, when tempted, when cheerlessness depressed, when helplessness fetters, when we seem deserted—then we remember Bethlehem; we beseech the Redeemer's help. We ever need the rest the blessed expect."

AN ATTIC PHILOSOPHER IN PARIS; OR A PEEP AT THE WORLD FROM A GARRET, BEING THE JOURNAL OF A HAPPY MAN, from the French of Emile Louvestre, illustrated, is by a philosopher in an attic, who decreed that he should have happiness, as the Convention had decreed that it should have victory, and happiness came to him as victory had come to the Convention, because man's will is a divinity. The book rose to be accepted as a masterpiece when it appeared in 1851; it is a masterpiece at present, and for the same reason as in 1851, as well as for other reasons which were not then appreciated. Louvestre has written other novels, but *The Philosophe Sous les Toils* alone remains. It is a classic. Faithfully translated, charmingly illustrated with full-page pictures, printed in graceful type upon handsome paper, richly bound and ornamented on the cover, it presents, in appearance and matter, a superior attractiveness over all the books published for the holidays.

THE following lines are selected from "An Ode to Tennyson," published in a recent collection of poems, *Lachrymæ Musarum*, by William Watson, the young Englishman, who is now aspiring to the Laureateship:

"The Seasons change, the winds they shift and veer,
 The grass of yester-year
 Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay,
 Empires dissolve and peoples disappear;
 Song passes not away.
 Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
 And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
 The swords of Cæsars are less than rust;
 The poet doth remain.
 Dead is Augustus, Mars is alive;
 And thou, the Mantuan of our age and clime,
 Like Virgil, shalt thy race and tongue survive,
 Bequeathing no less honeyed words to time,
 Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme,
 And rich with sweets from every Muse's line;
 While to the measure of the cosmic runs,
 For purer ears thou shalt thy lyre attune,
 And heed no more the hum of idle praise,
 In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,
 Master who crown'st our immelodious days
 With flower of perfect speech."

THOMAS HARDY, the English realistic novelist, who now is making a literary sensation in this country, has just completed his latest work, *The Pursuit of the Well Beloved*, published in the *London Illustrated News*. The hero, Jocelyn Pearston, the fickle lover of many a beauty, in a fit of pity, proposes to Avice Caro, a simple island girl. Becoming afterwards enamored with the beauty of Marcia (—), he proposes marriage to her, and is accepted. Domestic unhappiness follows this union, and results in separation. Avice Caro marries her cousin, and twenty years after Pearston meets and loves her daughter, a strong young laundry-woman, the perfect image of her mother. Hearing of the reported death of his wife, he proposes to Avice, the second, only to find that she had been already secretly married, but was now

deserted by her husband. He reunites man and wife. Two decades after he finds Avice the third, an accomplished young governess, and loves her. Avice, through the entreaties of her mother, is persuaded to accept Pearston, although he was now sixty years old. The union is an unhappy one, and the distance between the old man and the young girl increases when he confesses to her that he has loved her mother and grandmother. A young French teacher, her lover, whom she had thought unfaithful, reappears to add to the bitterness of the young wife. Pearston, discovering the source of her sorrow, determines to end his existence by floating in a frail boat out into the whirlpool. He makes the attempt, but is picked up insensible, and for many days lay unconscious. His nurse, whose voice, during his illness, has sounded strangely familiar, he recognized as his long-lost wife Marcia. The story will be widely read and variously criticised, but we must admit that to us the work is a disappointing piece of literature. The plot is new, the characters clearly and vigorously drawn, many of the scenes strikingly true to nature. Yet, in spite of this, the reader breathes a sigh of relief when the book is completed.

ANYONE desiring a good photo. of our Foot-Ball Team can get them from our Manager, for \$1.10. Those who want a good picture of the team, twice the size of THE STUDENT, and suitable for framing, can secure same by sending 25 cents; stamps taken.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

'Twas the eve of the last day of the leap-year, and the last rays of the orb of day were lingering tenderly o'er the classic confines of Holding's pond, and she was still unengaged. They had skated for an hour, and the longed-for opportunity wouldn't present itself. The maiden's lips moved in one final prayer to the son of Venus. Would succor come? Would disappointment crown her conquest again? And in the rustling of the fallen leaves, she thought she heard a voice saying: "Take courage; 'Tis never too late to mend."

An idea struck her. On her countenance could be seen that determination known only to women in *extremis*. She viciously dug the heel of her skate into the ice, and demurely remarked: "Mr. O., do you notice how easy it is break the ice?" 'Twas enough. She had pressed the button. Ossified did the rest. And we are constrained to remark:

That in ways that are dark,
And in tricks that are vain,
The Wake Forest girl is peculiar.

LOOK OUT, BOYS!

I am glad to be with you again, and with you to stay this time. I am here at the Post-office corner, and it shall be my pleasure to make it the "**BOYS' HOME**," by treating you as cleverly as I know how, keeping just the goods of every kind you need, and reorganizing the prices you have been paying. An old hand at suiting the boys, having studied it hard, and very fond of the lines you need, I am determined to underbuy and undersell whenever and wherever I can.

Now note carefully: At the time this "ad." goes to the printer I haven't a single scarf, shirt, collar, cuff, no stationery, nothing that you boys need; all these are to be opened *fresh and new* at the Post-office stand. No "last summer birds' nests" to worry off on you; no stuff carried over with the hope of getting "last year's cost"; but brand-new, nice, clean goods, at brand-new *this year's* prices.

My expenses are so small, and I count on my trade being so good, that it will be a pleasure to sell "cheap" and a "heap." The more you buy the cheaper I will sell. I defy any and all competition; I delight in it.

Now watch: Only the best Baltimore Oils that money can buy; the very best Candies (no more jawbreakers, but so good as to make you buy enough for me to order fresh every week); I will open your eyes on stationery of every kind; don't buy your anniversary scarfs, shirts, collars, cuffs, etc., till you have seen the nobbiest line Baltimore can furnish.

Come down the very day I advertise by bulletin; don't forget this; I will make it pay you.

Nobby new goods at the very lowest possible prices on everything. The best Cigars, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, and Pipes always.

A cordial welcome to all while "waiting for the mail to be opened."

Yours to count on always,

WINGATE,

Post-office Corner.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. XII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1893.

No. 5.

THE THEFT OF THOUGHT.

“Some steal a thought and clip it round the edge
And challenge him whose 'twas to swear to it.”

As one widens and deepens his acquaintance with literature one of the first things which strike him is the immense indebtedness of the present to the past. At every turn he is reminded that thought is an accretion of national growth rather than the result of one or two brains. The fact grows more and more indisputable that man cannot wholly rise above his surroundings; that he who is born blind can never mould the sun's rays into golden, glorious images, nor even fancy's fairy hand paint upon his sightless orbs the mellow tints which herald the coming of the morning, or loiter in the rear of departing day. And so it is that seldom in one man is there found the material for great and enduring thought, but rather have they been found by successive additions made by many minds, and some thoughts indeed seem to be found embodied in concrete form in the life of a people, and fortunate is he who shall have the penetration to see and the genius to embody them in words. Thus it comes that few men may lay claim to a relatively high degree of originality, and to it, simon-pure, none at all.

This is a time when it may be said to literally snow books, papers and magazines, but not thought, and I very much doubt whether two thousand years will leave so much of our thought as it has of Grecian, or Roman, or Hebrew. Some few make their thoughts—forge them from the crude materials at hand—very many more borrow them, and still more steal them. Thoughts are stolen from literature, from painting, sculpture, and even music. In the pages of many a recent novel or poem you will see translated, with due loss, of course, into words the thoughts which live, burn, palpitate on the canvas of Raphael, or breathe pure, cold, serene from the figures into which Michelangelo chiselled them; and there are even many who have turned to words the thoughts, fiery, soothing, sublime, which throb in the symphonies of Mendelsohn and Wagner. Everywhere and always the same process, theft, repetition, servile imitation till one grows sick of the giddy round. How often are men's productions mere mosaics, composed of thoughts gathered here, stolen there, throughout the course of their reading; sometimes, in fact, it possesses all the different flavors of the sources from which the author drew his inspiration, he not having sufficient originality to subdue and blend them into one harmonious whole.

Thought moves in a circle, and it is only by degrees that circle is widened, slowly, slowly, like the billows gnawing away the granite heart of a cliff, and right seldom is it we find a man who can or will venture outside the beaten track. It is so much easier to follow the path trampled by the common herd than, leaving it, to strike out boldly, to push one's way through thorn and bush and bramble outside, that men, like the true lovers of ease they are, do so only as they seem to be crowded out by the throng of their fellow-travelers.

However, there is a way of borrowing, and borrowing nobly; no more disgrace is it to borrow a thought than a dollar, but as in the latter case the man shows the dilapidated state of his purse, so in the former he confesses the momentary deple-

tion of his mental exchequer. Let there be a distinction, however, between honorable quotation and downright theft. No greater is the difference between the man who borrows with full intent to repay and the midnight thief, than between the man who quotes a thought only to give a new charm and the buzzing, squeaking parasite who garbles word, thought, and all with brazen-faced and contemptible audacity.

However, the college student, and to this class belong the man who comes, completes his course and goes away and never has an original thought of his own, who spouts Burke or Webster, Henry Grady or the tales of Ancient Greece, in the placid belief that no one knows, may plead in extenuation of his fault that he is in good company, for Tasso apes Virgil, Virgil apes Homer, and even the egg-feat of Columbus, which some think at least the equal of his discovery of America, was not his own, but was borrowed from Bruneleschi.

It is not necessary to speak of the plagiarism of Longfellow, who stole his *Evangeline* from Hawthorne, and his *Hiawatha* from the Norse *Kalavala*, or of Edward Bellamy, who got his "Looking Backward" from an old German manuscript. Even Tennyson, whom the whole English-speaking people mourned as a personal friend; the man who taught his mother tongue a grace and sweetness before all-undreamed of; the poet whose lyrics tremble with a music sweet as breathes upon the strings of the wind-swept harp that hails at eventide the stars' rebirth; the poet who first showed what perfect harmony of thought and sound, what melody and rhythmic beauty our tongue is capable of; the founder, as he was, of that modern school of Idyllic poets which has summoned to its aid such a wealth of polish and expression that in comparison Pope seems vulgar and Byron bombastic—Tennyson a borrower rather than an originator, a pupil as well as a master. From Theocritus, the Alexandrian bard, he learned the secret of that art which has transformed all men into admirers and well-nigh all English poets into imitators. Whence came

the secret to Theocritus? He learned from the sighing palms; from the notes of the nightingale; from the purling, restless murmuring of the brooklet; from the swish of the long grass in the river's current, how to form and fashion those marvelous little lyrics which fell upon the ear of the worried, bustling Alexandrian soothingly as a snow-flake upon lips parched with fever. A comparison of Tennyson's Shepherd's Idyls with the Cyclops of Theocritus, of Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters with the Argonauts of Theocritus, leaves no ground for a doubt as to the source from which he drew that dreamy fire which seems almost to have been stolen anew from the shrines of the gods. But all the same, we are immensely indebted to Tennyson for doing for us what no other poet had ever done. Still it shows the trend of the onswEEPing current of the world's thought.

In literature, as in the woods, men stumble on and return at length to the point from which they started. How often do we see some new theory gulp down with all due complacency a dogma old as the pyramids. Even in theology the same thing holds, and since men have so far recovered from their currish servility as to dare examine the Bible as they would any other book, it is found that much of its thought, and even some of our pet evangelical phrases, are borrowed from Plato.

But after all, justice is done, and the man who, devoid of thought and originality, depends upon appropriating the thought of others sinks, sooner or later, to his true level, dies, leaving no impress upon his age, and is soon forgotten. Still the world sweeps on and a few men in a century interpret its thought, while the great mass are borrowers, imitators, underlings. A few men, raised as they are by some force of genius or sheer work above their fellows, sweep in with a broad glance the full meaning of a nation's life, while the great mass below, unable to see beyond their immediate environment, can merely wrangle over and repeat the words of the favored few.

R. F. B.

THE NATION'S SAFEGUARD.

Could the mighty shades of America's departed statesmen again visit the scene of their earthly activity, what a spectacle would meet their astonished gaze! The great Union is moving with a mighty stride to its destiny—to be the most powerful nation of modern times—and with it, marching in perfect time to the national music, is the New South. Hearts once filled with the venom of sectional hatred, now beat with a common impulse, actuated by a common motive; hands once raised in a deadly contest are now joined in a friendly clasp. The whole American Nation is pulsating with the throb of national harmony. In thorough sympathy with this progressive movement, the New South comes forth a glorious reality, the highest constellation in the congeries of States. Her prosperity is assured; and hovering near, with snowy pinions bathed in rays of supernal light, is that best of all guardian angels, Contentment.

Like as a fiery blazing meteor that had rushed across the midnight sky, filling the whole heavens with its glory, then dropping below the horizon into everlasting night, was the Old South as her immortal chieftain and his devoted band laid down their arms at Appomattox and folded the Stars and Bars forever. A land once fair and lovely as Eden's sunny bower, lay crushed and blackened as the mighty and pitiless hosts of the North, like a besom of destruction, swept over it. Might had conquered, and the flower and chivalry of the South lay dead on many a well-fought field of battle.

When the roar of the cannon had cease; when the smoke of battle, like an awful cloud from whose inky depths a lurid flame darted forth to blast a nation, had rolled away; when our conquered sons, grand and noble even in the hour of defeat, came back to their desolate homes, then it was that Southern manhood showed its sterling qualities; then it was

that the people of the South became equal to the occasion, and with a will that had never been daunted, they laid the foundation of the New South.

From the ashes of desolation, like the fabled Phoenix, she rose, trusting in her noble sons, rejoicing in her new found strength. Rising upward swiftly as the eagle when he spurns the lower air and mounts towards the sun to bathe his burnished wings in waves of gilded ether, she is to-day an example of unparalleled prosperity. Her mountains have unlocked their rugged bosoms, displaying a wealth of minerals far surpassing the wildest dreams, even of the avaricious Spaniards as they pillaged the Mexican Empire. Her forests present a variety of useful timbers that will compare favorably with that of any other land, while her rivers, though not like the Pactolus as it murmured over its golden sands, turn millions of spindles, making the whole land resound with the hum of prosperity.

More glorious still is the future, whose pearly portals now swing back disclosing unlooked-for possibilities. The South is destined to become not only the center of power and commercial activity, but the safeguard of the Union. On the South depends the very existence of our national fabric and the perpetuation of our free institutions. Already the great North is congested with the immense foreign tide which has been rolling unceasingly through the gates at Castle Garden; and to-day the muttering of the discontented, like the low boom of distant thunder, is shaking the continent. This motley horde, unused to the sweets of liberty, and the wholesome restraint that must ever be the necessary accompaniment of freedom, are gathering beneath the folds of anarchy's bloody ensign; and to the most casual observer, it is but too plainly evident that their ultimate intention is to overthrow our government and shatter the temple of Liberty.

The South is indeed blest in its freedom from citizens of this terrible kind. Few have come hither, and now since the

question of immigration is being so widely agitated, there is good reason to believe that Congress will refuse to let our land longer be the dumping ground for Europe's scum. Such is not the case with the North. Already the enemies of Liberty have their foul grip fixed in her very vitals. She lies, as it were encircled by a gigantic octopus, whose cold, clammy, bloodless arms are closing in a deadly grip. Soon the time will come when this can be borne no longer; but the North alone cannot rid herself of this enemy; the South must rush to the rescue, and thus preserve the American Nation to the latest time as a splendid example of free government, an imperishable monument to a brave people.

L. A. BEASLEY.

THE TYRANNY OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Public opinion is the sum total of consistent and inconsistent beliefs, is the whirlpool of human actions. When it is the result of the individual and separate opinions of men, who have meditated in quiet, unbiased by external influences, and have conscientiously reached their conclusions, then it speaks wisely, justly, and powerfully. Among men there is no higher tribunal. But often this court is as blind to reason, as exacting and tyrannical as ever was an enthroned despot, or the blind folly of a Cotton Mather or a Spanish Inquisition. The crystalization of opinion, formed by an intelligent and God-fearing citizenship, is noble and sublime. But more often the masses are not consulted, or they are not capable of opinion, and so a self-appointed power dictates a policy and demands society to subscribe to it. Thus it becomes a tidal wave of power. Superstition and custom rule with a mighty sceptre. Of all ages the present is the most progressive and liberal, and yet on every hand there is stereotyped thinking. To remain in the current is to be swept on to victory; to break

away from established custom is to be precipitated from one's position over a precipice whose power is as irresistible as Niagara's awful avalanche of waters, and to be crushed by this modern judgment. Public opinion, as a national power, should not crush *individual* opinion, but instruct it and champion the rights of the people. Instruct it by argument and not by the hisses and groans of the multitude.

I do not refer to the treatment shown a *would-be* reformer, who worries society with his most excellent plans. Head-strong persons are living reproaches. One has a right to laugh at them. Many are attached to a vanished object. Many flatter themselves with Utopian dreams rather than a well-founded opinion. There is no rank that makes a man independent of the opinions of his fellowmen.

This is an age of reason and tolerance, which demand recognition of predominating forces. Some one has said, "The world's minorities have been the fathers of the majorities." Down through the ages martyrs have testified in dungeon and at the guillotine to the truth of my theme. Persecution and intolerance, from the dawn of time, has fettered thought and slain the noblest sons of men.

Galileo, for the crime of discovering that the earth revolved around the sun, was imprisoned by the Inquisition. The first step towards greatness is to recognize the right of all to express individual opinion and to adopt truth from whatever source. Did the Catholic Church excommunicate those who persisted in rejecting a doctrine? Society to-day ostracises. Formerly Catholics persecuted Protestants; to-day Christians persecute Christians. Romanism is the masterpiece of Satan, and yet it maintains itself by a tyrannical public opinion which it has created.

It is when every grave and lofty theme is rendered perilous by discussion, that I arraign public opinion as tyrannical. The wheel at headquarters turns by which the people think, feel, act, and pray. Much of what is called enthusiasm to-day

is a species of superstition. What is a campaign headed by a log cabin procession but a form of superstition? Much of what is called holy zeal is bigoted narrowness. To-day a man may come with an exalted message and brave thoughts for his generation, and create a less electric force than the public contest of pugilists. The spirit that made the Romans cry out for the amphitheatre is not dead yet. The vile theatre of to-day is only a response to the constant demands of the public. That sentiment in the South, backed by power and exclusiveness, which seeks to crush a man because he holds Republican views is dangerous and hurtful. But men have ever been ground between the millstones because they have exercised a right of conscience. This century has ushered in freedom of thought and discussion. Since creeds are crumbling which once made heretics possible; and since all prescribed worship is now receding before the undisputed and rightful authority of Jesus, who alone speaks to the individual conscience; and since sceptres are everywhere being displaced by a representative government of the people; and since there is now such unparalleled liberty in social, political, and religious affairs, many say that indeed "The voice of the people is the voice of God." True the *populace* speaks to-day, while it was once dumb and thought incapable as compared with the ruling sovereign, or the secluded official of the church. But I can conceive of no greater falsity than this statement. Men's thoughts are only tending towards God as yet, and the world is only taking the initiatory step in the realms of truth. Scarcely is there a man in public life to-day who would dare utter the sincere convictions of his inmost soul. Still we are moving towards universal peace, justice and prosperity.

JASPER HOWELL, JR.

KNOW THYSELF.

The workings of the human mind have, from the earliest ages, been one of the deepest mysteries of all creation. No one can tell for an instant the thoughts that occupy the mind of his fellow-man. The learned of all ages have made the mental powers a subject of great study and research, yet they are baffled at every turn by some new relations, and the irregularities of human talent. The most reliable and accurate conclusions in regard to the mental powers are to be reached by a frequent and rigid self-examination. One's own motives of action, powers of mental endurance and capacity to choose good or resist evil must be carefully weighed. See that no act be done without first reckoning the consequences. In order that we may rightly judge other men and other men's deeds, we must first study our own hearts and minds. Just as we cannot understand animals and plants by studying textbooks alone, so the human mind cannot be comprehended in books only. There is no better way to learn human nature than to know our own. Men are very different in habits and characters, and in thoughts and desires, but human nature is practically the same. If we understand one man well, we have a distinct notion of all. What man may we study so well as self? Then examine self, not only to know others better but to know our own weakness and strength; our weakness, that we may overcome it; our strength, that we may increase it. No great men of any age have neglected self-examination, and we have scriptural authority for it. "I will commune with my own heart," says the Psalmist. This habit, if followed conscientiously, must have a tendency to elevate mind and heart. A frequent comparison of our lives with the life of the virtuous will create in us a desire to make self better. It is not easy to take the outward act that the world applauds into the secret chambers of the heart and lay

bare the selfish and worldly motive that prompted it. It is not easy to tear the mantle from the life of outward morality and probe the hidden sins the world does not suspect. But to be true to our souls and our God it must be done, and when done, the doer will reap the reward for duty well finished.

S. W. OLDHAM.

WHAT MADE HIM HAPPY?

The sun had hid himself behind the hills and torn from the earth its garb of golden light. The half-grown moon was fast following in the course of the sun, leaving only the smaller eyes of night to keep watch over the lowly earth. It was Christmas night. Every object was a phantom of mirth, and all Nature was awake—not sleeping, as in the sultry summer night.

Just a few hundred yards back from the road, under a cluster of pines, was a tenement-house occupied by an old plantation negro who had well turned the prime of life. Under that humble roof, as in the palace, Christmas sat enthroned. The family were gone to a neighboring house, and the old man was alone when we went that night to carry the faithful servant a trivial "Christmas gift." The door that opened out into the dim path passing nigh was standing wide, and the great log-fire that crackled on the hearth, which swallowed up half one end of the house, cast a ruddy glow over all inside. The roof was low, and newspapers pasted together formed a ceiling over the log walls. Two beds occupied the corners farthest from the fire, and a table beside the door, an old-fashioned sideboard, three or four chairs and a stool completed the furniture in the room, besides a few cooking-utensils in one corner near the fire. We approached without our footsteps betraying our presence, and paused at the door to contemplate the picture of contentment within. The old

man was sitting before the fire with one elbow resting on the back of his chair. One leg hung easily on the other, and in the clay-pipe he found a luxury that could hardly be supplied in any other way. The smoke curled above his head as his imagination revelled in the anticipated sport with dog and gun that was planned for the morrow. The cat lay at his feet, and the dog that had been instrumental in providing the meat for many a meal was sleeping on the hearth. The face of the old servant was smooth, and no ripple of unrest or dissatisfaction played upon it. His eyes were shaded by a thick knot of brows sprinkled with the snow of years, but they were full to overflowing with good-will to all and contentment within.

We were received with an overwhelming courtesy and given a seat around his humble fire. For some minutes we were entertained by tales of graveyards, hunting and the like, and in his simple way went on to give some notion of slave life, by contrasting it with the ways of the negro now. He, for one, is not overjoyed with freedom. Of course, he like others of his race, would not sell "his right to vote" for the world, but he is annoyed and worried by that individual responsibility which came with his freedom. Thirty years ago his master provided rations and clothing, but now this oftentimes becomes a heavy burden upon himself. Perhaps after June some kind reader can tell us what this weight is like. It must be a fearful thing.

But time was flying, and now we produced a pair of brogans and told him they were a present for himself. He took them with such bowing and scraping and just such a to-do as only a negro can make. He didn't know when he had thanked us enough, and we pointed to his stool and he sat down. He directed our attention then to the sideboard, on which was perhaps the real cause of his jovial contented mood. It was a brown bottle about two-thirds empty—"his Christmas dram," he called it. The stuff that makes one

good-looking, happy and rich at the same time, without a feeling of dependency or dissatisfaction. He felt good, and wanted us to share with him, but there was not enough to make us all feel like him, and we left it, as one said, "to make him all right the next day." The "good-night" was said, and we left him alone with his bottle.

Was that old negro happy? Well, I should say so, or happiness is a hard thing to find. The Christmas dram is a custom sacred to him, because in *ante-bellum* days his master used to call in all the slaves on that morning and "pass around the bottle." None ever let it pass untouched, not one, and none were ever drunk. That made Christmas for him then, and without it Christmas would not be worth the name now. But he still remembers the lesson taught by his boss and doesn't drink too much; he never gets drunk. In his own simple, innocent way he is happier than the man in the palace. The best examples of happiness are found under humble roofs. His hut is humble and lowly, but he is content; content with his station in life; satisfied with all around him. This is happiness. After all, contentment is the corner-stone, the very foundation of all happiness.

ANON.

THE HERO OF RAMSAUR'S MILL.

June 14, 1780, was a gloomy time for Carolina Patriots. The British had overrun South Carolina and Georgia, Lord Rawdon was pressing towards Charlotte, and there was no regular soldiery to confront him. The most sanguine felt the pall of disaster. The recent fate of Colonel Buford's devoted four hundred lay heavy upon the heart of many a brave Whig, but conquering Britons without, and active exultant Tories within, only nerved the dauntless yeomanry of the hills to die for their Mecklenburg Declaration.

Just ten miles to the north of Charlotte there nestled in those dark days the quiet, comfortable home of Captain Falls. It was night. Captain Falls had just returned from General Rutherford's camp at Mallard's Creek, whither he had gone at the call of his country to aid in repelling the threatened British invasion. A flickering tallow-candle was burning on the mantle. Mrs. Falls, his two daughters, Flora and Beatrice, and an only son, Harry, were ranged around, hanging upon the father's words; but the most interested of the whole group was young Harry. The boy was but thirteen years and six months old, handsome, lithe, well-grown, fair, with auburn hair and keen-glancing hazel eyes. "Yes," said Captain Falls, "the Tories are turbulent. They are flocking to John Moore up in Lincoln county. Moore intends to lead them to Lord Cornwallis as soon as they are all gathered together. We must strike and crush them, or our country is undone. I have orders to collect a company and join Colonel Locke by Sunday or Monday. I have but little time. I must act." Then said Harry: "Father, why don't General Rutherford lead you himself against the Tories?" "Son, it wouldn't be wise for General Rutherford to leave our homes unprotected in front of the British army." "How many Tories are up yonder, father?" "Colonel Locke thinks that there will be over a thousand." "And you are going to meet a thousand men with four or five hundred? Father, that is dreadful. Let me go with you?" "Why, Harry!" cried Mrs. Falls, Flora and Beatrice all at once, "what do you mean?" "Mother, I want to help father whip the Tories." Captain Falls was pleased with the patriotic spirit of his son, but said, "Son, remember what the good Dr. McWhorter told us last Sabbath. We have the cause, the Tories the numbers; we are safe." "But, father, you know how well I ride Bill and bring down a turkey or a deer. I could bring down a Tory, too." "I admire your patriotic spirit, my son, but you must remain here with your mother and sisters," Harry sim-

ply said, "I hadn't thought of that." However, his soul burned with indignation when he thought of the cold-blooded murders committed by the British and Tories in South Carolina, but when his father spoke of his duty to mother and sisters he readily acquiesced in that decision. Captain Falls related the thrilling incidents of the last few weeks as he had heard them in General Rutherford's camp, and discussed with his family the condition of the country till late in the night. Nor did this Scotchman forget his Christian duties, but took down the Book and turned to his well-thumbed Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," as he thought that peculiarly fitting in those dark days. After prayer all retired.

Captain Falls arose Thursday morning and cheered his neighbors, and exhorted them to defend their homes and their rights by striking the enemy at once. By Saturday noon thirty-nine men had enrolled to march on Sunday morning.

Meantime Harry had several times mentioned to his father what had now become with him an all-absorbing subject. He was on Bill evening and morning, scouring the woods and fields in quest of turkey or deer. When quite successful he would enthusiastically describe his sport to his father, hoping thereby to gain his request. However the Captain readily acknowledged Harry's ability to hit his mark, whether it was the fleet deer or the stationary oak, but would say, "Remember mother and sisters, my son."

But Harry had not forgotten those so dear to him. As much as his heart was set upon this project he would probably have said no more about it—for he was convinced of his duty—had not his sister Beatrice, a sweet, lovely, disinterested girl, in studying about her country and the meager force of Colonel Locke, suddenly came to the conclusion that Harry should not remain at home for her personal safety. So she surprised Harry Thursday morning by telling him that she fully endorsed his proposition of the last evening.

But said Harry, "That is just like you, sister; yet I think father correct as to my duty." "But Harry, mother, Flora and I can easily take care of ourselves." She finally persuaded him that it was his duty, should her father permit him, to join the company. By Saturday he and Beatrice had gained Mrs. Falls and Flora to his plan. So Saturday after dinner Harry, seconded by mother and sisters, brought up the subject again. "Well," said the Captain, "I have thirty-nine men, but lack one to make out my company. I reckon I'll have to enroll you." Then was Harry's heart glad. He was here, there and everywhere preparing for the morrow's march.

Sunday morning the company was drawn up in front of Harry's home, and Harry and Bill were now enjoying the proudest day of their lives.

At 12 o'clock they rode into the waters of the "Sparkling Catawba," and passed to the Lincoln side. Here Captain Falls' and Major Wilson's men joined and refreshed themselves in the delightful shade under the broad-spreading oaks. Thence they moved up the river and the east side of Mount Creek, and encamped for the night.

Harry slept by his father's side. At 3 o'clock next morning he awoke. The stars were shining; the heavens were bright, and while Harry was meditating upon the mystic prospect his father awoke also and said, "Son, are you awake, too?" Harry answered, "Yes, father; I was lying here thinking of the immensity of space and admiring the heavens. How calm everything is. It almost makes me afraid." "Fear nothing, my son, except God and His word. Remember what your father tells you now. I have just dreamed that a shining creature came to me in the midst of raging battle, and raised me from the ground and seated me upon a white charger and bade me follow him. I did so, and we passed through shot and fire and death unhurt. Now, son, whatever befalls me, be true to your mother and sisters, and your bleeding country." Another short sleep brought day.

During the morning these forces joined Colonel Locke's. Now the Whigs numbered four hundred men. And that four hundred resolved to meet three- or fourfold as many Tories. It was sixteen miles to Ramsaur's Mill. The four hundred set out late in the evening, passed down the side and halted for an hour at the west end of Little Mountain. Here the officers consulted and requested Captain Falls' men, with two other companies of horsemen, to lead the assault.

At daylight Tuesday morning, June 20, 1780, Captain Falls' company rode up in front of Dellinger's tavern and ordered breakfast. Harry hurriedly ate his and sprang upon Bill.

The Tories, under John Moore, were massed on the crest of a hill just half a mile north of the present good old town of Lincolnton, and were in full view but for a cloudy morning fog. The ridge extended in an easterly direction. On the north was the mill-pond. On the south the hill was skirted by a glade half its length. Here the Tuckaseegee road touched, and with a fence on its upper side extended along the hill towards the northwest. It was a magnificent position.

Neither Whig nor Tory were uniformed. For distinction a strip of white paper or sprig of pine stuck on the hat declared for Country or King. Few swords, but hundreds of rifles, destined to play both sword and rifle, were in the hands of Patriot and Royalist.

Down the long descent dashed Harry and the forty upon the pickets. Sharp and clear rang out the Tory guns and the pickets fled to their camp crying, "Whigs! Whigs! The Whigs are upon us!" Captain Falls' men rushed up the hill to the Tory camp and opened fire. The whole camp was in consternation, but seeing only a few men making this sudden onslaught, the Tories, aroused by a knightly captain, snatched up their guns and returned the volley. The Whigs retreated to the glade, faced about and again fired into the pursuing Tories. As Harry fired, Bill reared and fell dead, but his

rider escaped injury. Then shouted the men, "Hurrah for Our Little Hero!" Major Wilson then cried, "Come here, Harry, and fight by my side." Captain Falls smiled approvingly as he saw Harry advance to Major Wilson's side, then turned his face to the foe. Another advance and another retreat but nerved the hearts of these men to a determined invincible effort against the Tories. Captain Harden led his men to the Tory right. Major Wilson deployed to the left. Colonel Locke advanced upon the front. The Tories began retreating up the ridge, but Major Wilson came dashing down upon the rear. Captain Warlick—for he was none other than the knightly captain whom Harry saw arousing the terror-stricken Tories to the first charge—shouted, "Strike, my countrymen, strike," and sprang upon the on-coming Whig line, felling men right and left with the powerful strokes of the butt of his rifle. Friend and foe commingled in one furious combat. Amid shouting, and cursing, and praying and dying, blazed the guns. Captain Warlick, assailed by the determined Whigs, was dashing on one and another and dealing deadlier blows. Harry, a few paces to his right, was leveling at the sprig of pine on his hat when an on-coming Whig company's charge carried "Our Little Hero" far down the ridge.

Harry glanced around upon the scene, and barely two yards to his right stood a Tory with his back to him rifling a dead soldier's pockets. He was then taking his watch. Oh! the sight of that watch! Then Harry recognized that face all begrimed and gory. A flood of grief rushed in upon his soul. Quick as thought he sprang to him, snatched the Tory's own sword from its scabbard and cleaved the fiend's head from his body. The sword dropped from Harry's hand and he fell on his father's face and kissed him and wept. And then he said, "Yes, father, 'the White Charger has come and taken you, and you have escaped unhurt.' But poor mother and sisters, what will become of them now?" And then he wept sorely.

"Harry," said a calm sympathetic voice. Harry looked up. Major Wilson was looking down upon him. The big-hearted man, with tears in his eyes, said: "Your father, Harry, died as he lived, true to God and to man."

The hill resounded with the shout of victory. Major Wilson looked around and said: "Look, Harry, the Tories fly on all sides; the victory is ours." Harry sprang up and both joined in the shout. "Come," said Major Wilson, "let us run down the ridge; Moore may return to the fight."

The Tories were congregated in full view beyond the pond. The Whig officers sent couriers to General Rutherford requesting him to come at once to Colonel Locke's assistance. Meantime the Tories stole their retreat under a feigned flag of truce.

Now Harry turned his feet toward the spot where his father lay. However, when near him he espied his father's noble gray at the end of the ridge. He bethought himself of how he was to return home, and hastened toward Ned. Then thinking of Captain Warlick, stepped aside to find the brave champion of the king bruised and dead. Harry passed on, mounted and rode down to the glade and left the good horse there to breakfast on the trodden grass. Then Harry walked back up the hill, and was standing over his dead father when General Rutherford hastened upon the field. And near his father the boy remained till the last sad look was given, till the last bitter tear was shed, till first his brave heart was directed to Heaven. Then, with a sob, he left the dust of his sire reposing in the bosom of its mother earth.

M. O. CARPENTER.

OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Our college, if rightly judged, must be judged, not by outward show and formal display, but by the thoroughness of her work and the character and intelligence of her sons. With no view of underrating the class-room work, it is gen-

erally admitted that a large proportion of the best and most important work is accomplished in our literary societies, because it is here that the knowledge acquired in the recitation-room is assimilated and put into practical use, and here, too, the youthful character is subjected to such influences as greatly shape and mould it. Nowhere in the country are there to be found literary societies better organized and more judiciously managed than ours, and in saying this we are not prompted by any conceited motives, but simply repeat the testimony of experienced and capable observers. For the excellency of our literary societies we are in a great measure indebted to the fact that the wisdom and foresight of our Faculty and Board of Trustees forbid the existence of the ordinary college fraternities, which are invariably injurious, if not wholly ruinous, to the healthy growth and development of literary organizations among college students.

Being thoroughly interested in the success of both societies, we undertake to call attention to some important and suggestive features of our work. The society should be looked upon as a workshop, and not as a playground, and the earlier some of our members learn this fact the better it will be for them and for others. The student, upon becoming a member of society, assumes certain duties which he is justly expected to perform. Many of these duties will be found irksome and attended with difficulty, but the efficient performance of them will render him better fitted to meet and creditably discharge the weightier duties and responsibilities of after life. No duty is absolutely easy, and he who would reach the goal of success must be content to begin at the first rung of the ladder, and indefatigably and surely climb up the steep way. The boy who reckons to have an easy time need not come to college, and, by all means, need not join society, because he will be a useless member and a dead weight and hindrance to others. There is no place in society for drones. It is to be inferred that every young man coming to college comes with

the intention of securing an education, and if while here he secures anything like a complete education, he must utilize the opportunities offered in the literary societies. How often do we hear expressions of regret from former students, who failed to make proper use of the advantages offered in the literary halls. Out in the busy world are numerous tasks to be performed, and perplexing problems demanding solution, which call for the highest powers and results of the finest intellectual training, and of keen, original thought. Here in the society hall is the place to make ready for these coming duties, and to buckle on the armor for the approaching day of contest. Here in these halls is reflected, as in a mirror, a great deal of the outside world. Here, as in real life, we often meet with disappointments and obstacles; and with the same spirit of determination and perseverance by which we surmount these, will we face the sterner realities of the future. A boy's life and conduct, while a member of society will generally form a sure and almost unvarying index of what his after life will be, and hence, no better place can be found for the critical study of human nature. The boy who keeps his eyes open to this end will, in the course of four years, get a close insight into the nature and general make-up of the human character. The peculiarities and character of every member are laid bare for inspection by every other member, and the impressions which a student makes upon his fellows will be lasting and well-nigh irrevocable; they will furnish the standard by which his future life and acts are to be measured, at least by his college-mates. Frequently we have heard it said that it makes but little difference how one acts in society; but when viewed in this light, we are sure that every thinking boy will conclude otherwise.

It is a fact worthy of notice that, as a rule, the boy who is faithful to his society is always a diligent and successful student, proving that society work is not a barrier to class-room work, but rather a supplement. The young intellect is like

a precious stone, which needs to be polished before it will pass for what it is worth. The drill work of the class-room meets this want exactly, but the mind may also be compared to a sword, which must be whetted before it can be used successfully. In the literary hall is the place to whet your sword, to sharpen and quicken your intellect. Here, mind contends with mind, arms are measured with arms, thoughts are carefully compared with other thoughts. Boys, here is the place to try your metal and temper your steel. You who meet in contest and debate on the floors of the literary halls, must in the future meet in struggles more intense, and he who shows himself to be a *man* here, will be respected and honored hereafter.

The literary societies are a trust committed to the care and guardianship of the students who are now here at college. They have come down to us from past generations of students, by whom they have been bequeathed to us as a heritage. For their history and development while in our hands we are wholly responsible. We cannot afford to allow them to retrograde and let interest in them wane. It is incumbent upon us to hand them down to those who may come after us in as good condition as they were when we became members. We should feel that it rests with us to sustain their pure, unsullied reputation, and to elevate higher and higher their literary tone and character, and in so doing accomplish the same thing for ourselves individually, because the society will prosper only as the individual is faithful in the performance of all his duties.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel-dream passed o'er him;
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone—
He had caught that angel-vision.

* * * * *

Sculptors of life are we as we stand,
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us;
If we carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel-vision.

SAM. J. PORTER.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE ON THE OLD SOUTH.

The sixth decade of this century saw the death and burial of the South. It expired amid agonizing tears. The Old South, with its great landed estates, with its glories and dignity, with its ownership of negroes, bound in funeral ceremonies, was laid away in the sepulchre of nations, and strong men bowed them with a weight of woe.

Yet, at the awakening call of God, it arose again, clothed in the garments of youth. It now takes its flight upward. Men wonder at its growth, and call it the New South, saying that the Old is dead, nothing good could come from it. Thus they cast reproach upon our fathers.

One, however, is found who champions its cause. In one of Thomas N. Page's latest books, entitled "The Old South," which he patriotically dedicates "to his countrymen and countrywomen," he endeavors to awaken interest in the true history of the South, and to dispel the misapprehension under which it has so long suffered.

Other Southern writers and statesmen draw inspiration from the brightening future—the New South. They see its possibilities; see it growing, expanding; they cry "Forward! let us bury the past!" and the revered Old South is forgotten. Grady, whose name thrills every heart south of Mason and Dixon's line, lived for the New, for unity. Unity which should heal the schisms, and make his country a unit.

Mr. Page, too, feels the thrill of progress, the necessity of unity. Yet he would inspire Southern youth with renewed energy, not only by bidding him gaze into the entrancing future, but by picturing to him the grandeur of the Old South, bidding him be noble because his ancestors were noble; that they were the peers of any people on earth, the Southerner of to-day too often forgets. "The civilization of the South combined the elements of the three great civilizations which, since the dawn of history, have enlightened the world. It partook of the philosophic tone of the Grecian, of the dominant spirit of the Roman, and the guardfulness of the individual rights of the Saxon civilization. Over all brooded a softness and beauty, the joint product of chivalry and Christianity." "To the Old South and its civilization is largely due to-day the sudden supremacy of the American people." The South has greatly made our nation what it is, though, tutored by a prejudiced and unsympathetic historian, the youth of to-day hardly realizes the fact. The Old South is worthy of reverence, and history bears it out.

The first settlers of the great area of country known as Virginia came under sanction and favor both of Church and Crown. They came chiefly for adventure, for wealth, for conquest, intending, when grown wealthy, to return. The fertile lands and sunny climate detained them, for "let men but once breathe the air of the South and they are generally Southerners forever." These, some of them descendants of old cavaliers themselves, established great and cultured families, enjoying the immunities and privileges of English citizens. Their sons were educated in England. They dwelt in luxury and affluence.

From the first these Southern colonies intuitively set about securing constitutional liberty. More than once England sent her warships to quell the spirit of independence. Clashes were frequent. The uprising known as "Bacon's Rebellion" was put down. The time was not yet ripe. Had Nathaniel

Bacon succeeded, Washington, perhaps, would have been unknown. Because he failed he was a "rebel," though in his purposes he was no more a rebel than Washington. The spirit aroused by Bacon never receded. Who can say that without it we would have had a Declaration of Independence, and a United States of America? The Stamp Act and other atrocious measures set the colonies into flame not to be extinguished. A Southern colony, Virginia, first proclaimed independence: "Virginia for constitutional liberty." A Southerner wrote the Declaration of Independence. A Southern General led to victory and freedom. "It was the South that planned the co-operation of the colonies, then their consolidation, and finally their establishment as free and independent States."

When the smoke of battle cleared away, it was more than a Herculean task to arrange order from chaos, to consolidate disjointed and separated sections of country. We who live a century after cannot conceive its stupendity. Yet it was Virginia which, after one failure, secured a convention of States. Southern intellect created our Constitution, and Southern patriotism yielded to effect a compromise.

From this time the South was prominent in the affairs of the nation. Up to the civil war, the South furnished Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Harrison, Tyler, Polk and Taylor as Presidents, besides statesmen of the highest type.

"To the South is due the fact that Louisiana is not now a French republic, and the Mississippi rolls its whole length through free land of the United States; to the South that the vast empire of Texas is not a hostile government; to the South is due the establishment of the Union in its integrity, and of its doctrines upon which it is maintained." The only wars, up to the Civil War, were prosecuted and won by Southern armies and generals.

Its grandest achievements remain yet to be mentioned. Its heroism, its grandeur culminated on the fields of battle—at Manassas, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Gettysburg. Fighting against hope, recklessly brave, torn and bleeding, yet ne'er giving over. "When shall its glory fade?" At last, overwhelmed, it yielded up its sword; but let the Southern youth remember that that sword's untarnished. Such a record commands our pride and reverence.

Mr. Page, like the true historian, gives honor where it is due, and lets error fall to earth. He admits that slavery was a hindrance to the South. However, he makes no apologies, no excuses for its action. None are needed. The South moved slowly; the world advanced by quicker strides. Slavery was become a horror. The times had changed; the Southern planter felt it not. He held by his old customs and privileges, and, before he was aware, he was arrayed against the whole world. "Slavery was the barrier which shut out the light." The lack of literature in the South left it in misrepresentation. It argued not, but denied, and fought for its constitutional rights.

The South is not at fault. Slavery was not a Southern institution. Massachusetts built the first slaving vessel, and brought the first slaves to America. The slave proved almost useless in the North, and was abolished. In the South it was different. The negro was suited to the climate and agriculture. So conservatism and watchfulness of their rights made the States secede.

Mr. Page dwells with peculiar tenderness upon the social life of the Old South. He pulls aside the veil, and gives us a glimpse of the sweetest and purest of lives. Hospitable, virtuous, noble and pure, communion with nature its inspiration, "it has passed from earth, but it has left its benignant influence behind it to sweeten and sustain its children. The ivory palaces have been destroyed, but myrrh and aloes still

breathe amid their dismantled ruins." As we read his pages we feel, with a sigh, that

"Old times are changed, old manners gone."

The South has always suffered in the lack of literature, and it has been accused of sterility. The lack of cities as centres of thought, and the fewness of those who would support a literature, accounts for this. Little more than the success of the legal profession in the South attests to the fact that talent was not lacking. "The harpers were present at the feast, but no one called for the song." Poe, the poetical genius, lived and died in poverty. Even "The Raven" brought him but ten dollars.

There is no history of the South. The people themselves seem not to care to preserve for posterity their own records. Yet no people on earth are more jealous of reputation, so assertive of rights, and so greatly misunderstood. Mr. Page says: "The true solution of this mystery is to be found, I think, in the wonderful rapidity of the development. The progress of the country was so marvelous there was no time to record it; the race so momentous that young Atalanta had no time to pause, even to secure the apples of Hesperides."

Our country is misrepresented, and we do not deny the accusation. Will the world disbelieve them? "We stand at the bar of history, charged with the crime of attempting to perpetuate human slavery, and for this purpose with a conspiracy to destroy the best government the world ever saw." How is the false opinion to be destroyed? By establishing the fact that it was not the South, but the time which is responsible for slavery. By recording, ere it be too late, the true history of the South, so that "future ages may know, not what its enemies thought it to be, but what it really was."

W. L. FOUSHEE.

EDITORIALS.

OPPORTUNITIES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

'Tis the night before the last anniversary of our college experience. Fond memories of boys who have gone from among us, coupled with still fonder hopes for those who are about to go, are flitting through our troubled mind. Five more months will see us thrown upon the tender mercies of a heartless world. We are told that never again will we see the like of this, our college life. Are we making the most of our fast-fleeting opportunities? Do we appreciate our fortunate situation here, surrounded as we are by kind advisers, noble friends and pleasant acquaintances? Do we realize that this is our "training table" for life's race, and that the battle has not yet begun? The answer comes to us most sadly, "No." We pass our days, many of us, in comparative idleness, longing for the time when we may leave, never once reflecting that these are *the* happy days of life—the only period till death when we are not most annoyingly resting under grave responsibilities; never thinking that the opportunities thrown away to-day will never be presented to us again; never realizing that the "people of the Hill," so kind to us now, so interested in our present welfare, can never be reproduced in our future experience as men of the world. But these things are true.

In our Freshman days college life was a burden, so we thought; as Sophomores our condition was a degree more pleasant; as Juniors we began to see the dawn of freedom, as Seniors we wait with proud expectancy for the Thursday of Commencement, when we shall receive our diplomas, thinking that after that we shall recognize no man as superior, and bow to none, making our victorious way through

life's struggle. But we are mistaken. Acquaintances who left college as alumni when we were under-graduates, tell us that college life is the only life worth living; tell us that Wake Forest College, their *alma mater*, and ours that is to be, is the grandest place on earth; that the Faculty are far kinder than their present superiors; that the residents were far more lenient and pleasant than those who surround them now; that the school-boy friends of former days were far more faithful and trustful than those of their present situation. They have learned, only too late, what they have missed as college students. They tell us now that this seems their home; that they would sacrifice almost anything to be able to spend one more year among these surroundings, hearing the old bell regularly announcing the hours that formerly were most burdensome, that now seem most precious, or, when school-hours were over, spending the afternoon on the athletic field, or in one more pleasant chat with former friends. It is strange to us—very strange. Yet such is the tone of all the letters that we have received from former schoolmates. And yet, when they were here they thought and did as we to-day think and do. But we can learn a lesson from their experience. Our time is not yet passed. Let us make the most of our opportunities. Let us appreciate the kindness of the Faculty; let us realize that they are indeed our "kind guardians," and let us love and respect them as they deserve. Let us render to the residents the respect that is due them; we can never hope to find more pleasant acquaintances. Let us love our fellow-students as we should. We are brothers, in the charge of the same guardians, and as such we should have the fellow-feeling toward one another which we shall long for in the days that are to come. College life under these circumstances cannot be a burden, and future life will be brighter and more tolerable for the memory of former days, that will ever be bright, however dark our present may be.

THE ANNEXATION OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States is being discussed in political circles, and the idea meets with considerable approval, though objections on various grounds have been raised. Upon the whole, it seems that the annexation would be conducive to the interests both of the United States and the inhabitants of the islands.

These islands are situated in the North Pacific about half way between the western coast of the United States and the ports of the far East, being a little nearer the American shore. Their mild tropical climate renders possible the growth and abundant production of many valuable products, chief among which is sugar, which forms the most important export. They contain an area of 4,000,000 square acres, the greater part of which may be cultivated successfully.

Mounting up from the depths of the great watery expanse of the Pacific, their surface mantled with evergreen verdure flourishing in perpetual spring, these islands indeed form in the great desert of waters an oasis which furnishes a refuge and resting place to the storm-tossed mariner who spies them in the distance and gladly drops anchor in their harbors to give himself time to gather new strength and fresh supplies ere he sets out again for his final destination. So beautiful and charming are these islands that they have been termed the "Paradise of the Pacific."

The heralds of the Cross and of civilization have here done an admirable and efficient work, which has resulted in the christianizing and civilizing of the natives. Churches and schools abound, and the whole population seem to be happy, prosperous and active, testifying that the civilization of the nineteenth century has extended even to them and fulfilled its mission in their midst.

This little kingdom, appreciating its situation and admiring our form of government, has requested that it be annexed to

the United States. Of the objections offered against its annexation, none seem to be of any moment or validity, while good reasons can easily be furnished why it should be annexed. The greatest objection is that if annexed it will probably, some time in the future, apply for stateship into the Union, and that the citizens are not fitted for stateship. This objection is alone based upon a supposition; and if stateship should be applied for, it cannot be shown that these people are not as worthy of stateship as some of the Territories which have already been admitted into the Union. Of the 70,000 inhabitants about 2,000 are native Americans, whose influence in the affairs of government is greatly felt and respected. Civilized, christianized and progressive as they are, we see no reason why they should not be annexed.

Again, it has been said that if these islands are annexed, it will be done by an act of seizure on the part of the United States, but this appears to be a mistake, because the people, of their own accord, request annexation, and it is generally believed that they are intelligent enough to know what they are asking for. If they are not annexed to the United States, they will, in time, doubtless fall into the hands of some other great power, either with or without their consent. The probable completion of the Nicaragua Canal means for the Hawaiian Islands a great future, viewed from a commercial and international point. Their position is a central one between countries beyond the Pacific and all American ports. They furnish for the renewal of supplies, etc., the only stopping point on the Pacific for ships plying between these ports. They possess two fine harbors—Honolulu and Peace Harbor. By a small amount of work the latter can be made one of the finest and most beautiful harbors in the world. It can readily be seen what advantages the possessor of these islands will have over other nations, provided the Nicaragua Canal proves a success. England, who is ever watchful in the acquisition of territory, is desirous of getting possession of these islands.

There is not a sea nor a continent where she has not set up her flag and asserted her rights and power. If they are to be annexed to any nation, there seems to be no reason why we should not extend to them our welcome and protection, since it would be a blessing to them and an almost immeasurable advantage to us.

S. J. P.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Few men hold a warmer place in the hearts of the whole American people than did the late Phillips Brooks. Though his fame and popularity in this section of the country were limited, yet we had learned to regard him as one of the greatest preachers of his day. Pre-eminently he was a preacher of the gospel, and herein lay his power. This is an age when to be successful a man must bend his energies in one direction, and must be a specialist in some restricted sphere. Phillips Brooks was a specialist, and his specialty was preaching the gospel. There are more profound theologians than he; he was not considered a scholar of extraordinary attainments, nor, indeed, an extensively read literary character; he was not the greatest of orators; to be sure, he was proficient along all these lines, but he made them only a means to an end. They served merely as steps by which he was able to ascend the pedestal on which he stood, and from which he touched and came into sympathy with the great mass of humanity. It is true he was an Episcopalian, and at the time of his death Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts, but his soul was greater and more generous and humane than to be locked in by the narrow lines of sectarianism. He could not be hampered by creeds and dogmas, neither was he faithless to the church of his profession. Faithful and sincere in the views which he advocated, he was at the same time lib-

eral towards those holding different ideas. His heart beat in loving sympathy for the human race, and the one theme and aim of his life was to present plainly and forcibly the gospel which he believed was the only sure remedy for the ills and troubles of life. Religion with him was a reality and not a theory. The whole Christian world seemed to think that he belonged to them in common, as indeed he did, and all alike felt the heavy loss when the great giant fell.

SAM. J. PORTER.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

THAT the generation of our fathers is fast passing has never been more clearly demonstrated than in the past few weeks. Among those who have just made their exit from the stage of life are some of the world's greatest stars. Their part had been acted well and their passing was more glorious for it. Butler, Brooks, Hayes, Lamar, and Blaine! What an aggregation of leaders! What a field of occupations have they honored! Soldier and author, theologian and sage, patriot and president, politician and judge, and Blaine—Blaine leads all fields, editor, politician, statesman, and patriot. We shall never see their like again.

The old generation must pass to make room at the top for those of the rising generation who would climb the ladder. Will the coming generation equal that which is passing in great achievements? We are told that the world is progressing. But it seems to us that great men are becoming scarcer every day, and their places are being filled with weaker. Have we a Webster or a Clay in this day? Will we ever have another Blaine or a Brooks? It seems to us that we will not. And yet educational advantages, and advantages in every way, are greater than ever

before. Where are the transcendant statesmen and leaders of thirty years ago? Where are the Goethes, Elliotts, Dickens, and Thackerays in the literary world? It may be that we all are raised to a more equal plane by the advantages of education, and none are transcendant. It may be that we all are greater than we think, never realizing our greatness, because we compare ourselves with dead men concerning whom history has observed the weather-beaten proverb, *De mortuis nil nisi Bonum*. If this is true, we are nearing the ideal state. It may be that distance lends enchantment to our view of the past, and familiarity with the present breeds contempt. The men of to-day who seem small as compared with those of generations past, may, in the next century, seem *the* great men of America. Our children will look up to Sherman, Grant, Lee and Blaine as we have honored Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Webster and Calhoun.

THE annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, discussed at length elsewhere in this issue of THE STUDENT, is the political question just now. With all due respect to our colleague, we beg to differ with him in his view of the question. The United States does not need the Hawaiian Islands under her control; the Hawaiian natives are far from anxious to unite with us. It is simply a plot of the white settlers of the Islands to make a fortune out of the coffers of the United States. Four years ago Congress enacted a law allowing a bounty on every pound of sugar manufactured in the United States. Of course the owner of the Hawaiian refineries, who, by the way, is an American, and in no way has the right to speak for the natives of Hawaii, would get the benefit of this bounty, if the so-called "Paradise of the Pacific" were annexed. The annexation would be worth to this one man just about \$10,000,000—well worth a small revolution. But this is comparatively a weak reason why this step should not be taken. Let us consider the constituents of its population of one hundred thousand inhabitants. Half of this num-

ber are natives, not by any means equal to the Southern negro, and absolutely no good to themselves or anyone else. Of the other half twenty thousand are Japanese, thirteen thousand Chinese, four thousand Americans, and three thousand Europeans. Do we want a State composed of such a conglomeration at any cost? Can we afford to re-open the Chinese question again? Shall we aggravate the race problem?

GROVER CLEVELAND has at last very kindly relaxed the mental strain of the newspaper men throughout the country by announcing six of his choices for Cabinet positions. The political surprise of the year is the appointment of Gresham Secretary of State. The appointment, as far as qualifications are concerned, is good. But this is a day when party services and not qualifications place a man in office. Gresham has never helped the party. Perhaps he will next time by running himself for President. It is thought by some that Cleveland really intended to strengthen the party by the appointment of a man so strong in all parties, Gresham having at one time or another claimed allegiance to the platforms of each. Perhaps he thought that he owed Gresham a debt of gratitude for not running against him. And perhaps he thought the man was the best available for the place, and rising above party prejudices, gave it to him; and this to us seems the most probable of all our surmises.

WM. EWART GLADSTONE'S wonderful effort a few days since in behalf of Home Rule for Ireland, reminds us of some most remarkable statements made by the late James G. Blaine as to the agricultural resources of that comparatively small territory. Quoting first from Lord Macauley: "In natural fertility, Ireland is superior to any area of equal size in Europe, and is far more important to the prosperity, the strength, the dignity of the British Empire than all our distant dependencies together; more important than the Canadas, the West Indies, South Africa, Ceylon, and the vast domain of the Moguls."

If an Irish orator had made this statement, who would not have laughed him to scorn "for Celtic exaggeration and imagination?" But let us look at the figures as given by Blaine: "In 1880 Ireland produced 4,000,000 bushels of wheat, 8,000,000 bushels of barley, 70,000,000 bushels of oats, 110,000,000 bushels of potatoes"—within 60,000,000 of the whole product of the United States for the same year. "In turnips and mangels together 185,000,000 bushels"—vastly greater in weight than the largest cotton crop of the United States. In the same year she produced of flaxseed 60,000,000 pounds, of cabbage 850,000,000 pounds, of hay 3,800,000 tons. During the same year "she shipped 700,000 cattle, 700,000 sheep, and nearly half a million of swine." Now consider that all these productions came from a territory not quite so large as the State of Maine! Truly, old Erin rivals the ancient land of Goshen in richness. Yet her inhabitants are in want of food to-day. Why should this sad condition occur in a land that overflows with plenty, and exports millions of produce to other countries? The only answer is, that seven hundred and twenty-nine Englishmen own half of the land, and in all there are but 19,288 landowners of all that population of five million souls. But this is but half the tale. The tenants and peasantry of this island, not quite the size of Maine, mind you, pay a rental of \$65,000,000 per annum, an Imperial tax of \$35,000,000, and a local tax of \$15,000,000—in all the enormous sum of \$115,000,000 is annually wrought out of the bone and flesh and spirit of the Irish people! No wonder that under this burden they lie "crushed and down-trodden." Let this much be said, these statistics are not ours, but James Gillespie Blaine's.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

R. W. HAYWOOD, Editor pro. tem.

"FIELD FARINGS: A Vagrant Chronicle of Earth and Sky," is the quite lengthy and suggestive title of a new book whose author is Mrs. Martha McCulloch Williams, a student of the beautiful in Nature.

"SULTAN TO SULTAN," by M. French Sheldon, suggests the distant countries of the East. It is an account of the travels of the author in Africa. Tales of travel are usually interesting and instructive.

"THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," by W. Clark Russell, is offered in attractive form by Lovell, Coryell & Co. This novel is a story of the sea, as are most of Clark Russell's, and is one of the best of the author's many efforts.

F. MARION CRAWFORD has given to literature a dainty little volume which is not a novel, but "The Aim of the Novel." This subject has been studied by Mr. Crawford for years. Being himself the author of not less than a dozen novels and, as Mr. Andrew Lang says, the most "versatile and various" of novel writers, certainly no one is more capable of handling the subject which he has chosen.

CAPT. CHARLES KING, of the United States Army, has won for himself an exalted station among writers of fiction in America. His novels deal mainly with army life on the frontiers, and are said to take rank with those of Fenimore Cooper. The greater part of his life spent among the stirring scenes of the West, an intimate acquaintance with the varied phases of camp life, together with a wonderful command of racy, vigorous English, make Captain King, upon the whole, one of the most entertaining of recent writers.

NOVELISTS have not, generally, so tender a conscience as Walter Besant. "There is an Eye," he says "a watchful Eye upon the morals of a novelist. In my humble way I have received remonstrances which revealed the existence of that Eye. Once, only once, I suffered, nay encouraged, a sailor to kiss a girl in a summer-house; only a kiss, and nothing more; but it was wrong—it was sinful."

SOUTHERNERS, and Virginians especially, watch with peculiar satisfaction the successful literary career of Thomas Nelson Page. He was born in Hanover County, Va., and is a graduate in law of the University of Virginia. His first attempt at story-writing, a tale of Virginia life entitled "Marse Chan," appeared in *The Century* in 1884. Since then he has been a valued contributor of that magazine. "Marse Chan" has been recently very favorably reviewed by Octave Thanet. The *Philadelphia Press* says that it is "the best short story ever written by an American."

ON THE 5th of August, 1844, Thomas Carlyle thus described Tennyson to R. W. Emerson: "One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive, aquiline face—most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian looking; clothes cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical—metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may be between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I don't meet in these late decades such company over a pipe."—*Public Opinion*.

"THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH," by James Bryce, though not a very recent work, is one that deserves the careful perusal of all who desire to have a clear and accurate knowledge of our commonwealth. Mr. Bryce is an Englishman, but he is totally free from the prejudice which is the mark of most foreign writers on this subject. In a fair and impartial man-

ner, and with great accuracy and depth of insight, he discusses the problems of the American people and the institutions of their government. One of the chapters of the book, "The Fatalism of the Multitude," is a masterpiece of clear, vivid, luminous prose. He portrays with the easy grace and finish of Macaulay the implicit confidence which is always placed in the decision of the majority. In fact, there is not a dull page in the whole book. Everything is calculated to attract and hold the reader's attention.

PROF. GEORGE E. WOODBURY will contribute the life of James Lowell to the American Men-of-Letters series. Having been a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Nation* and a regular contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* Prof. Woodbury is a man eminently fitted for the arduous yet pleasant task of giving to literature the life of one of its most famous masters. Aside from his reputation as a writer of prose, he has won deserved success in the realm of poetry. We quote below his "Song of Eros":

"When love in the faint heart trembles,
And the eyes with tears are wet,
Oh! tell me what resembles
Thee, young Regret?
Violets with dewdrops drooping,
Lilies o'erfull of gold,
Roses in June rains stooping,
That weep for the cold,
Are like thee, young Regret.

"Bloom, violets, lilies and roses!
But what, young Desire,
Like thee, when love discloses
Thy heart of fire?
The wild swan unreturning,
The eagle alone with the sun,
The long-winged storm-gulls turning
Seaward when day is done,
Are like thee, young Desire."

EXCHANGES.

J. E. YATES, Editor pro tem.

Robert—What makes the old cat howl so?

Henry—I guess you'd make a noise if you were full of fiddle strings.—*Exchange.*

IT IS AN interesting fact that of three hundred and forty-five colleges and universities reporting to the National Bureau of Education at Washington, two hundred and four are co-educational. Women at present constitute fifty-five per cent. of the undergraduates in the country.—*Exchange.*

"A recitation is vexation,
And writing's just as bad;
The editorship perplexes me,
Reciting drives me mad."

—*Exchange.*

STRANGELY MIXED.

Oh! woman, in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

—*Exchange.*

The Transylvanian, although as usual containing excellent matter, is very inferior in type and quality of paper, and in this way does not do justice to the otherwise estimable contents. We admire its good business management, though think the advertisements and articles are a little too much mixed for a university exponent.

IN THE *Yale Courant* we find a number of excellent articles, principally fiction. This sheet, though very ably written, does not show a superiority over the generality of college magazines commensurate with the grade of the institution it represents. The exclusion of all except undergraduates from membership of foot-ball teams seems to us very timely, if a strictly amateur system of sports is to be maintained.

The Rambler, from Illinois College, with its usual promptness is again our visitor. Its contents are pointed and concise, and also show an abundance of college spirit. But it seriously lacks contributions of a decided literary character. The editors, as it seems, furnish nearly all the matter. While we enjoy reading editorials to a certain extent, yet think there should be more contributions from the other students.

THE NEW PLAN of the Faculty to excuse all from examinations who get above eighty-five in class recitation seems to meet with general favor. It probably has its disadvantages as well as advantages, but as a stimulus to daily study and as a relief from trying times incident to examinations it is certainly a success. The students of some of the other colleges of the State are trying to get the plan adopted by their Faculties.—*Center College Cento*.

THE January number of *The Southern Collegian* lies before us, but we mark that this too is hardly equal to its usual high standard. According to our opinion this magazine is, on the whole, one of the best college sheets, if not the best, of the South. Its articles bear a high literary stamp, and show studied and accurate execution. This goes to show that the Washington and Lee boys are conversant with the quill as well as the pigskin. We admire the poetic feature of the magazine.

The Carolinian in its last issue contains some interesting articles by contestants for the Carolina Medal. These are "Search for Truth," which sets forth man's efforts, through past ages, to find the truth; "South Carolina Should Have a Divorce Law," which it proves conclusively by customs, Scripture, law and example; "Lake W——," a descriptive piece; "Responsibilities of a Student," and "Danton's Vision." All are very fair articles. Such a contest is to be commended. Why should not Wake Forest offer a medal for literary endeavor?

ON OUR TABLE we notice a new visitor, the *Villanova Monthly*, edited by the students of Villanova College, Pa. This is its first issue, and may be said to be passably good, considering its age. We wish the embryo sheet much success, but would like to suggest that the Mathematical Department is entirely out of place in a *literary* magazine. Let mathematics be kept in its appropriate place, and make your monthly strictly literary. This is said with no spirit of superiority, but as a kindly suggestion.

The Mnemosynean is a bright little sheet, and deserves praise for neatness and taste in makeup. We admire the pluck of the young ladies and their efforts to make the magazine a success, and wish for them all speed possible in that line. We would like to suggest, however, that they make it somewhat more literary. Let the young ladies of the Mnemosynean society furnish articles and vie with each other in literary production. The January number is, of course, excusable on account of examinations.

AMONG our exchanges the *Emory Phoenix* holds a prominent place, and we are always delighted by its visits. Throughout it warmly glows with college and sectional pride. Articles entitled "A Glimpse of the Material Progress of the South," and "Southern Literature," are especially praiseworthy. Full of the past glory and future prospects of Dixie are they, setting forth in bright colors the victorious and self-sacrificing deeds of her heroes, and the boundless possibilities of the New South and her noble sons and no less noble daughters.

The Wake Forest Student is a credit to the institution from which it comes. It makes its annual bow for the twelfth time. The editors complain of the Faculty for not appreciating their labors. The *Student* is perfectly right in claiming recognition. By "recognition" the editors mean that the Faculty recognize editorial work as being equivalent to one recitation. Heaven speed the day when such recognition

is obtained. No one has even the faintest conception of laborious work until he rises to the dignity of — Exchange Editor. And if the Faculty of Wake Forest College knew for a moment from experience the severe trials and tribulations of that worthy individual the *Student* would no longer be clamoring for "recognition."—*Peabody Record*.

THE LAST number of the *Hampden-Sydney Magazine* has several contributions of real merit. "A Plea for Art," speaks of the decline of the popular sense of the beautiful, and the erroneous view that the ideal in life is of no worth, but only the real and practical. "Gettysburg of '92" deserves mention also. This gives a graphic description of that notable battlefield at the present time, with now and then masterly touches of the events of those three trying days of '63. We thank the *Hampden-Sydney Magazine* for the high compliment paid to us in its last issue.

FOREMOST among college magazines edited by young ladies may be mentioned the *An-X*. On its pages stand forth the unmistakable evidences of rare merit, while throughout it is pervaded by true Southern ardor, so characteristic of the section whence it comes. The February number, however, is not quite up to its usual standard. The article in January number, entitled "Her Sphere," is especially to be commended. It voices our sentiments exactly. Speed the day when all of our already noble women of the South may more fully recognize their "true sphere" for highest efficiency and greatest usefulness to mankind. While we agree with the writer as to the breadth of woman's sphere, yet we would add that the home is her throne and that there her highest mission is accomplished. Never was a saying more true than "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

THE article entitled "Certain Responsibilities in College Athletics," in the November number of the *University of Virginia Magazine*, coincides exactly with our view of what

the true end and prime motive should be in all college athletics. It mentions three great evils into which the present athletic mania is drifting. First, the tendency towards professionalism, and the development of certain muscular functions to the neglect of others, thus making proficient in special lines, but, taken as a whole, unevenly developed and by no means well-rounded men. Second, the growing demand for more time in the practice of athletics, which is gradually robbing the lecture-room of its demands, and appropriating the valuable moments that should be spent in the acquirement of mental superiority—the supreme end, or should be—of a college course. Third, the gambling feature so prevalent on an important contest, and its demoralizing tendencies. Public opinion will rightly condemn college athletics if its supporters persist in this form of evil.

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. E. SPAINHOUR, Editor pro tem.

—In '59 Hon. Richard M. Nelson left Wake Forest for West Point, where he graduated in the class of '63. The threatening clouds of the sixties beat mercilessly on his bark, but every opposing force was mastered and now he is at once president of the Commercial Bank of Selma, Alabama, and of the American Bankers' Association.

—Rev. W. A. Poole ('66-'68) has lately been compelled to resign his pastorate at Statesville, N. C., on account of failing health. He, with his family, has gone to Texas. North Carolina loses in him one of her ablest preachers, and it is hoped, with returning health, he will again resume work in his native State.

—Dr. L. G. Hunt ('56-'57), who for a great number of years has been a successful physician at Huntsville, employs himself now also in farming. For many years he has been a leading man and a leading Democrat in his county.

—'61. Rev. J. H. Yarborough, though now old in years, is still young in the interest of education. He carried on a very prosperous school at Trap Hill, N. C., during the years '90-'92, and is now situated at Booneville, N. C., where he is engaged in his life-work. He has enrolled 112 students during this term.

—Rev. C. C. Newton ('67-'70), who for almost four years has been a Missionary to Lagos, Africa, has returned with his family to this State. He is now visiting at his old home in Sampson County.

—'70. Rev. Wm. Brunt, is at present Superintendent of Public Instruction in Bladen County.

—D. A. Covington ('70-'73), a lawyer at Monroe, N. C., has made quite a success at his vocation. He possesses the unbounded confidence of all his people, and the esteem of all around him.

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., was prevented from attending the Convention in December by a slight illness. He has been wonderfully blessed in his labors in Brooklyn, and is a son of whom Wake Forest is justly proud.

—Rev. W. B. Oliver ('80-'82) has been called to the First Baptist Church, Wilmington, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. T. H. Pritchard.

—'83. Rev. J. H. Lamberth, who has served as pastor at Roxboro for a number of years, has accepted a call to the Memorial Baptist Church, Greenville, N. C.

—'84. J. C. C. Dunford has a good school at Fairview, N. C. He has been teaching ever since his graduation, and has been very successful in his work.

—Rev. E. E. Blount ('84-'86), since leaving college, has taught in Robeson and Haywood counties, besides being engaged in ministerial labors. On January 4, 1893, he was married to Miss Coble of Greensboro. THE STUDENT sends best wishes for his prosperity and happiness.

—'85. Rev. A. T. Robertson, Professor of Greek in the Theological Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky, visited his native State during the Baptist State Convention in Raleigh.

—'85. J. W. Hendren, after teaching some years in this State, taught at Fort Worth, Texas, during the year '91-'92, and for the past few months has taught in Florida. During the Christmas holidays he returned to his home in Alexander County and married Miss Linney, of Taylorsville. Soon after the marriage he, with his wife, returned to Florida to resume his work. THE STUDENT sends congratulations.

—J. A. Oates, Jr. ('88-'92), who during last year was Business Manager of *The North Carolina Baptist*, is at present editor of that paper.

—'90. E. F. Early has a flourishing school at Nashville, N. C.

—'90. It is very gratifying to the friends of Wake Forest College to note the great number of her sons filling high positions in Western institutions of learning. Among these J. R. Hankins is especially worthy of mention. During the last year he was elected to the Chair of Mathematics in Howard-Payne College, Texas. While a student here he took a stand excelled by few, and having spent one year at Johns Hopkins University, he is fully equipped for the position he now occupies.

—C. L. Felt ('90) will complete his course in medicine next year at the University of Pennsylvania.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE FOOT-BALL TEAM.

“Blest be the tie that firmly binds”
Our hearts in foot-ball love;
The broth’ly love of foot-ball men
“Is like to that above.”

We always helped each other gain
Our “yards” around the “end;”
When came our captain’s 15, 8,
We rushed like Spartan men.

And to our captain’s every call
We gave our strongest powers,
And strove our hardest in foot-ball,
To win our college honors.

With George Blanton as our captain,
We feared no team extant,
For he was sure to down his man,
Although his chance was scant.

Over “Baby” Fry, our “center,”
A man of tow’ring strength;
And Sikes and Hill, who “guarded” him,
We’d always make our length.

Now Wilson and our “Chief” Justice,
Are “tacklers” from the west;
The one is large the other small,
And both the very best.

Red-head Will Jones, who plays "right end,"
Is made of stuff that sticks;
Let him remember U. of Tenn.,
When George said 56.

And now Roy Britton, where was he,
When we tried "'round left end?"
Always right there to do his share,
Of "blocking" for his men.

Behind our strong "center-rusher"
Tom Crudup played "quart'r-back;"
And when a man came "'round our end,"
Tom always threw him back.

When Blanton spoke out 1 or 5,
It meant five yards or more;
"Right half-back" Daniel took the ball,
And did his best to score.

With Pridgen for our strong "left-half,"
We never feared a foe;
For when he took the "leather sphere,"
He never failed to go.

Dave Prince, our business manager,
Is truest of the true;
Long may you live, our faithful Dave,
Is the wish of '92.

When we have gone, and far apart,
'Twill give me inward pain,
But may we still be joined in heart,
"And live to meet again."

SREVART.

In every department there are extremists, and the gymnasium is not without a good share. While there are those who will not take enough exercise, there is also a class who do not know when to stop. Violent exercise injures the organism. To exercise until fatigued tears down faster than it builds up; but it is not too much to feel the blood tingle in the fingertips and the perspiration begin to come out on the forehead.

Gymnasias are daily becoming more thorough in management and manner of work. A few years hence will see only specialists as Physical Directors of gymnasias of the first and second order. They will not only be required to know a few movements with Indian clubs and dumb-bells, but to have a clear notion of the human organism, just what exercise is needed in each particular case, and the amount required to secure the best results.

The captain of the base-ball team is vigorously training his men. Those who want to get on the team must be at the park every afternoon and do their best work. And all who do not expect to be chosen on the team, but can play ball, should have enough college pride to give the team thorough practice. Let the college spirit run high and manifest itself around the diamond, for a pennant valued at seventy-five dollars will be the spoil of the team which shall win in the contest in Richmond on May 13. Boys, rally to the aid of our captain and offer your services liberally.

Equestrian foot-ball is the latest and most novel development in athletics. It, of course, differs widely from the good old game we all know so well, but it retains enough of the distinctive features to warrant an adherence to the same old name, foot-ball. The game was organized by Clarence H. Robbins, Frank T. Lawrence and "Billy" Bull, "Yale's famous back." Five horsemen constitute a team, and skill in mounting is as essential to this game as blocking and tackling are to the old. Already three contests have been played, and it bids fair to become a leading game.

"The project which somebody has suggested of building a thirty-foot asphalt pavement from Chicago to New York for the use of bicyclists is not likely to be realized." This seems like a wild suggestion to many of us, but it indicates the enthusiasm and aspirations of the cyclists. While we do not expect any such road to be constructed, we do hope for a reconstruction of the country roads so that the wheelmen will not be confined to the city pavements. Apart from the thousands who ride bicycles, every intelligent man and every teacher should be concerned with the manner of road-making on account of its commercial value. Its position in the school of economics is well-nigh the top.

Some of the leading gymnasia are introducing music in their work. And why not? The gymnasium is an instrument for the easy application of Nature's preventives and remedies, and we can see no reason for excluding any agency that can render the application more effective. Music has a great influence on the human organism, the whole man is swayed by its melodies, and when brought into the gymnasium it so far controls the action of the muscles that the movements of the whole class are harmonized as well as of the individual. It reaches the very soul of man and produces those sensations that we feel but cannot express, and attracts the mind more completely from the toil with which it was occupied and makes it more active when work is resumed.

It occurs to us that an occasional "hares and hounds chase" of, say two or three miles at first, might be made profitable and fascinating to quite a number of the students. The number who would enter the chase at first might be small, perhaps no more than ten or twelve, but by the third or fourth chase the pack would be numbered by the thirties or forties. A large number could not resist the fascinations of a run across fields and woods, over fences and hills, and even wading the branches. Aside from the fascination of such sport and the

exhilaration that would brighten every eye, the effect on the physical organism would justify a trial. The nostrils would be dilated and the lungs fed with pure dry air, and the blood would go coursing to the very toes, carrying fuel for burning out the old and molding up the new tissues. Scrambling up the hills would tire the muscles of the calves, but when the summit is turned a new set would be brought into action and the tired set rested, thus strengthening, not one alone, but both sets. More than this, it would foster a love for exercise under the clear heavens. "Few sensations are more delicious than the boundless liberty of a man whose raiment is light, and who has before him an afternoon of woods and fields and sunshine."

Let all be zealous in training for the contests of the coming Field Day. Be ready for them and prepared to make the records better than those of last year. Let every one enter for something; we know not what powers and forces lie dormant until an opportunity for development is given. Now is your opportunity, grasp it. It will make you stronger physically, and the mind more active. In a frame in the gymnasium are fourteen gold medals to be awarded to the winners in just so many contests. They all are serviceable, not made from some cheap amalgum. Will you wear one, or are you content to let others wear them all? Moreover, you will win the approval of the ladies on the Hill, who have so graciously dealt us their kindness and manifested their sympathy and interest in athletics in the entertainments which they gave, which made us all feel that no village rivals Wake Forest in women—women with great full hearts and refined tastes; generous and kindly disposed. We are due them a lasting debt of gratitude. We cannot hope to repay them an exact equivalent for what they did for us, but we can make them feel our appreciation by a manly endeavor to give them something interesting and good on Field Day. This alone, regardless of the medals, and records that can be broken, is sufficient to make every loyal and grateful boy faithful in training.

The need for thorough gymnasium work in colleges cannot be exaggerated. It is the brain-worker who needs the exercise most, and but for those of sedentary occupations the gymnasium would be of secondary importance. A fast increasing number of prominent business men are retiring from active life from overwork and nervous prostration, and suicides are not uncommon. The first cause in all this cannot be traced back to overtaxing the brain and neglecting the physique, but excessive activity of the mind runs into the inability to stop thinking at night, and produces sleeplessness and a morbid susceptibility to natural and medical agencies, and impairs the general health. Why do we hear students saying they cannot stand as much work now as they could two years ago? Why the prevalent complaint of general debility? The number of these, however, is much reduced now, but they are yet easily found. Are they not wasting their vital forces and wearing their lives away poring incessantly over the text-books? The back is bent, the fluids circulate feebly, digestion impaired, respiration shallow, the activity of the heart reduced, and, as a result, the physical strength is squandered, the energies lost, and the future possibilities curtailed. The only remedy is habitual physical exercise. Tonics and stimulants cannot supply the need. They produce abnormal activity, and leave the organs less able to perform their functions when the reaction comes. Science and art can supply no remedy where Nature's laws are ignored. Nature alone can repair the injury, and how many and sad are the cases when it is too late to be repaired, even by Nature herself. The blood is the vehicle of life, and when the body is continually held in a cramped, unnatural position that prevents easy circulation, and the air inhaled already charged with noxious gasses, the man must sooner or later suffer for it. To a large percentage of any student-body the gymnasium work is of much value; they take no exercise elsewhere, and upon physical training depend length of days and strength of mind as well as body.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

[We wish to apologize to our readers for certain things which appeared in this department in the last issue. The proof was handed us and all objectionable items were cut out. They appeared, however, just as originally written by the editor of this department. The editor, moreover, disclaims any responsibility for the publication of these items after they had been marked out on the proof.—ALUMNI EDITOR.]

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

What a month of joy this has been! How eventful, and with what pleasant events it has been filled! It would almost seem that the joyous days of the old-time pagan gods that have ever been the dream of our youth were being repeated. Indeed, we did see Apollo and listened with expectant ear for the sound of his pipe (but it was a liar); and, indeed, we saw a fair vision of the Graces in their matchless beauty, and would have invoked the Fates, but we thought it was a dream; again, we saw the Muses gathered around their god-head, fit companions for the God of Light and Poesy and Song.

“Again we look’d, and O, ye deities,
 Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
 Whence that completed form of all completeness?
 Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?”

And one deity answers, “It came from Wake Forest, ’tis Juno. You’re at the Grecian Tableau.” Well, we’re glad we were. But before we go into details, let us state what we’re trying to write about, who made it, and how it happened here. The program answers the first question far better than we; read the legend;

ENTERTAINMENT FOR WAKE FOREST A. A.

PART I.

1. Picture Gallery, Tableau.
2. Medley of Ancient Airs, Mrs. C. E. Brewer, Miss Carter.
3. Sunflower Scene, Tableau.
4. Vocal Duet, "I Would 'That My Love," Miss Minnie Gwaltney, Mr. Will Jones.
5. The Graces, Tableau.
6. Vocal Solo, Miss Lillian Daniel.
7. Statuary.
8. Vocal Solo, "Brave Sentinel," Mr. Felt.
9. School-Master's Warning, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Walters.
10. Instrumental Solo, Rigoletto de Verdi, Miss H. Lanneau.

PART 2.

1. Jacob's Dream, Tableau.
2. Vocal Solo, "Come Unto Me," Miss Carter.
3. Recitation, Professor Rayhill.
4. Vocal Solo, "Schubert's Serenade," Mrs. Sledd.
5. Clinging to the Cross, Tableau.
6. A. B. C. Duet, Miss Daniel, Mr. Wilson.
7. Apollo and the Muses, Tableau.
8. Soldier's Joy, Quartet and Solo.

The origin and management of the entertainment was largely due to the talent of Mrs. Johnson and Miss Carter, formerly of Colorado Springs, Col., who became a resident of our village in December last, and with the hearty co-operation of the many accomplished ladies of the Hill and several students, was developed into a grand success. For six weeks we had been hearing vague rumors of what had been and what was going to be; we had seen that the ladies were sparing no pains in their enthusiasm to make the entertainment a success; we knew that preparations were being made that augured well for great things; but we dare say that not one of the large audience

had even dreamed that amateurs could get up such an entertainment.

The flattering encores, and withal the perfect order of the students, testified that the efforts of the ladies were not unappreciated. There was no part of the whole program that was not most heartily applauded, and we feel confident in saying that no part could have been omitted. Everything was pleasant either to the eye or ear, sometimes to both. No accident, no shortcoming, no hitch occurred during the entire three hours to mar the occasion.

But now to details. Here's the rub. Who did best, no one can say. Every part was complete, every actor was perfect in his or her part. Too much credit cannot be given to any one of them. But we'll begin at the beginning:

The curtain rose at 8 o'clock upon the beautiful tableau of the "Picture Gallery," and the many exclamations of surprise and admiration showed that already the audience was enthusiastic. The applause would not cease until the curtain rose and fell for the third time on this beautiful scene. Next came the instrumental duet by Mrs. C. E. Brewer and Miss Carter. Never having studied music, and, of course, not being able to play, we can hardly state how excellent it was. We can say this much: The audience manifested its sentiments of praise in prolonged applause. In the sunflower scene seven beautiful girls appeared as the favorites of Oscar Wilde. We know that if he had been present, he would now be more strenuous than ever in his efforts to have that flower adopted as the national emblem.

The first vocal music of the night was rendered by Miss Minnie Gwaltney and Mr. W. H. Jones in the beautiful duet, "I would that my Love." Miss Gwaltney's rare soprano and Mr. Jones's finished tenor fairly charmed the audience. The curtain next arose on the "Graces," Miss Mattie Gwaltney, Goddess of Gentleness; Miss Carter, Goddess of Grace, and Miss Walters, Goddess of Favor. A vision of fairer women was never

imagined. * This was pronounced by many to be the most beautiful tableau of the evening. The vocal solo, "Silken Bands," was next rendered by Miss Daniel, of Weldon. That she charmed her audience was manifested in repeated encores, to which she most gracefully responded. Of the statuary we have spoken elsewhere. This much can be added: Professor Rayhill, well-known as a leading teacher of Elocution and a gentleman of extensive travel, pronounced it the most perfect thing of its kind that he had ever seen. Mr. Felt very touchingly rendered "The Brave Sentinel." His deep bass voice and excellent expression would be a credit to any occasion. Next came the very humorous dialogue, "The School-Master's Warning," by Mrs. Rogers and Miss Walters. This added greatly to the program, and was greatly enjoyed. The curtain fell for the end of Part I., just as the audience was applauding Miss H. Lanneau for her grandly rendered instrumental solo, "Rigolletto de Verdi." Miss Lanneau has, on former occasions, achieved quite a reputation as a pianist of rare accomplishments, and it is sufficient to say that it was well sustained on this occasion.

Here we are now just at the end of Part I. and THE STUDENT already full. We wish time and space would allow us to give the credit so richly merited, but we must abridge Part II. Don't blame the editor, but let your wrath fall on the delinquent subscribers.

We seldom see angels on earth, but we fully believe that had not Mr. McIntyre's eyes been closed in "Jacob's Dream," he would have seen them. Anyhow, the audience said so.

Miss Carter's meltingly pathetic voice never appeared better than in the vocal solo, "Come unto Me." This was the only sacred song of the evening, and with it came a solemn stillness that told that the audience was completely carried away. It is seldom that such a voice has been heard here. Rich, cultured, sweet and touching, it is not to be wondered that the audience listened breathlessly, and at its conclusion

encored the fair singer to the echo. Professor Rayhill sustained his reputation in a medley including every variety of composition, both dialect and "straight" English. Mrs. Sledd's beautiful rendition of Shubert's "Serenade" was fully up to the high expectations of the audience.

The tableaux, "Apollo and the Muses," of which we speak elsewhere, and "Clinging to the Cross" were perfect. Miss Daniel and Mr. Wilson in the "A B C" duet could not be equalled, either in voice or expression. The applause would not cease until they had responded. The quartette and chorus in the charming song from Faust, "Soldier's Joy," was a fitting ending to this the greatest, most successful in every way, and most enjoyable entertainment with which Wake Forest has ever been favored.

The entertainment netted the handsome sum of \$72.45, which the ladies kindly donated to the Athletic Association. We are sure their kindness will never be forgotten by the students. All honor to the ladies, and now let our team play ball as they've never played before, and victories will be ours which will be worthy of their kind encouragement.

As we go to press we hear that the entertainment will be repeated Thursday evening, March 2, with the addition of new songs and tableaux. May they meet with even greater success than before.

But this was not the only enjoyable event of this month of joy: witness the excellent report of Anniversary, for which we are indebted to Mr. W. L. Foushee.

ANNIVERSARY.

On February 17 was celebrated one of the most important and delightful events of the year—we speak of the anniversary of the founding of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies.

The day was gloomy without, even more than is usually the case on such occasions. Dark clouds covered the sky, while ever and anon a chilling rain was falling. Though prospectively gloomy, the fifty-eighth anniversary proved in nowise less pleasant than its predecessors, and even it has been pronounced the best for many years. However, on account of the bad weather the number in attendance was somewhat smaller than usual.

President C. H. Durham, Shelby, N. C., at 2:30 o'clock, called the house to order, and in a neat and happy address welcomed the audience to the annual exercises held by the two Societies.

After reading the proceedings of the last meeting, Secretary I. T. Newton read the query for discussion: "*Resolved*, That the present influence of capital is not antagonistic to our national prosperity." Mr. R. W. Weaver, of Greensboro, N. C., was the first gentleman announced on the affirmative.

Mr. Weaver opened the debate by defining capital, taking the view that "capital is the fruit of past labor saved," which includes not only the equipments of manufacturing establishments, but even the implements of agriculture. Three reasons are given why the influence of capital is not antagonistic to national prosperity: First, history shows that as capital develops civilization is broadened and prosperity increased; second, that by increased capital the laborer receives higher wages and the cost of living is lessened; third, capital alone can destroy the poverty of a people. He states that it was the lack of capital, rather than the influence of capital, that ruined the ancient monarchies. By statistics he shows that America's progress is identical with the increase of capital. "America uses more capital than any nation in the world, pays the highest prices for labor, and yet competes with the manufactures of both hemispheres." The present state of the South is due to the loss of capital by the war, and what we need is capital. He admits that capital concentrated in the hands of

monopolists is dangerous, but even trusts have reduced prices, *e. g.*, the Standard Oil Trust reduced the price of oil fifty cents on the gallon.

Mr. S. McIntyre, of Union county, N. C., on the negative, states that he contends against unlawful exactions of overgrown power; contends for the individual right against illegal combinations, and insists that all business shall be subject to lawful and just competition. He differs from the gentleman of the affirmative as to the definition of capital. Everyone, he says, understands and concedes that capital in this discussion means centralized wealth under the terms of monopolies, combines, trusts and syndicates. When capital is mentioned no one thinks of the farmer at his plow, but it is understood to refer to the monopolist. Instances are cited of the oppression of the laborer by the capitalist, as at Homestead, Spring Valley, Braidwood, etc. He mentions the extortions, oppressions and frauds practiced by railroad magnates, and declares that competition no longer exists, but combinations alone. The concentration of wealth wrought the ruin of Egypt, Babylon and Greece, from which America should learn a lesson.

He bitterly denounces in conclusion, monopolists who grind the life out of factory operatives, using their power to raise the price of necessities of life, driving the former from house and home.

After an intermission of twenty minutes, which is enlivened with music by the Durham orchestra, Mr. J. D. Robertson, of Statesville, N. C., is announced as next speaker in the affirmative. Mr. Robertson states that it is seldom realized that it is the richest manufacturer who clothes the naked at least cost. Vanderbilt acquired his great fortune by reducing the cost of moving a barrel of flour 1,000 miles from \$3.50 to seventy cents. By the influence of capital to-day our nation stands in the front rank. Labor troubles are no new feature of history, even when the flute-players struck at Rome.

Trusts, it is true, eliminate the small manufacturer, but at the same time raise competition to a higher plane, between stronger contestants, and competition is more severe.

According to Adam Smith, all capital is included under production, manufacturing, transportation, and retailing.

The factory furnishes cloth with two days work which the laborer would require twenty-five to make. The manufacturer gets fifteen cents profit for saving laborers twenty-three days work. He compares sections where there is plenty and where there is lack of capital.

The United States, however, having more capital, as a whole, is progressing more rapidly than any other nation.

The last speaker on the negative was Mr. T. M. Leary, Morehead City, N. C. Mr. Leary begins by stating that people have heard so often that this is the greatest, grandest and most glorious of countries that they are loath to believe anything else. They will not think of such a thing as declension of the United States; yet there is really danger ahead. When Patrick Henry said "The gentlemen cry 'Peace! Peace!' but there is no peace," he was no pessimist. Just so it is to-day; there is no peace, the war between labor and capital has actually begun. It is true we are free—free from war, free from England, but we are slaves to the railroad kings and corporations. Wealth is more concentrated in the United States than in any other nation, and all know that a tendency to concentration is a tendency to final anarchy and disorder. Capital used rightly is a blessing; but it is seldom so used. Capital at present tends to suppress individual enterprise. Capital controls the ballot-box; it is used to bribe legislators, and hence is antagonistic to national prosperity.

The second speeches were very spirited, serving to secure a more restricted definition of capital, and affording occasion for many humorous remarks.

All of the speeches were most enthusiastically responded to by the audience.

After the debate the audience was given an opportunity of voting as to which side produced the best argument. The vote resulted in a majority of forty in favor of the negative.

At 7 o'clock in the evening a large audience assembled to hear the representative orators of the two literary societies.

Mr. R. H. Carter introduced Mr. J. C. Kittrell, of Kittrells, N. C., as orator from the Philomathesian Society. Mr. Kittrel held his audience attentive for forty-seven minutes, in an exceedingly beautiful and graceful address on the subject: "The natural man in the natural world."

Mr. L. P. Holding then introduced Mr. E. V. Webb, of Shelby, N. C., announcing his subject: "the Armor of the Great, or Individuality." Mr. Webb, in a thirty minutes address, sustained admirably the reputation made by his predecessors.

An attempt at synopsis would, to say the least, be an injustice to the eloquence of the orators, and they are reserved for more extended notice later.

The audience received both speeches with prolonged and enthusiastic applause.

At the conclusion of the orations, the exercise being concluded, Mr. R. H. Carter cordially invited the audience to the social gathering in the society halls.

This report would not be complete were not mention made of this feature of the anniversary, which, to many, is the most pleasant, and of the usual number of young ladies who graced the occasion by their presence.

Unmindful of the hours while entranced by the sweet strains of the orchestra, and other tones far sweeter to the ear, it was deep into the night, and already morning was reddening the east, before the lingering reluctantly departed mindful that the fifty-eighth anniversary belonged to the past.

WM. L. FOUSHEE.

LECTURES.

About the first of the month the students were treated to a lecture of profound interest at the hands of Dr. Shearer, President of Davidson College. His subject was the "Influence of the Bible in Practical Life." The speaker was greeted by a large and appreciative audience, the attention of which he held throughout his lecture. Dr. Shearer has made the Bible his life study, and he showed on this occasion that his efforts were not in vain. His treatment of his subject was practical, profound and instructive throughout. We wish we could give his lecture in full, but space forbids.

The next lecture of the month occurred on the evening of the 25th. The speaker was Dr. Currell, of the Chair of English at Davidson College; his subject, "Literature and Life." Dr. Currell requested in the outset that we refrain from taking notes on his lecture. Always respectful of Professors, we immediately put up our note-book and gladly prepared to hear one lecture in peace. We cannot do the speaker justice in an attempt to give an outline of his lecture, but some of his statistics as regards book-reading are of peculiar interest. The ordinary man reads hardly more than one thousand books in a life-time. If he takes advantage of all his opportunities, he can only read and digest eight thousand during life. If he consumes all of his time in reading he can only read and understand twenty thousand books. In two of the world's largest libraries are three million books. Of this number we can never hope to read more than twenty thousand. Then how important it is that we be careful in our selection of books! Dr. Currell's purpose was to show that books are the moulding influences in one's life. His lecture was well prepared, showed great research and remarkable familiarity with literature, and abounded in interest. His happy delivery and witty allusions did much to hold the attention of his audience.

We are glad to welcome these learned representatives of our sister college. If they teach as well as they lecture, Davidson is indeed to be congratulated. Such feeling as is growing up between Davidson and Wake Forest cannot but result in advantage to the cause of education.

PROFESSOR RAYHILL.

For sometime several of the students have been endeavoring to secure an experienced elocutionist to teach a class this spring. The result of their endeavors was that Professor Rayhill, well known throughout the country as a master of his art, was secured. On the night of his arrival he entertained a large audience in the college chapel by reading various selections. Professor Rayhill is a teacher of what might be termed practical elocution. His recitations, while abounding in grace and expression, are never overdone, as is so often the case with this profession. After the entertainment a class of seventy-six students was organized. He has a class of young ladies also.

WAKE FOREST SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the Wake Forest Scientific Society was held the first Tuesday of this month.

The time was consumed by a lecture by Professor Royall on the Greeks in the Sciences. We hope to be able to publish a full synopsis of the lecture in our next issue.

It has been announced that Professor Mills will deliver a lecture on Banking, and Dr. Taylor on Finance, before the Society at an early date in March. Also, that Mr. James M. Brinson, of the class of '87, at present a rising lawyer of Colorado Springs, will lecture before the students on the subject of "Free Silver" in the latter part of the month.

MESSRS. J. C. KITTRELL, of Kittrells, N. C., and E. Y. Webb, late anniversary orators, have been chosen by their respective Societies to compete for the Intercollegiate Oratorical Medal given annually by the Teachers' Assembly, which meets in June next at Morehead City, N. C. Both these gentlemen proved themselves well worthy of this honor by their orations on anniversary evening, and Wake Forest need have no fears with her colors in their hands.

WHAT a pleasant surprise February has been—February, the dark and drear month of snow, sleet and rain! But 'twas not so this time. Christmas and New Year were passed amidst the gloom which is so characteristic of "bad weather," and we wanted to be cynics then; it seemed as if the world just wouldn't go right. But February came as happily and as hopefully as a May morning, and its passing was as pleasant as its coming. Recitations have been better; attendance on religious exercises far above the average, and the ball-ground has been occupied almost every afternoon. Will there ever be another such a February? Will we ever realize that life is indeed well worth the living, even in February? Surely the elements, both natural and unnatural, were never so propitious. The weather as balmy as if the tropic winds would ever blow; the days just long enough to be filled with joy, the evenings just pleasant enough to enjoy the various lectures and entertainments of the month, and the night to bring us rest; and, withal, two of the pleasantest occasions of the year, anniversary and the musicale and tableaux. Truly all things have worked together for our good one time.

N. B.—At the suggestion of a member of the Faculty we have endeavored to give in the In and About the College of this issue a simple record of events as they have occurred at Wake Forest during the past month. The foregoing pages are the result of our labors; whether they meet with the approval of the public or not, we shall always have the consolation of knowing that the truth has been told in one In and About the College, and that no statement has been made to which objection can be taken.

J. W. BAILEY, *Editor*.

DEATH OF MRS. DR. W. H. EDWARDS.

On the night of the 25th inst., after a lingering illness of two weeks, Mrs. Edwards, wife of our townsman, Rev. W. H. Edwards, was called to her heavenly home. She had led a gentle and retired life, busied with caring for her children, but when the call came she was ready to go, trusting in the love of her Master. To her husband, children and numerous friends THE STUDENT extends its warmest sympathy in this their saddest hour.

LOOK OUT, BOYS!

I am glad to be with you again, and with you to stay this time. I am here at the Post-office corner, and it shall be my pleasure to make it the "**BOYS' HOME**," by treating you as cleverly as I know how, keeping just the goods of every kind you need, and reorganizing the prices you have been paying. An old hand at suiting the boys, having studied it hard, and very fond of the lines you need, I am determined to underbuy and undersell whenever and wherever I can.

Now note carefully: At the time this "ad." goes to the printer I haven't a single scarf, shirt, collar, cuff, no stationery, nothing that you boys need; all these are to be opened *fresh and new* at the Post-office stand. No "last summer birds' nests" to worry off on you; no stuff carried over with the hope of getting "last year's cost"; but brand-new, nice, clean goods, at brand-new *this year's* prices.

My expenses are so small, and I count on my trade being so good, that it will be a pleasure to sell "cheap" and a "heap." The more you buy the cheaper I will sell. I defy any and all competition; I delight in it.

Now watch: Only the best Baltimore Oils that money can buy; the very best Candies (no more jawbreakers, but so good as to make you buy enough for me to order fresh every week); I will open your eyes on stationery of every kind; don't buy your anniversary scarfs, shirts, collars, cuffs, etc., till you have seen the nobbiest line Baltimore can furnish.

Come down the very day I advertise by bulletin; don't forget this; I will make it pay you.

Nobby new goods at the very lowest possible prices on everything. The best Cigars, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, and Pipes always.

A cordial welcome to all while "waiting for the mail to be opened."

Yours to count on always,

WINGATE,

Post-office Corner.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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Vol. XII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., MARCH, 1893. No. 6.

THE NATURAL MAN IN THE NATURAL WORLD.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Some weeks ago, having witnessed an undreamed of revolution in the political world, and later having rejoiced in our college victories, seeing man so weak to winnings, seeing man so yielding to enthusiasm—thinking of to-night in serious meditation there came to me the unwelcomed question, “What shall it be?” What can one say to be heard above the monotonous clash of brother’s steel on neighbor’s helmet or to throw the wheel of sameness from its gear? What is the song of the winds to every ear, the vibrating string of every heart, to reap more than its share of approbation from an ordinary audience of to-day?

Is it an inspiring eulogy on some Leonidas of old, in whose commemoration for centuries all nations joined to bow? Or nearer, and still dearer, a recital of the gallant deeds of Carolina’s heroes on a hundred battle-fields; or a detailed description of their sufferings and deaths, as unshielded against sleet and rain their wasted forms found rest and comfort in some lonely, deserted grave? No, hearers! these things are of the past, which seems to have lost its charm for this, the age in which we live. For the key-note of the nineteenth century

* Anniversary Oration delivered by Mr. J. C. Kittrell, orator of the Philomathesian Society, February 17, 1893.

is of daily life, with its onward push, of rising practicality, long lowered to the earth; of the ascendancy of to-day over all former years, upward toward some mechanical Utopia, where Time's scythe is broken, and History, kneeling before America's effacing throne, forgets the glories of all other nations; and where the Orient with its former magnificence, a dream of fiction, lost forever from our untimely constellation, floats off as some pale satellite dimly along Oblivion's coasts.

But, ladies and gentlemen, realizing that here are gathered the men who wear the trust badges of the Old North State, noble sons of those still nobler fathers who sacrificed their lives in honor's defence—and well do they sustain their paternal inheritance, and disdain to betray that for which their fathers fought; for they, too, have been knighted standard-bearers in the army of peace, and justice is their sword—and recognizing that with them are reassembled the family of our *alma mater*, whose faces, still bear the trace of mental toil, whose smiles but demonstrate their love for their foster-mother, whose lives are but loyal fulfillments of the mottoes drilled beneath those noble banners, I can but place you far above an ordinary audience.

Then, knowing that no such selfish declamations demand your attention, crediting each of you with an elastic mind, believing you endowed with ardent imaginations, I seek some other path to follow,—though worn and trodden. I ask you to bear with me until my feeble effort is ended, and go with me in an unworthy search for the Natural Man; aid me as I gather the thread of his winding course, tracing him through blood and war, through civil strife and foreign conquest, on through invasion and expulsion, through papal growth and ensuing crusades, through feudal oppression and vassal insurrections, still on through the dark ages of chaos and night, through the delayed twilight of an approaching dawn, through the rivalry of nations and the crumbling of empires; from the

decay and fall of the East, to the birth and rise of the West, from the morn, when the Cherub's flaming sword guarded the cradle of a new-born world; on to the day when the wicked were swept from the face of the earth, and the confusion of tongues lost brother to brother, and father knew not son; still tracing on Time's stream, where man once floated, conquering to-day, being conquered to-morrow; rising here, and sinking there, once struggling to ascend the tide, then yielding to its on-pressing waves, borne up at times by an influx of knowledge, relaxing again into mental stagnation; down, yea, down through the darkest ordeal he passes, until some unseen hand stems the tide and turns helpless man into "survival's stream," where like "corals, one by one, upon the accumulation of his ancestors, he paves a natural way to sunward." Thence upward from those plains through ages we see him baffling, seeking and finding, rallying and leading, though oft delayed ne'er despairing, until on the crest of some far-reaching wave he gains the artificial heights on which to-day he stands, the Man of the Present, and with a wistful eye, leans to gaze far down the abyss beneath, asking, "Where dwells the future?"

Sadly do I lament the fact, that living as we live, in Nature's greatest epos, whose lines but mark the development of its kind, we are not wont to drink the bitter reminiscence of our forefathers, by turning our search-lights into the darkest corners of primeval man; nor do we long to reinstate the mediæval age of knighthood and chivalry, when Realism first began its feeble march around Fancy's walls, whose unshaken citadel had stood forth the original Gibraltar of virtues; and yet I beg you to pause in the midst of your progressiveness, and turning from the political turmoil with its late won laurels, to yield this hour to lightly seeming, yet deeper reflections; and, retiring into your emotional natures, I ask each of you, as though deserted and alone, to ascend in your imagination the water-tower of this drought-

plagued land of prose and fact, and there amid the solemn silence that surrounds you, as hovering death on bended wings above, where souls in sweet self-communion dwell, to lose yourself in reverie; and with a heroic hand push down the present from off your feet, as though on "Horeb's holy mound" you stand, and from its consecrated heights turn a historic eye backward, oh! backward toward the past.

There, not on Waterloo's fields, to bow in memory of its Napoleon and its Ney; there, not to rehearse Batholomew's night, nor to stay Catharine's hand in its heartless joy; there, not to espouse the cause of the Navarres, nor to bear a Christian token to a Gothic land; there, not to span the unruly seas, nor to carve your name on Egypt's tombs; but to pry deeper, still deeper, into Time's great volumes, further, yet further into the archives of ages long forgotten, where poetic hands once stored heroes' names enshrined in ballads; there, to find, embalmed in the simple purity of its being, a type whose drifting offspring should welcome its speedy return, for that type is of the Natural Man.

Then, as a cheerful soul, molded in adversity's crucible, as a brighter star, gleaming from night's darkest dome, review with an appreciating heart the halo of darker days; and, from your artificial stand, choose as your joy to-night, "The Natural man in the Natural world;" and in your wide-spread view of what has been, rest your attention in some shady nook of earlier days, where, far beneath you, on some lonely mountain side, there sits a Bohemian wanderer; clothed in the simple garb of a peasant lad, with girded loins, and staff in hand, starting for his yearly pilgrimage; yet he is not to cross the Austrian plains, nor the Alpine heights does he care to climb, for the priesthood of Rome is not his joy.

Born among the Carpathian mountains, reared amid their classic heights, he is indeed a child of nature, destined to spend his youth in wandering. And as he there sits upon its bosom a little spring, buried beneath the fallen foliage of a

winter's blast, gurgles forth from its rocky bed, and with its murmuring strand marks a winding course to seaward. He knows its voice, its melodies find quick response in a heart that is free and natural; the wild beast of the field is his friend, he shares its joys and sorrows, he interprets the language of the birds and nestles in their sympathies. With upturned eyes he views the heights that tower far, far above him, on these heights lives the man of to-day, yet upward climbs the Future.

Then it is, ladies and gentlemen, after presenting to you this child of our common mother, simple and ignorant as he seemed, who lived alone in the wild fastnesses of Italy, Switzerland, Prussia and the East; fascinated, as it seemed, by silence and solitude, charmed, as it were, by gorge and valley, crag and mountain; appreciating no other than Nature's gifts, bowing to no other than Nature's shrine, that I admonish you to side not with the jealous man of this artificial day, who, as envious Lucifer, revolts because of others greatness, and never consents to the return of a virtue he has lost by continually crying, "The Future is of Sodom, no Lot shall hinder its decay"—for with such a man, straining the life that is but once, the mausoleum constructor carving the beauties of the past, is far unknown, and the babes of each departing century more badly mould the ensuing years, until the man, hence ten decades, living in an age in which there are no chosen watchmen, but each to himself whispers "what of the night," has become a paper sensationalist rejoicing in the cartoons of others faults; a giant in the world of proverbs, selfish in the wisdom of nations; cold and stern, wise and weak, skeptical and despondent, following no man, being followed by none; trusting not, being not trusted; loving not, being not loved; deaf to music, blind to Nature's beauty, an alien to feeling, a colossus to self, a pigmy to others; and from this rock, oh! false prophetess, who once sang Orneas and its destruction, he boastfully proclaims that the "millenium is

passing our zenith, and this, the ripeness of all time, is the age of ages, and he is the man of all men." But before commending even this stern age, a moment in the vast eternity, as the goal toward which all is tending, return once more with hopeful hearts beyond the days of yore, when man was but the minder of sheep and his sole power rested in a shepherd's crook, and as the vestal virgins kept ancient lights, let us guard each noble germ that in him develops, and, though oft drifting far from the ideal course, await the man the future holds.

For then was in truth the morn of mankind. Though Adam had long since returned to dust, and generations on generations had lived and died, the dawn of civilization still lingered beneath the horizon of a childlike people. Though Prophets, touched by some bent ray, feeling the warmth of knowledge, had arisen here and there to rally their little band of "Sages and Poets," the world slept calmly on in its simplicity. The stream of history had scarce begun its gentle ripples around the foundation so newly laid, and the earlier fogs of ignorance and superstitions, as a darkened pall, enshrined the cradle of Creation, and poetic mists veiled the simple babe therein, and inclosed it in a canopied twilight that knew not the day beyond.

Fresh from his Creator's hand, man desired not an artificial tinge, and as a child in its simplicity he dwelt nearest Nature though he knew it not, and his undesirous soul drank in his Maker's harmonious accord. Then it was that from their midst Naturalness, in its purest state, arose like Bethlehem's Star in the East, and hovering low still guides wayward mankind in such reflections to the vale of his earliest youth.

But Eden's days were few and numbered; time rolled on, century after century emptied its volume into history's stream, until the troubled waters lashed the expanded coasts of unknown shores. Man, too, in accordance with the hour, as Esau of old, became dissatisfied with his birthright, and sought the pottage of stranger lands.

But as he issued from the valley of his birth to trudge life's ridges for ensuing years, Naturalness, the Star of the East, first gleaming through the fogs and mists that surrounded the morn of man, began slowly as day came on to climb the sky that knew no other. But as it ascended the darkened regions, leading, like Egypt's hero, through a trackless wilderness, the development of man, its Palestine was despaired of; and its ungrateful followers, forgetting the freshness of its rays, knelt before some other idol. And yet man, akin to the swallow late from its nest, clung for centuries around the endearments of first home, until as a foreshadow of the Spanish settler abandoning our beloved Isabella to crumble and ruin, he turned from his first endowment and with a covetous eye gazed into the regions beyond for brighter stars to follow.

Love, Heroism, Loyalty and Chivalry, formerly as lost souls shedding their unseen influence into utter darkness, now appearing as visions to the searching eye, began one by one to draw nearer and slowly cluster themselves about man's first star, which from each added lustre became dimmer and more distant, and yet it was not lost.

Man journeyed on, followed by the pregnant stream that bore his record; empires rose, flourished, and fell, the Grecian lad claimed the East for his footstool—the world as his possession. "Odoacer was proclaimed king of Italy, and the phantom assembly that still called itself the Roman senate sent back to Constantinople the tiara and purple robe, in sign the Western Empire had passed away." The golden age had dawned, that of bronze and iron followed; yet man changed not his course: on, on, until he plunges in the abyss of unfathomed depths where, blindly stumbling, he gropes wearied years amid the horrid surroundings that haunt a fallen state; and again climbing from the Dark Ages, with thirsty eye, he seeks the dim sparks that have survived the hyenal night, and naturalness is his star.

Knowledge, with its glaring beams, soon thaws the world from the long winter through which it had passed, and Nature, with moistened lips, stoops to kiss the seething earth once bound with the images of death, and rolls off the stone of dryness from its tomb, that freshness once more arises and uplifts its tender petals in gracious praise of its survivor.

Man ceases not his nobler restlessness until around his *prima stella* a constellation clusters, where generosity, tenderness, honor and endurance, are richly blended to form the type of the Eastern man. But here man in his course westward turns; America is his home; the youth of humanity is passed, the valley of childhood with its moister fragrance is abandoned; the heights of manhood are attained, the mid-day of Creation is at hand; the sun of Reality has dispelled the clouds that once inclosed us and driven off the poetic nature we once possessed; the good old days of the South have come and gone, and with them the last vestige of the natural man. Self-aggrandizement as a hideous viper has entwined its loathsome coils amid the freshness of our bough.

The nineteenth century is far spent, and humanity has sought America's western shores, the destiny of its journey, and man, becoming a mechanical king, sees his shattered will daily pining to decay, for he, borne on by the inertia of the day, is but an artificial shadow of those who live about him, claiming originality though aping is an American instinct; boasting individuality, while unwittingly linked in the chain known as American progress; basking in his freedom, yet yielding to each freak of fashion,—a slave to what the world may say, a helpless actor in the artificial drama on America's artificial stage, where some hidden disease has hastened the rapid decline of all but the artificial train. For with the Red Man's picturesque retreat into untrodden solitudes, Practicality summoned to condemn all that discord with fixed material laws. And as the clash of victorious arms, once wielded with the clang of the Siberian chain to tell of the woes

of the exiled slaves, so the triumphant voice of Science badly mingles with Fancy's sounding knells, and Utility's onward tread but re-echoes from the far western hills as a fainter drum-beat of departing Nature; and we, as a tame sod deposit of wilder years, unamazingly see ourselves stripped of the natural flower that once bedecked the ignorant inheritance of man.

No cloister chorus calms the approaching storm, but the scientific aspirant peers into Jupiter's wrath and dares to dissolve his thunderbolts into elements and atoms?

No poetic chime of the village church bell breaks upon the morning stillness, but the degenerated voice of the iron tongue is heard in lieu of the nightman's challenge summoning thousands of mechanical slaves beneath its harshened toll. Mysteries and traditions have continually submitted their withdrawal until the child indulges not in the good old games of the fireside, and hears the nursery rhymes with an unbelieving ear. Even Scotland's crags, around which for ages clung the inspiring legends of the East, have been despoiled by Fact. Superstition, once an unjust master, has lost its unworthy slave.

The German night hunter, in his wild gathering of departed souls, has been ensnared, and his terror train is calmed.

"The Wandering Jew" from his Brocken realm has been dethroned, and the ghostly nebulous that once composed his nightly host has vanished before the cause searcher of to-day.

Why? is the question of all. Search! is the sole valid answer. Nature's obscurity is an admonition to the scientist; secrecy has its thousands of intruders. Until the poet, that noble link between man and Nature, who once poured out his overflowing soul into lower confidence, has been entirely banished, we halt not to ask:

Shall Venice and her illuminated lagoons ne'er rise again, and as a glow-worm dance or mysterious witch-fire lead us in our dreams once more through the bramble of the past?

Is the Pleiads lost in truth, and has the first star of man, the guardian of his childhood, sought some other birth to herald? Has a majestic glacier from unknown regions pushed its icy mass into the land we now inhabit, and prematurely turned youth's ruddy cheek into a face that is cold and stern?

Shall we ne'er cross the Sahara desert o'er which we are journeying, is there no oasis beyond its burning sands? Are there no Sidneys, with kindly cups, to moisten the parching lips of this fever-stricken age?

Are we, Nature's prodigal sons, never to return again, but continually content our overstrained lives on the sordid husks that savage tribes have wasted?

Is there no sculpture, blind or seeing, to shed bitter tears because of the unnatural touch of this "disfigured torso?" Does Wagner still divide the musical world, or has science robbed the good old tune of all its melodies? Is there no longer sweet music in Nature's voice, or shall the maiden's harp with muffled string bemoaning the dirge of Orpheus long departed, hang untouched on the willow forever?"

Shall originality continue in its distant void, wandering vaguely like those stars, whose lights are diminished athwart the vast distance of the skies, only shining from former visits which e'er remain in fire-like glow enameled in nightly surroundings of any age?

Are we drifting e'er from brightness toward the dismal shores of Acheron where the world to Nature closed is but a plain of horrid skulls, which through such benighted days grin but at their hideous sight and angels and archangels bemoan the dreadence of man?

No! thank heaven, such a deplorable state can never be; and the one who dares view it thus, a fabled Narcissus gazing into the shallowness of his own soul, seeing no other than his image, knowing no other than the present, forgets that we are but borne upon an artificial wave as it passes over the waters of our nature to return again, for this is but a decade of

partisans and demagogues, an era of speculation and chance, whose early departure issues in a day of awakening and change.

Man cannot long remain man and machine, the one must conquer the other bow; then ye philosophers abandon your theory, as Joseph his coat, into the hands of the wicked and flee. For soon will man, breaking the conspiracy society has long formed against its individual members, freeing his mind of the strained responsibility of living, washing his spirit of vain ambitions, with a determined hand chain Chance's wheel and disdain to shrink before its rotations, for already he recognizes that the man who does not some day feel emotional soon passes from the environment of man, and the one who does not at times shudder in Nature's presence is but a substituted machine of those who lived in other ages.

Though Achilles has long since encircled the Trojan walls, and Illion's city calls not the spirits that are gone; though the arena throngs no longer with knights of old, and Herculean strength still receives mock laurels on its memory's grave, all realize the necessity of manly training, and in the world's pulse feel a new beating, a throb of friendly pride and gentlemanness, of spirits bold and honor true, for Princeton's King leads a canvas crusade, the goal is their Jerusalem.

The age of mental strain and physical depression is passing; behind its far receding wave one regathers the natures once seemed lost, which richly blend amid the collected galaxy to form the foundation of the future man.

Then, watchman, await! as Columbus beneath the Alhambra's shades, and give no false alarm, lest we as Constantine's men, when the Turkish Crescent gleamed beneath his aged walls, madly beat our breasts and cry "The end is at hand, the day of artificial destruction has come, Genoa's faithful son, the poet of the present, to whom Saint Romulus was entrusted, has betrayed his post; before NATURE, the shrine of our Madonna, no one on bended knee is waiting."

But standing on the same tower from which you have wiped the dusty brow of the past and unsealed the archives long forgotten, from which you can see the unnatural present and hear the mechanical hum beneath you, become for a moment deaf to their cries, complainings, blind to their faults, their follies, and turning gaze far into the vast beyond, there as if some angel of the night with celestial wand as Moses of old roll back the watery mass, and lo! there is another vision! It is the eve of creation; along its horizon float snowy clouds deeply tinged with twilight freshness; evening shadows strewn softly with its golden hues cast a dim light upon the gray heads of harmonious mankind, which in its old age, sweet, and trusting, has gone out amid the poetic surroundings in search of Nature's bosom wherein his Creator's handwork is. Now knowing better its beauties, with childish simplicity he o'erturns the pages of the past, and with an unapproving smile quickly glances over this moment of manhood, sternness and midday drouth; for far above the dusty mass that now envelops a hopeful star is gleaming, a welcome return of man's light. As the weary sailor his cross in the southern zones we cheer amid the gloom and night, the darkness is passing, the cross is bending low, for that star announces the clearing of this artificial storm and points to the return of wiser man to purer Nature.

Its silver rays fall gently on the door of the future, the Nirvana that is to come, whose ports and lintels are not besmeared with evil omen, whose arches and windows are never darkened by the shadows of an unchristian death, for in its gleams a ripened age is swaying beneath the natural wisdom in its possession, and on its threshold stands the one toward whom all nations are on bended knee their faces turning, as eternity's tollings sound louder from creation's shores, for that pilot is the natural man of the future, the greatest brotherhood Mecca of America.

THE FASCINATION OF WOMEN—A STUDY PHYSIOLOGICAL,
PSYCHOLOGICAL, AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

We are just thirty-eight years old, and unmarried. Why we have remained in this state is unanswerable; we can state that it was not our fault. But this is out of the question. Ten years of our life, that is ever since "our girl" was married, have been consumed in a very absorbing study of the fascination of women by some men. We have endeavored to find out why she preferred the other fellow. It is hardly necessary to say that we have never found out. But we have learned some most interesting facts, which we hope to give to the world through the medium of *THE STUDENT*.

The special attraction of some men for most women is deeply hidden. It is not discoverable by observation or by reason, and its source is, in many cases, as mysterious to those who exercise it as to those who feel it. The general opinion that men draw and delight the other sex mainly through their good looks, notwithstanding it has a basis of fact, cannot be safely adopted. We hear a great deal of handsome fellows, historic and contemporaneous, who have broken feminine peace and rifled feminine hearts. We are acquainted with what Alcibiades, Mohammed, Crichton and Marlborough have achieved in that way, not to name the beaux of this or that set or the gallants of the town; but we are apt to overlook other qualities that have contributed to their success. Women like to talk wildly about handsome men, as if handsomeness were the sole thing desirable; and yet, while they rave over lustrous eyes, flowing locks and magnificent figures, they find themselves fascinated by plain and even homely men, whom, from description, they would feel sure they could never abide.

Who has not known women in the habit of glowing over abstract Apollos to decline upon and be absorbed by concrete Vulcans? But, then, the Vulcans may not be Vulcans to

them. "Love idealizes, especially in the feminine heart"; endows the object loved with all the hues of imagination—with every property of the becoming. "Love is born of unreason and continued in mystery." Where it descends it adheres whether it alight on beauty or deformity, on top of the verdant hill or in the parched valley. Externals have little to do with it; it has a mysterious law of its own and moves in untraceable courses. Women are drawn where they are drawn; we know the fact, but its wherefore is beyond us. Masculine comeliness never repels woman; indeed it often wins them, at least invites them. But to hold them, to compel them some mental magic, some spiritual sorcery is needed which is wholly independent of color and of form. A fair exterior is truly a letter of recommendation, which, however, internal conditions must bear out to save disappointment and reaction. A handsome face and fine figure compose no part of permanent fascination. Good and desirable in themselves, their possession incurs a responsibility which must be met with higher and worthier gifts. She who, having been attracted by them, finds that they advertise what they do not keep is apt to undergo a revulsion of feeling that scarcely stops short of contempt. Labeled with allurements he is inwardly empty, intellectually barren, and still flaunts deception in one's very face.

The men that women talk of amiably, referring to their good looks, pleasant ways, kindly manners, are not the men who make strong appeals to their sympathies, captivate their imaginations or thrill their blood. These create so deep an impression, so arouse privacy of emotion, that praise is sparing and general comment hushed. When you hear a woman of any fineness or force speak of a man's mere handsomeness or pleasant manners you may be sure he has only caught her eye; that her heart is untouched. Her speech is a poor compliment when it is satisfied with surfaces. She is, in truth, likely to be fondest of him about whom she is silent. The

consciousness of her preference renders her sensitive of outward approval—"what she would be glad to say she durst not say at all."

Who are the real favorites with women, as a rule? The men of attractive or plain exterior; those who shine and revel in photographs, or those who are averse to them? In your own circle are the splendid looking fellows the dangerous ones? Have you any fair friends who have suffered sentimentally from regular features, flowing whiskers or exact proportions? Are the emotional tragedies evoked from animated fashion-plates and walking tailors'-blocks? Give a man of fine person and presence fervor, sensibility and character to match, and you have equipped him with undue odds in the "soft war of the sexes." But, then, you have been more bounteous than Nature, who usually bestows with half-opened hands. She rarely confers at the same time on her sons—generous as she may be to her daughters—the charm of body and the charm of mind. When she does, she often revenges herself for her profusion by implanting a weakness that turns her gifts awry. How many handsome fellows who have had possibilities of merit have been spoiled by their handsomeness! How many more have been without such possibilities, and never missed them, because absorbed in the contemplation and admiration of their physical perfections!

No heathful mind can or does despise beauty in any shape; but between beauty and brains there is only one choice. It cannot be harmful to a man by whom it is regarded as an accident. But considered as an essential it enervates and undermines him. Numbers of the world's heroes have been physically magnificent; but they have been magnificent in performance as well. But he who is ever conscious of personal attractions, and shows his consciousness, tacitly admits that they are the best of him, and becomes effeminate. His shallow vanity makes him womanish, and no womanish man can awake a grand passion in the breast of a womanly woman.

Self-delight with the body and all that belongs to it, a certain self-stimulation of sensuousness, a sovereign satisfaction with form and feature set off to the best advantage are distinctly feminine traits, and the man who shares these cannot expect to share anything else woman has to give. She naturally looks to him for what she has not and cannot get from herself; and, finding her pleasant and piquant vanities refracted as weaknesses and follies in him, she turns from them and from him in contempt.

When a woman has once been charmed by a man—for this seems to be the effect often produced—she loses her power to judge of him rationally. She remembers but vaguely how he appeared to her before her heart had taken fire. Since then he has been transformed; he has taken on the hues of her fancy; he is woven into the woof of her life. However plain he may be she does not think him plain, and he is not so to her, since the glamour of passion is on her eyes. If he were as handsome as Hyacinthus he would show to her no better than were he commonly endowed; so that his looks would avail him nothing. But resembling Hyacinthus, other things being equal, he would be less apt to charm her than if of ordinary mould. In reality such beauty as is ascribed to Hyacinthus would be likely to be unaccompanied by the masculine qualities that appeal to and master women.

Doubtlessly one reason that noticeably handsome men make fewer conquests than plain or homely men is that they depend too much on their appearance, neglecting what is of infinitely greater value. The homely man is aware that he must make the most of his resources; that he must bestir himself; that he must keep at a certain high level; he must prove the superiority of mind over matter. He has, also, an advantage in his very plainness. A woman is inclined to be on her guard against a man of attractive exterior and vivid self-consciousness. She instinctively defends herself; her opposition is aroused, her prejudice is excited; her self-love rendered assertive. His

efforts to please miscarry; his gallantry is misinterpreted; his kind offices misunderstood. The things he has counted in his favor are counted against him; his attempts to advance result in retrogression; his boasted good looks insure his discomfiture.

He to whom comeliness has been denied evokes something of woman's sympathy by that fact alone, if he has address and knows how to use his tongue. She imagines that she pities him, for what reason she knows not, and hopes to put him on better terms with himself, thinking that she has nothing to fear from him, and that she can afford to be unreserved, and thus her weapons are unguardedly surrendered. She does not suspect, until too late, that Nature, in withholding beauty of form, has bestowed upon him such an ability to interest as more than makes amends. She may say mentally at first, "How ugly he is!" but the chances are that she will not repeat it; for, listening to his conversation, she believes she would not change him if she could. Ugliness in men often seems to be a mask concealing mysterious fascinations which, opportunity favoring, few women find themselves able to resist.

The illustrious men in history, among them Julius Cæsar, Sir Philip Sidney, Aretino, Voltaire, Rousseau (Jean Jacques), John Wilkes and Jonathan Swift, who have been brilliantly successful conquerors of women, who have kindled in their hearts inextinguishable passions, have been rather plain than handsome. Of their conquests we will treat in subsequent issues, if the Wake Forest Apollos spare our life.

"H. C. ABFORP."

A RELIC OF THE PAST.

In the eastern part of one of the Southern States, on a stream which winds in a serpent-like course to meet the Atlantic there stands an old, moss-covered, dilapidated mill. Like a

hoary, aged man who has lost the friends of his youth and outlived the period of his usefulness, it raises its weather-beaten outline against the sombre shadows of the cypresses, seeming to lament the fading of its former glory, to deplore the spirit of progressive change, to echo the thoughts of a buried past as it yields slowly, but surely, to the corroding touch of Time. The water rushing through the broken gates with a hollow moan pours over the stones below in a continual stream. The curling eddies, black and silent, move swiftly under the mossy banks, then bending out, they glide with a stately curve beneath the dark willows' shade—onward, onward to the sea. The great cypresses with their massive drooping branches draped in pendent swinging moss, rise in noble majesty far towards the gilded dome of heaven's cerulean vault, as above the dam they form an arch transcending in stately grandeur the most perfect work of Grecian art.

This gloomy prospect, serving for a background, only brings into bolder relief and heightens the varied beauty of surrounding scenes. In front is one of exquisite loveliness. Extending to the shadows of the distant wood lies a broad expanse of water rippling and dancing in the golden sunlight. When radiant Spring comes with her warm and joyous breath breaking asunder the icy bonds of Winter, infusing new life into hearts long chilled by months of dreary snow, Nature here bestows her gifts with a lavish hand. The morning sun comes forth with a flood of glorious light and transforms the water into a mass of molten gold. On the distant edges, outlined sharply against the dark foliage of the adjacent trees, is a carpet of tender green. Here, with their white shadows playing upon the undulating waves, the graceful water-birds spend the livelong day. Green tufts of grass spring from the velvet covering of the half-submerged logs, while all around the water-lilies move with rhythmic motion as if keeping time to some dreamy music.

The wild rose clinging here and there,
Distills its sweets upon the air;
The tall reeds nod and gently sway,
Responsive throbs to Nature gay.

This surely is a lovely view—a part of Nature's paradise. Even when night has folded her sable pinions about the drowsy world there is something still enchanting in the scene. Night has charms which day with all its glory does not possess. Then fancy free takes us from the cares of life, and the imagination, light and airy, soars away bearing us on its golden wings. The half-forgotten romance, the poetry and sweet music heard long ago, come like some welcome guest to fill the soul; while with them, strangely mingled, come thoughts of ghosts, the terror, the wonder, yea, the admiration of happy childhood's days. The inhabitants of the nether world, black-winged and silent, seem to come from their hiding-places, and, in phantom groups, explore the night. They take possession of the old mill—a fitting guard for the ancient structure. The rushing water now wails as its echo, now loud, now low, is borne upon the still night air. Each tree, weird and fantastic, stands sentinel, guarding the nocturnal world. The very breeze brings to the ear the whisperings of some departed spirits as they traverse the realms of darkness.

Across the inky waters the weird and the picturesque blend in one harmonious whole. The stars peeping out from the curtained heavens penetrate the moss swinging from the trees, and shine upon the water with a pale and tremulous glow. Red lights rise from the marsh beyond, and with an uncertain wavering movement, like beings deprived of reason, lose themselves in the dark impenetrable wood. As one looks his mind involuntarily reverts to the classic Styx, and he can almost hear the muffled plash of Charon's bending oars as his black boat glides, like an uncanny monster, from the home of the living to the resting-place of the dead. Only for a moment does this thought stay. "The moon of heaven, the

lovely queen," is rising. Her mellow beams, with magic touch, transform the scene into a strange and delightful fairy-land. The old mill no longer furnishes a hiding-place for fantastic shadows; its walls sparkle and shine as if made of resplendent gems. The moss, before so dark and dreary, now silvered with the moon's pale beams, glows with a radiant light as it bends to kiss the silver sheen up the sleeping waters.

L. A. BEASLEY.

THE CIGARETTE FIEND'S TRIUMPH.

It was evening in the "Garden of the Gods." The stillness of the gloaming pervaded the earth. A lonely wanderer could be seen walking with aimless step in melancholy solitude within that beauteous spot. He was a man, and like all other men, was in love—in that woeful mental state towards which all living things tend. But his was more than an ordinary case; for on the morrow she whom he had enshrined in his heart of hearts would leave for a sunnier clime in the balmy South, perhaps forever, if he did not unburden his heart to her ere the breaking of another day.

He pondered long and well, but could reach no conclusion. If she only knew how he loved her? If she only knew that his life would be a hollow mockery without her? If he only knew that she cared for him? What ponderous questions! The "Garden" possessed no attractions for him. Of all those beauteous works of Nature, he could see none that would attract his mind's eye. Slowly away from that place, so grandly and silently and solemnly beautiful, back into the busy city below he wandered. There was her residence draped with many a graceful vine just one hundred paces away, outlined beautifully in the mellow light of the rising moon. He approached. To go, or not to go? A coyote away off on the plains barked his dismal greeting to the moon. An oriole

flitted almost invisibly through the vines overhanging the piazza, and called to his mate in the gloaming. A whippoorwill wailed its weird cry in the evening shades. Just then the soft sweet strains of an old love song floated from her parlor, and wafted on the night winds reached the wanderer's ear. He would meet his fate, now or nevermore.

"O did he ever live, that lonely man,
Who loved—and music slew not?"

He went and stayed, and hummed and hawed, and halted until the feathered heralds of the dawn reminded him that his time was short. How could he tell her? Yet the tale must be told; for did not his all depend on it? At last the courage of desperation came. On bended knee, her hand in his, in accents low and tremulous he declared his undying love, and prayed for her compassion. She sat in Sphinx-like silence, barely breathing. He saw in her face that she had expected it and seemed relieved.

Her answer came as subtly and gently as a summer's breeze. "Mr. Jonson, are you a Christian man?" she asked in accents low and sweet. And he rejoiced within his inmost soul that in the little church down in the valley his name was written as one of the "little children." Again she asked, "Do you believe in the Old Testament?" He did. "Then," said she, "you'll find my answer in the First Book of Chronicles, nineteenth chapter and fifth verse, latter clause. Good-night. May angels guard thee. I must be preparing for to-morrow's journey." And she flitted from his presence as if by magic. He was alone.

She had always been the most unfathomable of human beings to him; but now she surpassed all understanding. His heart was sick. He suspected the worst; yet that hope, which lasts as long as life, lingered in his breast. Did she not ask the angels to guard him? There was encouragement in that. Hastening to his room he tremblingly took the old Bible, which had always brought peace to his soul, given him by

his mother, to-night far away in the South, and read his fate: "Tarry in Jericho until your beards be grown and then return." "O bitter love! O heartless woman! Is there no balm in Gilead?" he cried in agonizing tones as his head fell forward, and his breast heaved in one deep sigh; and then—withhold thy tears, gentle reader; he did not shuffle off this mortal coil with thoughtless hand—and then he reached into an inner pocket, withdrew a little cube of death, "manufactured at Durham, N. C., and New York"—and took a smoke. His death was to be by slow torture. As he reclined in his chair a grim smile passed over his visage, and a great rolling curl of smoke rose from his mouth and nostrils as he sighed gladly, "It matters a 'quad' with James Jonson whether his beards grow or not." He had conquered.

"BILLY SHAKS."

[THE END.]

THE WINNING ESSAYS.

[At the beginning of the session of 1891-'92 Rev. Thos. Dixon, Jr., of New York City, permanently endowed an essay medal, to be awarded annually by the Euzelian Society of Wake Forest College. Four essays were to be written, each on only two hours notice of the subject, and the medal was to be awarded by the judges to that contestant who showed the greatest ability to condense thought in the most persuasive language. It was also stipulated that each essay should not be under six hundred words in length. We take pleasure in publishing below the second two of the four winning essays. Rev. J. A. Long, a member of last year's Senior Class, now pursuing advanced courses in Rochester Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., was awarded the medal last year.—ED.]

SOUL LIBERTY AND HERESY TRIALS.

The ultimate goal toward which man tends is perfect freedom—freedom in thought, freedom in action. How it gladdens our hearts when we look down the future and almost realize our dreams of freedom. War and superstition ushered in the dawn of history hand in hand. War has given way to law; law is fast giving way before the reign of mind, and mind is being leavened by the sublime moral power that shall finally rule the world. Change is written upon everything. In fact, change is the only fixed law of Nature, stagnation means putrefaction and decay. Like the great Egyptian Sphinx, every age serves its mission and then sinks back into the earth to be remembered only as a relic. The past seems to have failed to recognize the fact that religion means progress. Now we recognize that God is back of the ages, and like a golden thread we see the hand of Providence following man. The aggregate history of man has always been forward, and never backward. The filthy caterpillar must go into the chrysalis before it can be the beautiful, flitting butterfly. So the misty conceptions man had of God must go through the reign of creeds before it could come forth bright and cheery, freighted with blessings for humanity. The living organism dies hard. It clings to the brittle thread as long as there is life; and none the less is it true of creeds. Notwithstanding the fact that creeds are not made to order, but are a product of their age, that does not give them a right to live. As we scan the pages of history we find that "heresy" has been the great gateway that has led to "soul liberty." Christ is the resurrection and the life, and Christ is in the midst of His church. It is and always has been in the pale of the church that He has raised the great reformers. The cry of "heresy" is nothing new, but that the heretic can go forward and proclaim reform is something new. The rack and thumbscrew

are in the past, and the day of "soul liberty" is dawning. The Christian has been tentatively holding that God was the author of Nature, now he believes it. Man is not a parasite upon the globe, but a part of it. The last century has revealed facts all but incredible. The astronomer, the geologist, the biologist who reads the book of Nature through the eye of faith can recognize the handwriting of God. Verily, men have been afraid of their best friend, truth. Truth is eternal. Truth cannot destroy itself. "When truth destroys truth, oh! fiendish, hellish contest." Truth will triumph. The theological Lilliputs grow tremulous and interpose their dictums, attempting to take care of truth, the great chariot in which God rides through the world. God needs no one to take care of His truth. Man's mission is to seek for truth. The awakened soul famishes for it and is willing to brave infamy, the stake, anything for truth. There have been impostors, and impostors there will be. Evil may be turned to good account. In the search for the "philosopher's stone" some of the most magnificent discoveries in chemistry were made.

Man's faith is always tried in transition. They may pull up from the shores of sound faith. They see the priest-ridden people of the last century as they rose in their disbelief and threw, as it were, their manacles against the very throne of God, but it was followed by an era of unparalleled Christian progress, and to-day we need think it nothing strange if there is an oversweeping wave of atheism. But let us remember that "Through all the ages one increasing purpose runs, and God broadens it with the process of the suns." Dogma and creed are destined to go—they must go. The reign of the church triumphant is upon us. Men haven't time to discuss dogma and creed. There is a dying, famishing, restless world calling to the true children of Light. Men have ascended the mountain heights and caught glimpses of the real, and come back to the valleys to lead the world thither.

Every man's heart is the center of those surging millions. Higher criticism may be a good thing, for the soul wants something positive to cling to. We remember the New Testament went through the fiery trial of criticism some twenty years ago, but now our faith is unshaken in its truth as an aggregate. So it will be with the Old Testament, doubtless. But we find that the greatest power in the world is living truth. If the Christian world wants to convince the world of the truth of religion, it must live it. If the expenditure of energy and talent that has been put forth to convict Dr. Briggs, and all to no avail, had been directed toward rescuing the fallen and helping the needy, how much better off would New York be to-day. The world is crying for fearless men, for this is a time that tries men's souls. It is a strong trial to lay down the weapons of controversy, buckle on the armor of the Lord and enter the heat of battle; to preach the Gospel of the carpenter's Son, which is to the meek and lowly as well as the noble, to the unlearned as well as the learned; to preach a gospel which was made for all times and for all peoples, remembering that God stands upon the battlements of heaven and supervises all. I have no fears as to what the future shall be. Truth shall triumph. The fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man is truly the hope of humanity.

JAMES LONG.

BACTERIA AND DISEASE.

For the last ten or twenty years no department of science has awakened such great and widespread interest as the science of medicine, and the most prominent among its branches is a careful scientific study of bacteria. Truly science has been the greatest contributor to human comfort. While the study of medicine has been a subject of careful and patient thought through all times, it had not become a science till

quite recently. The scientific study of bacteria has revolutionized medicine. The physician no longer takes as sacred a thing as human life and tampers with it, simply risking chances. He now reasons from cause to effect. When we read the development of the science of medicine, we see the powers of logic brought to the front as neither Mill nor Hamilton was able to do. It seems strange that it should have taken all these ages for man to learn that all Nature is governed by law. How often we have staggered and our faith has trembled as we have seen the scientist pushing back and hunting for the primordial germ, but it was by this process that this the greatest benefaction to humanity has been utilized. Step by step man is ascending the great stairway that leads to the Divine. Dr. Koch in his laboratory is serving God in that he brings comfort to his fellows, just as much as if he were proclaiming the everlasting word, and none the less, Dr. Gills in our own country. Even as late as the Civil War the most skilled physician stood helpless as he saw the fearful ravages of gangrene, but by the discovery of bacteria the physician knows the cause of inflammation, and now amputation scarcely has to be resorted to, and in case it does, the physician has learned how to so absolve his instruments and guard the operation as to render a surgical operation comparatively safe. As we know now, bacteria are the basis of all fevers and of such diseases as consumption. So the old idea of contagion and heredity have been greatly modified, if not changed. The atmosphere is charged with these. On mountain heights—though not so numerous—in the earth, we find them everywhere, except in a vacuum. Although their advantages may be as many as their disadvantages, still the great problem confronting the medical world is how to check their ravages. The biologist and botanist may discuss in detail as to whether they are plants or animals, but that is apparently immaterial with the physician. The physician—the world is anxious, impatient for the “fruits” of this discovery. Though it has

been slow, still mankind has learned the lesson that Bacon taught—experiment is the road to utility. While the physician experiments, the suffering world implores. The great preacher stands in his metropolitan pulpit, the philanthropist gives his millions to relieve the poor of the great cities, but I believe that Dr. Gills, of New York, as he inoculates the pig, the bird, the dog, etc., with the microscopic germs, will prove the greatest blessing of the age. Should he succeed in discovering the fluid that would destroy these unseen destroyers of life, many a sufferer would go forth with new life from the tenement houses and slums of the great cities. We still have something to expect from Dr. Koch. Though he has grown pale, and stooped in his work he persists in his research. We feel assured of one fact, that he or some other man will give the world this “elixir of life.” Franklin first learned to bottle electricity, but it was left to Morse to girdle the earth with an electric spark that spoke the thoughts of the mind. The scientist has already discovered the germ, and to-day has in bottles the representative cells of scores of diseases, but these remain yet to be mastered. It is true that, in a measure, we have found their utility. The dairyman knows how to manage his milk so as to preserve it best. He knows that bacteria are necessary in the production of butter, and much more so in the production of cheese. It was only after the discovery of bacteria that the chemist could explain fermentation. These illustrations are sufficient to prove the universality of bacteria, and their importance in science.

That bacteria are the prime cause of disease is now well known. So the physician no longer battles with the unknown, but with the real. As the basis of all life is the same, and (granting the Darwinian hypothesis) there can be no question of the fact, so it is possible as is being done, to study the laws of “bacteria and disease” in the lower animals and be enabled to apply the result to the comfort of man, just as in vivisection. There is one thing we do know. That if no new

developments in the science of bacteria are made, what has already been done is a veritable Godsend to humanity. But we take hope when we remember that what man has done is not even a measure of what he can do. If the progress of medical science in the last twenty years surpasses that of all antecedant ages, what may not be expected in the next twenty years with the possibilities of bacterial science just dawning?

JAMES LONG.

EDITORIALS.

DEBATING.

An alumnus of this institution, a growing preacher in one of the larger Northern cities, recently paid a visit to his *alma mater*. His attachment to Wake Forest has not diminished since graduation, but rather has grown with her increasing needs. An interest, livelier, perhaps, than any other, was expressed in the work of the Literary Societies: "What is the relative strength of each?" "What is the character of the work done, and the fitness and qualification of the students, having them, to become speakers?"

His inquiry elicited the reply that the debates in both Societies were comparatively tame, although the speeches were well prepared and the delivery almost faultless. Further investigation led to the disclosure of the fact that most of the speeches were first carefully written, memorized and then declaimed. The current impression that unless such preparation is made, but little effect will be produced upon the members of the Society, leads those desiring honors to cultivate this mode of writing their speeches. Thus the debate, once the liveliest and sharpest intellectual combat upon the college arena, has diminished into puerile declamation full of sophomoric eloquence.

This tendency can only result in untold injury, both to the Society and its members. It cultivates an unnatural style, stimulates affected or dramatic eloquence, and stifles the full development of the thinking powers. The ability to write a speech does not entail a thorough knowledge of the subject, nor the concentration of the mind upon the various phases of the question under discussion. This depends largely upon the literature the would-be debater has, and his power in

transforming the thought of the writer into his own, or transporting the sentences unchanged into his own speech. There is no mental development in copying, and no real oratory can be infused into speeches thus prepared.

A clearly written analysis is beneficial in any debate, and sometimes it is helpful to write a part or the whole of a speech for the purpose of securing a correct and lucid understanding of the query, but to depend exclusively upon such preparation is, to say the least, unwise and injurious.

How often is the debate upon an interesting question transformed into a succession of school-boy orations, all written upon the same subject, and differing but slightly in the character of the views presented! How often, in the discussion of England's course toward India, have Macaulay's Essays been re-hashed for the edification of a suffering audience!

The man who expresses himself clearly, concisely and forcibly, talks naturally and earnestly, is the true debater. His preparation begins in his habits of thought and conversation. His reading is necessarily wider and more voluminous than the one who just writes his speech. His analysis of the material in hand and its proper arrangement are original, and limited only by his mental capacity and judgment. Long before the debate he has become "full of his subject," and is conversant with all its various phases. He is prepared to discuss it with equal readiness and fluency either upon the campus or in the Society hall, and when he does secure the floor, he may not impress his audience as an orator, but he will do more, demand and secure their attention by his lucid reasoning and unanswerable argument. Such preparation develops the reasoning powers, prepares the young debater for any conflict of mind against mind that the future forces upon him, gives character and expression to his delivery, and fits him to be, in its truest sense, an argumentative debater and an orator of eloquence and power.

RUFUS WEAVER.

THE STUDENTS' AID FUND.

“Are the Southern States to be ‘the Ireland of America?’” The answer will be determined largely by the generation which is now living. If the masses of the people shall become as well educated as they are now virtuous and naturally intelligent, these States with their climate, fertility of soil, and undeveloped resources in mine and forest, will soon become the equal in all respects of any of the great sisterhood. But if they do not become generally educated, and that right soon, they are going to be left behind as laggards in the march of American development. Other things being equal, the country or state, or man or boy, that is educated will surely become more wealthy and have more influence than the boy or man, State or country, that has been content to remain in comparative ignorance. The South is full of boys on whom a short lapse of years will place a proportionate share of the responsibilities of maintaining the nation. Are they properly preparing for it? “Can they, may they, be educated?” The great question of a few years ago was, “How to bring the people to see and realize the need for a liberal education.” This has been answered by the efforts of the many hard-working educators. But an education costs money. The student is continually spending with no direct income. Hundreds who have not sufficient means to support themselves while in college are hungering for a better education. They are ready to make any sacrifice, but it has already cost them a great one to prepare to enter college, and their resources are exhausted. The problem of to-day is, How shall these men be educated? Is there no chance for them? The Students' Aid Fund solves this problem. The Aid Fund is no farce, not a bubble to burst with the first breath. It is chartered by the General Assembly of North Carolina, and is conducted on a substantial business basis. “The note given by a student is not regarded as

a pretext or fictitious or sentimental thing, but as good business paper." The rules for loans are liberal, and a very small interest is demanded. It aims to help those who cannot help themselves and are not aided by the Board of Education.

But this institution, though a beneficent one it is, is in no wise equal to the work to be done by it. The work is great, but the fund is small, much too small. It is doing much for this State and others, but with sufficient capital it might do double, even quadruple, what it is now doing. The Aid Fund needs more such friends as Mathew T. Yates and Julian S. Carr, to whom it shall ever be grateful. "Here is an opportunity to transmute money into intellectual and moral power, whose far-reaching and beneficent influence no man can foresee."

C. W. W.

MORE TIME FOR THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

The English language is not, as some maintain, a reservoir into which has flowed the refuse of other languages, but rather a beautiful, well-arranged garden, into which have been introduced the choicest, brightest flowers from sources far and near. The terse, classic Greek; the strong, practical Latin; the subtle, delicate French; the profoundly charming German, and the crude, suggestive Anglo-Saxon all meet and blend into one common speech, with occasional contributions from various other sources. All these languages have brought their best gifts as offerings to the rich and ever growing English. Our language is the culmination, the happy resultant, of powerful and long working forces, and yet we sometimes fail to appreciate the fact that we are the fortunate possessors of such a rich heritage. English is doubtless the most extensively spoken language in the world, and still it grows in favor and popularity. Mr. Gladstone says that it is destined to become the international language of the world.

Linked, as it is, with other tongues, comparatively little difficulty is experienced in acquiring a tolerably fluent use of it; and again, as the English-speaking people are the most commercial and progressive people of the world, and carry with them their language and customs wherever they go, yielding to no influence whatsoever, it does really seem that the prediction is not altogether without ground. In every civilized nation renewed interest is manifested and much time is devoted to the study of English. This ought to be a stimulus for us to give more attention to the study of our mother tongue. In our colleges, long years of diligent toil are devoted to other languages and the various sciences, while only a very short time is given to the study of English. Many graduates from our colleges thoroughly acquainted with other languages, ancient and foreign, can only with extreme difficulty frame a neat and correct English sentence. An illustration of this may be seen frequently in the case of young preachers who have attended college, taken a course in theology, and have a creditable knowledge of the classics, homiletics, church history and other such departments, but in the end do not meet with the success which they had expected when they come to practical work, simply because they have not acquired a knowledge of the English language adequate to express themselves. No amount of other knowledge, however useful and desirable within itself, can be substituted for a practical knowledge and fluent use of English. The man whose intention it is to appear before the public in any way, and who fails to acquire a judicious use of English, neglects to arm himself with the very instrument which he will most constantly need.

The English language is worthy certainly of closer study than it receives from a majority of so-called students. Indeed, it must be of greater importance to the young graduate that he know how to use skilfully his own language, than to have at his command any amount of Latin, Greek, or any

other of the branches taught in the common American college; and while all these branches are highly useful and helpful in their proper place, it can never be hoped that they can make good a deficient knowledge of English. Instead of giving one and, at best, two years to the study of English in our schools and colleges, we ought to give at least four years, even if, in so doing, the time given to some other branches is shortened.

SAM. J. PORTER.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

ON THE 4th day of March last, after thirty-two years of uninterrupted disappointment, the fondest hopes of the white men of the South were realized. That a Democrat is President, that the Senate is once more controlled by Democrats, that the House is overwhelmingly Democratic, are facts beyond doubt. But that the Nation in general, and the South in particular, are to derive any benefits from these facts remains to be seen. Four years is the allotted time for Democracy's promises and plans to be effected. We cannot predict the future. The Democracy has necessarily been the party of promises. If her promises are carried out, then we will have no need for the millennium. That many of them were made for political purposes is undeniable, and that they will never be realized is certain. But some changes will be made. In his inaugural address the President made only one promise, and that was to faithfully execute the duties of his office, and to the best of his ability "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." No more could be asked of any human being. It is more than the President who preceded him has done; witness his uncalled for efforts in behalf of the Force Bill and the Pension Fraud. In other

respects his administration has been above the average. In his judicial appointments he has selected men of character and ability, and in many instances has shown himself above partisan and factional prejudices in a degree far above what is expected of modern presidents. In his foreign appointments he has fairly maintained the respectability of the government. In his administration of home affairs, with the exception of the two instances above named, he has done fairly well, and especially in his treatment of the Indians does he deserve credit for justice and fairness. We cannot hold him directly responsible for the McKinley Tariff Law, as it was the main plank in the Republican platform on which he stood as a candidate for five months. A vote for him expressed the voter's wish that such a law be enforced. In his election he and his colleagues were led to believe that the people desired a protective policy, and they could not do otherwise than gratify that desire. Now that it has been put to the test, and it seems that the people are dissatisfied with its results, it is to be hoped that Cleveland and Democracy will spare no pains to repeal the law, and in its stead enforce one decidedly more moderate as far as tariff is concerned and less extensive in regard to articles embraced. For on this one question of the tariff the differences of Republicanism and Democracy depend; and the settlement of this question should sound the knell of one or the other of the two parties, and this beyond doubt would be a blessing to the country at large. The great parties are too old, and are too confident in their old age. Each has a following of office-seekers and demagogues who are in politics from solely selfish motives and have never had the good of the people at heart. If a party of the people in more than name should successfully arise, not so radical as the People's Party as regards the money question, but equally radical in their intention to rescue the government from the hands of professional politicians, there is no doubt but that all concerned would be benefited.

But this is almost an impossibility; witness the attempt of the People's Party a few months since. Beyond a shadow of a doubt its motives were pure, but before it had grown to any remarkable strength many of its leaders showed that they had lost the idea for which the party had been organized, and were only in it for the sake of what offices they might obtain; and this wrought the ruin of the People's Party. But another will arise in good time. The times demand it, and the unrest and dissatisfaction among the lower classes will not abide the present condition of affairs. But it looks just now, if we are to believe the editorial utterances of the leading Democratic organs, that Cleveland will fulfill the most sanguine hopes of the lower classes, and that in two years the people will not have cause for dissatisfaction. In his inaugural address Cleveland was rather vague and non-committal. From his utterances on that occasion we can form no outline of his administrative purposes. He intimated in no uncertain terms that he favored the traditional foreign policy of the land, and the establishment of our finances upon a "sound and sensible basis" (whatever that may mean), and a revenue so adjusted as to relieve the people of unnecessary taxation. Protection, the "hobby" of the Republicans, and free silver, the pet idea of the Third Party, are avowedly opposed. As opposed to James G. Blaine's famous utterance, "Trusts and combines are private affairs with which the public at large have nothing to do," Cleveland condemns combinations of business interests as "conspiracies against the interests of the people." But above all, his denunciation of the "wild and reckless pension extravagance" as "passing the bounds of grateful recognition of patriotic service and prostituting to vicious uses the people's prompt and generous impulse to aid those disabled in their country's defence," should bring joy to Southerners, as well as to all justice-loving citizens.

The revelations that will be made when the Pension Bureau is at last investigated by an honest administration will find

an equal only in the appalling Panama scandal which just now seems to have destroyed the fair name of our sister Republic. It is admitted by the authorities that at this day, twenty-eight years after the war, that 200,000 more pensions are paid on account of alleged services in the Civil War than there were in all the Union armies, in active service, at any one time between the first shot fired on Sumpter and the surrender at Appomattox. And more than that, there are at present more than 400,000 new claimants at the doors of the Pension Bureau awaiting their turn. Let the people once realize that this is depriving them of their money, and let every honest citizen, veteran soldier or civilian, congressman or constituent, Democrat or Republican, raise his voice against it, and we may rest assured that the Augean stables of the world's greatest Republic will be cleaned. If Grover Cleveland's administration can rescue the government from this situation and deal with the scandal with a firm and uncompromising hand, and restore the confidence of the people, he may indeed be looked upon as having conquered America's most formidable enemy, and his name will be handed down to the generations which are to come to be revered equally with that of Washington and Lincoln. Cleveland can succeed in accomplishing this end if he will.

Now that the Republican party, after so many years of active service, has passed from off the scene, it is only just that we, in bidding it four, perhaps forty, years of peaceful rest, should take one more retrospective glance at its course with unprejudiced eyes. Since the moment Abraham Lincoln assumed the reins of government until March 4, 1893, the Republican party has never ceased to dominate this Nation. It has lost the presidency once, the Senate for only two years, and seldom the House. Its record has been made, and cannot be altered. Its domination covers a generation, beginning back in the midst of the darkness of civil strife and political chaos and ends in the glorious sunshine of to-day. Can we attribute the prog-

ress this Nation has made along all the lines of civilization—commercial, financial, social, educational—during the intervening thirty-two years to its legislative policy, or is it all the result of our God-given resources? The Republicans hold to the former view, the Democrats to the latter. We believe that while credit should be given the Republican party for great wisdom, that our prosperity is largely due to the fact that this is America—a new country with far greater natural resources than any other known to man. Could Democracy have achieved equal success, and evolved our present national unity from the chaos of 1861, is a question which can never be answered. In our opinion it is well that the Republican party has held the reins. In the first place, its leaders were greater and more conservative than Democracy's, as is testified by the names of Lincoln, Grant, Blaine and John Sherman; and in the second, it is beyond doubt that the growing state of the Nation demanded a protective tariff.

The achievements of the Republican party may be summed up in a few words. It has enforced a protective tariff that protected New England and failed to protect the South, because we had no factories to be protected; it has furnished us a currency system which is requiring the wisdom of the world's greatest financiers to improve; it has reduced the national debt from \$76.80 to \$13.84 per capita; it has increased the amount of money in circulation from \$13.85 to \$24.07 for each individual; it has laid the foundation for a navy of which any nation might well be proud; and we suppose that we might give it credit for removing the shackles from 4,000,000 of slaves.

Now, whether greater and better things than these would have been accomplished by Democratic domination is a problem which can best be answered by voting the Democratic ticket for thirty-two years, and giving her a chance. We are sure of one thing: The *Mail and Express* of March 4 was mistaken when it said, "The sun of American prosperity passed its zenith to-day at noon, and as Grover Cleveland

became President again of the United States it began its setting." The prosperity of this Nation has never depended on the Republican party, and may an All-Wise Ruler protect her against the day when her prosperity must depend on the Democratic or any other party.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RUFUS WEAVER, Editor.

A NEW volume of stories, by Rudyard Kipling, will soon be issued with the title, *Many Intentions*.

PROF. A. S. HARDY, of Dartmouth, the distinguished novelist and mathematician, succeeds Howells as editor of the *Cosmopolitan*.

John Gray, by the rising Southern writer, James Lane Allen, is now published in book form. The story attracted unusual attention when it came out in Lippincott's *Magazine* some months ago.

Jane Field, a vivid story, by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, is winning golden opinions across the water. The English critics are so complimentary as to place her midway between Hawthorne and Howells.

DURING the past year 4,915 new books were published in England. In this number, fiction leads the list with 1,147, as compared with 896 during the preceding year; theology, 528; philosophy, 576, and history, 293.

The Bible, the Church and the Reason, the Three Great Fountains of Divine Authority, by Prof. Charles A. Briggs, is the latest contribution to the controversy which now is engaging the attention of all progressive thinkers and religious

teachers. Whatever may have been the outcome of the ecclesiastical trial of Dr. Briggs, the real trial is by the thoughtful public. This little volume is an epitome of the views held by this distinguished scholar, and it will be eagerly read by all who wish to do him justice.

THE publishing house of Dodd, Mead & Co., recently paid \$2,000 for the manuscript of the *Poems by Two Brothers*, Charles and Alfred Tennyson, printed in March, 1827. Of these, fifty-six are written by Charles Tennyson, and the remainder by the lamented Poet-Laureate.

DR. NEWMAN SMYTH, pastor of the First Congregationalist Church, New Haven, Conn., best known, perhaps, to the reading public as the author of *Old Faiths in New Lights*, has just completed a new work, entitled *Christian Ethics*, published by the Scribners. He writes in a refreshingly clear, manly manner, and delights the reader by his simple language and original thought. "The work is divided into The Christian Ideal, in which the revelation of that ideal, its nature and its progressive realization are set forth; and Christian Duties, in which the personal and social exercise of those duties, and finally their exercise in direct relation to God, are considered.

THOMAS HARDY, the famous novelist, is a slim, bald-headed man of middling height, with rather beetling brows, and a singularly pleasant face. Though thoughtful in manner and somewhat melancholy-looking, he is an interesting and amusing companion. He began life as an architect, and lives in a quaint old mansion of his own designing. His house stands exactly over an old Roman graveyard, and with cheery practicality he has turned the bones of the old legionaries to ornamental purposes, the drive up to the door being studded with these funeral remains.

Unlike Walter Besant and other contemporary novelists, he is a firm believer in the inspiration theory, writing only when the composing fit is upon him. He has written in all some

dozen novels, each of which has enriched the fiction which deals with heaths and villages, and his portraits of peasant life have been compared with justice to Shakespeare. In fact, there are some critics who declare him to be the greatest of living romancers. His last book, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, is generally accounted his best. He is strongly attached to all his characters, but often forgets their names, and has to be set right by his wife, who acts as his "right-hand man" in his literary work.

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE, whose death occurred in Paris on the 5th inst., was one of the great critics of the present age. He was a man of unusual literary attainments, and for forty years his opinions and criticisms have influenced the decisions of the literary world. He is best known to the American reading public through his masterly *History of English Literature*. In this work he fails to appreciate the quality of Thackeray as a critic of English society, and also the poetic spirituality of Tennyson.

Taine was born April 21, 1828, at Vouziers. He studied at the Bourbon College in Paris, taking the diploma of letters in 1853. His first volume of note, *The French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century*, published in 1856, created quite a sensation by his severe arraignment of these learned *savants*. In 1865, he received the appointment of Professor of History at the School of Fine Arts in Paris. Five years later, he published his four-volume *History of English Literature*, and through this masterly effort his character as a literary critic was emphatically assured.

LYMAN ABBOTT has compiled a series of lectures, recently delivered by him before the Lowell Institute of Boston, and published them under the title, *The Evolution of Christianity*. While the thought is by no means new, yet the presentation of it is clear, and well suited to the popular mind. The *motif* of the book is well expressed in the writer's own words:

"In the spiritual, as in the physical world, God is the secret and source of life; phenomena, whether material or spiritual are the manifestations of his presence; but he manifests himself in growth, not in stereotyped and stationary forms; and this growth is from lower to higher, from simpler to more complex forms, according to well defined and invariable laws, and by a force resident in the growing object itself. That unknown force is God—God in Nature, God in the church, God in society, and God in the individual soul. The only cognizable difference between evolution in the physical and evolution in the spiritual realms, is that Nature cannot shut God out, nor hinder his working, nor disregard the laws of its own life; but man can, and does."

The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.00.

EXCHANGES.

W. H. JONES, Editor pro tem.

OUR exchanges for this month, although not as numerous as usual, approach more nearly to the literary standard. The editorials bespeak efficient management, the subjects of which are suggestive and their treatment short and spicy. This gives an opportunity for the development of a wider literary character throughout each institution. We think the method commendable.

THE *Guilford Collegian* comes out in gay and festive attire. However, our impression is that her design is very suggestive of the title-page of one of her exchanges.

THE *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* hails from the far West, full of sound sense and sparkling humor. The editorial department of the *Monthly* is second to none.

“The professors are wrong,” said the student at college,
“In giving me marks that are low;
For with Huxley I think the height of all knowledge
Lies in the three words, “I don’t know!”—*Ex.*

IT IS with pleasure that we welcome the March number of the *Journal*. Our impressions, after a brief review, are very favorable. The feature of this issue is the editorial. Success to you, Alabamians.

THE exchange department of the *Carolinian* is the feature of the magazine. The editor proves himself a critic of merit. Writers of *editorials* would do well to read what he says on the subject.

DAMAGE suits enter even within the sphere of college life. “A member of Franklin College, Indiana, now sues the Athletic Association for \$10,000, as a result of an injury received while playing on their foot-ball team.”

“LISTEN!” said one student to another, “there comes the professor of mathematics, and from the way he’s singing, I should judge that he’s full of beer.” “Yes,” replied his roommate, “he is reciting his *lager-rythms*.”—*Ex.*

LET us always be loyal and true to our *Alma Mater* in our hearts and in our word, and never by any means place a stumbling-block in the way of her progress. Unity plus loyalty plus activity to the fourth power equal college spirit.—*Ex.*

THE *Furman Journal* for February is above the average. While the exchange department is poor, the general tone of the magazine is excellent. The author of “Aurora’s Gifts” is a poet of no little genius, in-the-way-of unique description and imagery.

THE *Guardian*, published not by the students, but in connection with Baylor University, is a magazine of no mean literary character. Among other contributions we read with much interest an excellent sermon from Dr. W. S. Penick, of Shreveport, La. We have often met with this gentleman in the “Old Dominion.”

AMONG other readable articles in the *Wafford Journal*, a sketch of "Elizabeth Barrett Browning" is especially meritorious. The study requisite to the preparation of such character sketches imparts an education that can be obtained through no other medium. Our college magazines would do well to cultivate this particular phase of literature.

PERHAPS none of our exchanges have been characterized by such a marked improvement as the *Elon Monthly*. The editorials of the number before us are not as good as usual, but the contributions are of a high order. Among the latter, "A Dream," is particularly attractive. The writer has certainly shown herself the possessor of a beautiful flow of language in picturing an interesting tour through space to some of the remote planets, and the article is very rich in imagination.

THE *Trinity Archive* for February contains quite an ably written article on "Southern Literature of the Past and of the Future." We lament, with the writer, the fact that our Southern literature is not what it should be, either in quality or in composition. It is only too true that a large percentage of literary productions by Southern writers cannot withstand the criticisms of justice. We can think of no riper field for literature, and we long to see the scenes and history of the South yield an abundant harvest to future writers.

ALUMNI NOTES.

SAM. J. PORTER, Editor.

—'77. E. B. Jones is a progressive lawyer in the thriving town of Winston. He was a useful and active member of the session of the Legislature just closed.

—'79. N. Y. Gully, Esq., of Franklinton, is one of our best and most popular lawyers. He has an extensive practice and enjoys the highest confidence of all who know him.

—'80. Rev. C. S. Farriss is Professor of Greek in the young but prosperous Stetson University, of Deland, Fla.

J. L. Memory ('82-'84) is a prosperous merchant at Whiteville, N. C. He is an energetic and successful business man and has the full confidence and respect of all his patrons.

—'83. The following deserved compliment from Dr. Tupper is copied from *The Baptist*. In introducing Thos. Dixon, Jr., when he delivered his lecture on "Backbone" Dr. Tupper said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you would hardly think from his appearance, but it is nevertheless the truth, that the lecturer of the evening is supposed to be the happy possessor of the largest backbone in the metropolis of America. Gigantic forces have failed to snap or bend it, and although he has of late lifted some heavy burdens, he has never been known to complain of backache. The robins of Long Island and the robbers of New York have felt the force of his bullets and backbone and, doubtless, both wished that they had not been within gunshot when he was around. As a certain historical character slew the enemies of Israel by a jawbone, this modern Sampson resorts to the backbone to put terror into the ranks of the Philistines of social and political corruption! May the shadow of his backbone never grow less, and long may he live to strengthen the feeble vertebra of humanity! I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen, to present to you the lecturer of the evening, the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of New York, who is the illustration and incarnation of his subject, 'Backbone.'"

J. L. Kelly ('86) is principal of a good school at Cedar Springs, Ga., and, we are pleased to note, doing well.

—'89. Rev. S. D. Swain is pastor of churches in the vicinity of Wilmington. As a pastor, he is energetic, faith-

ful and esteemed by his people. He is also becoming known as an evangelist of considerable zeal and earnestness. He well deserves to meet with success, and we predict for him a career of great usefulness.

—'89. Prof. H. A. Foushee is teaching at Murfreesboro Baptist Female Institute. While at college he was editor of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, and graduated as valedictorian of his class. He is a young man of unusual attainments and of strong christian character, and his influence for good will be felt more and more as the years pass. Would that we had more such young men as Mr. Foushee who would devote themselves to the educational interests of the State as he has done.

—'92. J. G. Mills and Z. B. Sanders ('89-'91) are joint principals of a flourishing high school at Wavesboro, Ga.

—'92. We are pleased to learn that Rev. M. A. Adams has returned to North Carolina. Having given up his work in Tennessee, he goes to Monroe as Pastor of the Baptist Church.

—'92. Rev. R. W. Cullom, who is now a student at the Louisville Theological Seminary, recently read before the Missionary Society of that place an essay on the life and work of Dr. M. T. Yates, late missionary to China.

—'92. O. J. Peterson is Principal of the High School at Burgaw in Pender County. From last reports he had enrolled eighty-three students. A good permanent school is needed in that section of the State, and Mr. Peterson is the man for the place.

—'92. We were glad to have with us recently for a few days Mr. W. B. Daniel, Principal of the Male Academy at Louisburg. While at college Mr. Daniel was a remarkably fine student and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. We are glad to learn that he has a flourishing school and is pleased with his situation.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

“All the world’s a campus and all the people in it football players; when a player is once down all get on top of him.”

Mr. W. L. Foushee is elected business manager of the football team for '93. He is an efficient man and will guard well the finances of the team.

We failed to mention in the last issue that Mr. D. M. Prince, who served so faithfully and well as manager of the football team of '92, had, as evidence of his ability, been elected manager of the baseball team.

The change in baseball rules adopted by the conference of baseball men which met in New York the 8th inst. will affect us very little. The only material change was placing the pitcher five feet farther from the bat. It is not yet certain whether the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association will adopt that this season.

The class of young ladies in physical culture at Oxford Female Seminary have expressed a purpose of presenting a class banner to the class at this place that shall win in the relay running on Field Day. A novel idea; and we think a better one hard to conceive. At any rate, no gold-medal contest will be so heated and exciting. Class pride usually goads the runner on to his best, but add to this the stimulus of a banner designed and arranged by the daughters of our sister Institution, every nerve, every sinew and every power in the relay will be tried. Dormant powers that he knew not existed, will manifest themselves in strong, manly efforts. We commend you for such a proposition, and our gratitude cannot be expressed; but know, young ladies, that we feel it.

An important, helpful exercise, and one in which all can indulge, is given by Indian clubs. It is apparently a simple and light exercise, and true it is; simple enough that every one may easily acquire a number of the different movements, and the clubs vary in weight to suit the strength of the performer. These features recommend it. Though light, it squares the shoulders and strengthens the chest and back, and these, most of all portions of the body, need strengthening, because they form a casement of the vital organs. A full chest is essential to strong lungs. A pitiable object is a form with a sunken chest and hacking cough, and it is all the more disparaging when we feel that some neglect of the person himself may have been a cause. If the lungs are weak, to strengthen them requires development of the chest. A strong back is a counterpart of strong kidneys. Square shoulders give more room for the free action of the heart and full, deep inflation of the lungs. Club-swinging is the regularly prescribed exercise for pulmonary complaints. Apart from the health-giving properties, it makes the movements and carriage more graceful, manners easy, and the general appearance more imposing.

Health within itself is a fortune. Numbers of poor, suffering beings have spent fortunes to regain it when too late. We are usually unconcerned about disease until we are in its clutches, then the doctor's craft is the only resort. It is better to do battle against the cause rather than the effect. The preventives lie wrapt in Nature, and "health can be preserved by exercise alone." We copy a few general principles, or laws, essential to the care of health:

"*Diet*.—Late hours and late meals should be avoided. Simple food, without spices or stimulants, should be regularly taken in moderate quantities.

"*Pure Air*.—Health requires that we breathe the same air once only. Thorough ventilation of the house and place of

business, and especially the sleeping-rooms, should be attended to.

“*Clothing*.—An equal temperature of the body should be maintained by exercise, or clothing which should be adapted to the season of the year, and include proper underclothing. The feet should always be protected by warm stockings and shoes.

“*The Bath*.—The body should be kept perfectly clean. A soap and water bath should be taken at least once a week. This is a valuable adjunct to health, as it prevents the accumulation of impurities discharged through the pores of the skin.

“The elementary principles of health are pure air, perfect cleanliness, well-cooked food, and plenty of sun-light.”

Under this department in the last issue we made reference to introducing music into gymnasia. It might not be amiss here to notice some of the results of investigation and experiment by eminent physicians on music as a remedial agent, which appear in *Review of Reviews*. Dr. Blackman read a paper before the Literary Society of Portsmouth, England, in which he discussed whether music, as a remedy, should be relied on by physicians. He quotes from the physician in charge at the convict prison of Portland, that the effect of music transmitted by reflex action on the nerves, dilates the blood vessels so that the blood flows more freely and increases the sense of warmth. Increased blood supply affects nutrition, upon which the restoration of health depends, therefore the musician is an indispensable ally of the physician. Dr. Blackman, in speaking of the Guild of St. Cecilia, says that the main features of its work are:

“1. To test, by trials made in a large number of cases of illness, the power of soft music to induce calmness of mind, alleviation of pain, and sleep.

“2. To provide a large number of specially-trained musicians, who shall be in readiness to answer promptly the summons of a physician.

"3. To provide a large hall in a central part of London, in which music shall be given throughout all hours of the day and night. This music to be conveyed by telephone attached to certain wards in each of the chief London hospitals."

As a result of the operations, the general effect was that music produced general tranquillity and induced sleep to over fifty per cent. of the patients. The infirmary committee at Helensburgh put a piano in the hospital and a choir of ladies rendered vocal and instrumental music for the benefit of the patients. The effect on seven out of ten was to reduce the temperature of the patients, and, also, the pain which they suffered. It has been shown that the violin, when well played, has the most soothing effect. Dr. Blackman thinks the results already obtained justify him in asserting that much may yet be done in alleviating the pain and sufferings of the sick in hospitals by the judicious employment of music.

A summary of the workings of Yale's \$300,000 gymnasium, which has been opened less than six months, cannot fail to interest the admirers of a strong and symmetrical body. Under the old management, when few but candidates for some team ever entered the gymnasium for exercise, there was just cause for the objections held against college athletics, but now five hundred men are present any afternoon, using the various machines and the running track, and classes of from fifty to a hundred meet at night for special courses for all-round development. When a student with a sunken chest, round shoulders, or any weak parts, wishes to develop those parts, he does not go successively to a number of machines and exercise violently, strain the muscles and injure himself, but goes to the medical adviser of the gymnasium and asks to be measured. The measurements are recorded on the anthropometric chart. The adviser fills out a card, stating the man's physical condition. This card is taken to the physical director and he prescribes on another card the muscles which need developing. This card in turn is given to Mr. Anderson

on the exercise floor, who gives the applicant a list of the machines which are to be used for his best development. These are easily found by numbers according to the guide-book, and he sets to work. He has the satisfaction of knowing that he is getting the right kind of exercise to build up the weak points without danger of straining any parts. He is not developing one part alone, but is laying the foundation for a good constitution. Dr. Anderson says: "In preparing the bodily training for the coming years, we have studied the means that make the mental branches a success. The systems in other colleges have been thoroughly examined, and it has been found that something is wanting in the gymnasium training of our students. It must be progressive, and it must be interesting. The needs of the college men are: Better health; better developed bodies; a better knowledge of the care and control of these bodies; grace of motion and suitable hours for recreative sports and rest from mental labor. The work must be planned for a large majority of students who do not take part in the athletic games, but who need, more than others, special bodily training."

THE COMING CONTEST.

Football has gone into winter quarters. The brawn and muscle of each favorite *eleven* may rest for a season. Once again athletic interest centers around the *diamond*. And now that the oft-repeated subject—*professionalism*—has been settled, we can proceed with more satisfaction. Men of Wake Forest, you who are to represent your *alma mater* in the coming contest, let me remind you that we have a reputation to sustain. Let me urge upon you and all baseball players in college, the necessity of untiring labor in honest, faithful training. Let each man be upon the grounds every afternoon at 3 o'clock, determined to do his utmost in the way of practice. Then, in victory or defeat, we can have nothing to regret.

W. H. J.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

THE Seniors win!

WHERE are the Sophs.?

MISS WALTERS is on a visit to Miss Daniels, of Weldon.

MISS PACE, of Neuse, is on a visit to her friends of this vicinity.

MISS STONE, of Raleigh, has returned from a visit to Dr. Edwards.

THE Senior vacation fiend is on the war-path. Let the Faculty take notice.

MISS PRIMROSE has returned to her home, Raleigh, from a visit to Mrs. William Dickson.

ONE of our logic class seniors has developed from analogy that philology means the science of love.

WAVERLY DANIELS, '92, spent a few days with his friends on the Hill during the first of the month.

THE score tells the tale—Seniors 24; Sophs. 17. And now for the Junior game, and we are the champions.

THE days of fishing parties are again at hand. Just now several parties are being organized to spend Easter at Moore's pond.

AN ATHLETIC exhibition, complimentary to the ladies of this and suburban districts, will be held on the afternoon of the 25th.

REV. A. C. DIXON, of Brooklyn, has consented to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon before the class of '93. A fortunate selection.

DR. TAYLOR is at present taking a few days rest at home, having just returned from a trip to Savannah, Ga., in the interest of the college.

MISS ALLEN, of the Musical Department of Peace Institute, Raleigh, was on the Hill a few days since much, to the pleasure of her friends.

MISS DANIELS, of Weldon, who so ably assisted the ladies of the Hill in the recent entertainments, has returned after a sojourn of three weeks.

A VERY pleasant surprise party was tendered Miss Evabelle Simmons by several young ladies and gentlemen of the Hill on the evening of the 23d.

AND NOW the voice of the Sophomoric Prep. is heard in the land crying in strange voice: "*Quousque tandem abutere O, crinolina, patientia nostra.*"

MESSRS. T. H. CRUDUP, J. E. YATES, T. B. LAMBETH, and D. R. BRITTON, W. H. JONES and S. L. ARTTLEMYER have been elected commencement marshals by their respective societies.

THE lectures announced for the first week of the month by Dr. Taylor and Professor Mills were postponed on account of the number of entertainments which came off that week.

REV. D. W. HERRING, missionary to China, delivered a lecture here the evening of the 8th inst., setting forth his views and plans as to the manner of conducting the work in China.

WE WERE glad to see Mr. Oliver Dockery, Jr., of the class of '92, on the Hill sometime since on his way to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he enters the celebrated Eastman Business College.

DR. POWELL, the distinguished Baptist Missionary to Brazil, delivered a very instructive and interesting lecture on the missionary's life in his field on the evening of the 8th inst., before an appreciative audience.

ON THE afternoon of the 23d the stores of A. J. Davis & Co., and Purefoy & Reid held their annual spring opening of millinery. Misses Luvell and Aylor, the milliners of the respective firms, arrived sometime since.

Now that Saint Valentine's day has come and gone, and the ground-hog has severed the vertebral column of the winter of our discontent, it is to be sincerely hoped that our friends will cease their doleful songs about "out in the sno-o-o-w."

THE members of Professor Rayhill's late class in elocution held a medal contest on the evening of the 16th inst. The declamations throughout were very good. Mr. Anderson was awarded the medal, which was delivered by Professor Laneau in his usual happy style.

MR. MATTHEW COPPEDGE, ESQ., for a long time constable of this precinct, died on the night of the 13th inst. Mr. Coppedge was a faithful officer of the law, and made many friends in this community. To his family THE STUDENT extends its sincere sympathy.

DURING the month we were glad to have a visit from Messrs. E. K. Proctor, Jr., of Lumberton, and J. H. Tucker, of Asheville. Mr. Proctor is busy making arrangements for the opening of Robeson Institute next September. He expects to make this a "feeder" to Wake Forest.

SAM. J. PORTER, of the present Senior Class, and a member of the editorial staff of THE STUDENT, has returned from Richmond, Va., where, on the 20th inst., he was set apart by the Southern Board as a Baptist Missionary to Brazil. Mr. Porter as a student has made a record to be proud of, and no doubt will meet with well-deserved success in his new field.

THE student body has lately undergone a severe siege from the various enterprising clothing firms of the State. Mr. Hinton, representing Cross & Linehan; Mr. Lampkin, of the Whitings, Raleigh; Mr. Long, of Rogers & Co., Charlotte, spent several days with us exhibiting unusually nice lines of men's clothing. Mr. F. W. Dickson, of Rosenthall's, Raleigh, will be here on the 26th inst.

THE Field-Day medals have arrived from the manufacturers and are on exhibition at the gymnasium. They are more

costly and beautiful than any that have been given on previous occasions. The following are the Field-Day officers for 1893: President, E. W. Sikes; Executive Committee, D. M. Prince, G. W. Blanton, J. C. Howard; Field Judges, T. H. Crudup, W. L. Foushee, E. Y. Webb; Track Judges, J. W. Bailey, C. W. Wilson, R. T. Daniel; Timers, Thomas E. Holding; T. J. Pence, Thomas Briggs; Scorers, J. E. Yates, D. T. Moss; Marshals, Kittrell, A. Jones, H. Jones, McNeill, Britton, R. O. Fry. Date of Field Day, April 28, 1893.

AT THE unanimous request of the residents of the Hill, students and people of the suburban district, the excellent entertainment by the ladies of this vicinity for the benefit of the Athletic Association was repeated Thursday evening, March 2, before a large and appreciative audience. The vocal solos, and the grand and beautiful tableaux from Anthony and Cleopatra deserve especial mention. The performance throughout was an improvement, if possible, on that of the week previous. We only wish that our space would allow a detailed "write up" of the program. The net receipts of the two entertainments were something over \$125, all of which the ladies donated to athletics. Once more, in behalf of the Association, we wish to assure the ladies that their efforts will never be forgotten. Surely, if the old gold and black does not carry off the pennant this year, it will not be for lack of encouragement and inspiration.

WITH this issue Mr. D. R. Britton, of Bertie County, takes charge as Business Manager of THE STUDENT. Mr. Prince, the retiring Manager, has made an excellent officer and retires from his position with the hearty thanks of the Societies.

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Vol. XII. WAKE FOREST, N. C., APRIL, 1893.

No. 7.

DESTRUCTION OF AMERICAN FORESTS.

A gift from Providence should not be thought more lightly of because it is widespread and seemingly exhaustless. All the bounties of Nature have their particular offices and functions in the grand mechanism of a world, whether known or unknown to man. To him they are all entrusted as an integral part in his maintenance and happiness, and for their proper use and end he is responsible. For years past differences of opinion have prevailed as to the full extent of the *role* played by the forest in the common weal. But however varied these opinions may have been, nearly all now agree in recognizing its agency in five important particulars. These are: First, as regulating temperature and climatic conditions; second, as influencing the rainfall and water-supply; third, as affecting conditions of soil and vegetable growth; fourth, as furnishing material for arts, and fifth, as a fuel supply. It is not our purpose, however, to speak of these several uses alone, but more properly of our imminent danger in not rightly husbanding this free gift of an all-wise Creator.

By the Druids the forests were considered sacred, but by us quite to the contrary, as a casual glance will show. To see

the desolate results of deforestation we have but to observe some of the older countries, and even parts of our own land, now under question. Let us notice some of these effects as they present themselves to us. The heat of the air is caused almost entirely by radiation, and when some barrier, as a forest, intercepts the rays of the sun before they strike the ground, their heat is dissipated by the green, damp foliage, and more scattered than when descending full on the earth. A part is radiated from the tops of the trees, while more is employed in taking up moisture from the leaves and the damp, shaded ground. The soil retains for a longer time its water, and thus reduces the mean temperature to a considerable extent. That forests likewise furnish a barrier against the chilling winds and snow-storms of winter any will testify. Lumbermen know that in the midst of a dense forest the fiercest winds are known only by the swaying of the trees and the roaring in their tops above.

Due to the devastation of their forests, we see great districts of country barren wastes, parched by the unobstructed rays of the sun in summer and swept by the merciless and destructive winds and storms of winter—once the home of a prosperous and happy people—now bleak and uninhabited deserts. Growing crops are parched up in summer and pinched by the unobstructed rigors of winter. Instances of this desolation are vividly shown in the eastern part of Russia, over which the desert blasts of the east sweep with devastating effect, covering the region with burning sand where once were rich forests and luxuriant vegetation. Some writers think it very probable that the great desert of Northern Africa may once have been “a region of groves and fountains and the abode of happy millions.” In France and Italy there are regions where the grape, olive and orange once abounded, but where they now refuse to grow, on account of the lack of protection afforded by mother earth’s verdant mantle. Trees have also a marked influence on the healthfulness of a section by the

office of absorbing carbon-dioxide, which is injurious to animal life, and giving off oxygen needed by them. Malarial and other diseases follow in the wake of the woodman's axe.

The effect of forests on rainfall, though not so manifest, is known to be real, while its office as a regulator of the water-supply and drainage cannot be denied. The thick mold of decaying leaves and branches, together with the myriad of roots, form a kind of sponge, readily absorbing the water as it falls and gradually giving it out to the rivulets. On the other hand, where the ground is bare, the water, unobstructed, dashes down, carrying with it the soil and all organic matter, the fertility of the land, and swelling the otherwise harmless streams to devastating torrents. In this there is a threefold damage: First, the carrying off of the soil, leaving behind little fertility, but plenty of washes; second, the disastrous effect of swollen streams on life and property; and third, the blockading and obstructing of commerce and manufacture by filling larger watercourses with sand and *debris*. Instances of the latter are common in Russia where navigation, even on the Volga, is seriously impeded. In open land the streams so abnormally swollen immediately after a shower almost or entirely dry up when there is a lack of rain.

By those understanding anything of the conditions regulating rainfall, the forests are known beyond a doubt to be a prime factor in these. Their cooling effect on the atmosphere tends to condense the moisture of passing clouds, causing a precipitation of rain. This is not only proved by theory, but by actual observation. Where forests are wanting the rainfall is invariably scant, while on the other hand barren and almost rainless regions when planted with trees have shown a marked increase in rainfall. The island of Ascension, formerly barren and almost entirely without a water-supply, after being planted with trees now affords an abundance of vegetation with a copious supply of water, supplying the garrison and passing ships. Dr. Rogers, in speaking of Mauritius,

says: "So late as 1864 the island was resorted to by invalids from India as the 'pearl' of the Indian Ocean, it being then one mass of verdure. But when the forests were cleared to gain space for sugar cultivation, the rainfall diminished, the rivers dwindled down to muddy streams, the water became stagnant in cracks, crevices and natural hollows, while the equable temperature of the island entirely changed, drought was experienced in the midst of the ocean, and thunder-showers were rarely any longer witnessed. * * * The hills were subsequently planted with trees, and the rivers and streams resumed their former dimensions."

Forests have also a decided influence for good in case of snow. Being warmer in winter than the open ground it does not fall so deep, and is uniformly distributed. The warm ground melts the snow gradually beneath, while its sponge-like soil absorbs the water to give it out slowly as it is needed by the brooks. The shelter afforded by the trees prevents the too rapid melting seen in open land, the cause of many widespread and destructive floods. By these extremes in the water-supply where forests are wanting, the soil, as a consequence, is swept off to fill up watercourses, seriously impeding commerce and manufacture. With the soil goes the hope of all vegetable products, and with this not the farmer alone feels the effect but the whole country, for from the soil all life must come. Not only in the Old World are these desolate wastes to be seen, but here in America—this new land of ours—the effects of deforestation vividly and unmistakably show themselves in the hills and mountain sides, once fertile, now barren and unpromising as the sands of Sahara.

We need not speak here of the forest as a furnisher of raw material for the arts. The want in this line is already being felt, and far-seeing minds are not slow to conclude that at the present rate of destruction the end must come soon. Without this fundamental material there can be no adequate substitute.

As a source of the fuel supply it is highly necessary that the forests be preserved. The coal-fields of the world cannot last long with the present rate of consumption. And this will not remain fixed, but will continue to increase as commerce and manufacture broaden. England already sees the day in no far distant future when her coal supply will be exhausted, when she will be compelled to suspend manufacture or look to some other country for the supply. What substitute does man know when the coal-beds are exhausted and forests a thing of the past? The former can never increase, but the latter, if preserved and rightly used, will grow, and, as far as we can see, must be our hope for the future.

In some portions of Europe the peasant must travel miles for a single armful of wood, and because of its scarcity can bake bread but once in six months. In the "Iowa Horticultural Report" for 1875, speaking of blizzards in the Northwest, we find quoted the following: "More people have been frozen within the last year in Northwest Iowa and West Minnesota than were ever murdered by the Indians in those counties since their settlement." The same, speaking of the remedy, says: "I see none that would do but timber planting. It alone would stop these terrible winds, modify the climate and furnish landmarks for the traveler." Instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely of regions of country where this serious want is felt, but space does not permit.

Having occupied the American soil only four hundred years, we, as a nation, have indeed a cause for uneasiness. If the population continues to increase in the same proportion that it has for the last ten years, and I see no just reason why it should not, the total exhaustion of forest and coal supply is an inevitable result, and that too at no very distant day, unless some steps be taken for the perpetuity of the former. With now thirty acres or nearly per capita, what can we expect when our numbers are so increased as to limit it to five acres, or perhaps less? Is it not better to save and properly use

what we now have and encourage the replanting and protection of forests than to allow this depredation to continue and then look for a substitute? Is it not our duty to posterity, rather than putting upon them the hopeless task of devising something for this serious lack? Shall the New World be dismantled and transformed into a barren waste, or shall we stay our reckless extravagance and destructive encroachments upon this, one of Nature's kindest gifts? Let the history of other nations be a warning to us. Let the people as a whole unite on this important problem. Let the government take it in hand and offer a bounty for the planting of forests where they are so seriously needed. "Schools of forestry" should be established where instructions may be given of the growth and care of forests. In Europe necessity has prompted the founding of institutions of this kind. The first of these was established in the year 1770 by Frederick the Great at Berlin. Their popularity and number has continually advanced, and now "schools of forestry" are common in Germany, France, Austria, Russia, Hungary, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark and Finland. The influence of these has been felt in no small degree in protecting the original forests and in replanting the dismantled and barren wastes. Very little advances in this line have been made so far in America, but the time will come when we will see the need of caution, when necessity will urge us to a serious consideration of the true value of our forests.

JUL. E. YATES.

A PIONEER OF SCIENCE.

The man who dares to advance beyond the beaten paths in any realm of thought and to give to the world the result of his investigations, is sure to be misrepresented and calumniated by prejudiced and unsympathizing people, and it requires a patient and enduring mind to push out into the

unknown and make any worthy attainments in the face of these difficulties. Such a man was Charles Robert Darwin. Born of a scientific family and reared in the study of Nature, he was eminently fitted for the work of his life. But he far transcended the sphere for which his birth and advantages had prepared him, and, Columbus like, launched boldly upon an untried sea of original thought and enquiry, which led to the discovery and promulgation of some of the most beautiful and important truths in the great scheme of Nature.

His grandfather was a poet and scientist, his father an eminent physician. Young Charles was left motherless at the age of eight. On the following year he was placed in a grammar school under the care of Bishop Butler, but the classics, which comprised the greater part of the instruction in all English schools of that day, had no charms for him, and he spent the most of his time in long solitary rambles through the fields and forests of Shrewsbury in the study of mother earth and her teeming productions.

In 1825, at the age of sixteen, he entered the University of Edinburg to prepare for the practice of medicine. Here, in his devotion to geology, zoology and botany, he neglected the other studies that led to a degree in *materia medica*, and soon formed a distaste for the calling of physician.

In 1828 he matriculated at Christ's College at Cambridge, with the view of becoming a minister of the Church of England. Here his peculiar genius and originality were soon recognized, and he became associated with the leading scientific men of the time. His chosen work was pursued with redoubled energy, and, in the minutest details, with a patience and perseverance of which a mind less powerful than his would have been utterly incapable. He graduated in 1831 and was soon after offered and accepted a passage on the exploring vessel, *Beagle*, with a company of naturalists, who spent five years in the study of plant and animal life in South America, New Zealand and the Pacific. Thus an opportunity was given

him for gaining the knowledge by actual experience and for collecting the data upon which he was to found the theory of evolution.

Upon his return home in 1836 he was given the degree of Master of Arts—it should have been Master of Science—by his *alma mater*, and was elected a member of the leading scientific societies of England. Not yet, however, did he give his peculiar convictions to the world. He chose to spend twenty long years in careful experiments and close observations that he might not ask his fellowmen to believe a crude hypothesis unsupported by abundant evidence of its truth. But in the meantime he made a number of contributions to science, which, had he done nothing else, would have placed him among the foremost men of his time.

In 1859 the thinking world was astounded by the appearance of the "Origin of Species," in which the author advocated the theory that all living organisms, both plant and animal, are descended from some primeval form by gradual growth and improvement through the lapse of measureless time. It was received with surprise and indignation, especially by clergymen and orthodox members of the church, but its convincing logic and vast array of facts gradually won men to his views, until now the great majority of the students of science in every civilized country are open advocates of the principles of Darwinism; they are accepted by many religious leaders in all denominations, and are slowly but surely making their way to the less enlightened masses.

Although it was clearly indicated that the human family was included in the theory of the Origin of Species, Darwin saw fit to make it the subject of a special work and to trace its lineage in the "Descent of Man," which was published in 1871. It was received with intense excitement. All thinking men had been aroused on the subject of evolution, and were eager to see the latest production from the pen of its great promulgator. This work was bitterly assailed by the

opponents of the theory, in many cases with more vehemence than logic, but, like the *Origin of Species*, it gradually grew, and is still growing, in favor with all independent thinkers.

The advocates of evolution deny that it is opposed to religion, and Darwin himself records that the question is "wholly distinct from that higher one, whether there exists a Creator and Ruler of the Universe, and this has been answered in the affirmative by the highest intellects that have ever lived."

In the concluding sentence of the *Origin of Species* he says: "There is a grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed into a few forms or into one, and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been and are being evolved."

Darwin's life was one of patience, modest worth and power. A gentle and loving husband and father, he was idolized by his family, and endeared himself to all who knew him by his simple and unassuming manner.

Death came suddenly on April 19, 1882, while he was examining a plant in his botanical garden. Thus passed away one of the profoundest thinkers of the nineteenth century, and the most illustrious student of Nature that has ever lived. His name is immortal, his work is imperishable, and together they will be handed down, or rather *up*, to the higher beings that shall be evolved from base, imperfect man.

R. L. FREEMAN.

DESTINY MAKING.

"We are the architects of our own fortunes." Doubtless we have all often heard these words from the lips of the wise and great, and read them in the writings of many philosophers and teachers. But do we realize their true import? Do

men actually fix and make their own destiny? Can man by his own will and exertions be and become what he wills to be? Yes; this is relatively true. Great responsibility, this, notwithstanding the many limitations put upon it by natural ability, opportunities and environment.

Many deny man's power to work out his own destiny, simply because they mistake the desires or wishes of a man for his will. Men are not, will never be, what they wish, but men are, and will be, precisely what they really will to be, subject, of course, to the limitations mentioned above.

Wills, not wishes, make destinies. True, a man must desire a thing before he can have it; but their desire must ripen into preference, preference into choice, choice into determination, and determination into ceaseless effort.

Many never realize their ideals, because they never get beyond the realm of "wishdom." Like Mr. Micawber, they are constantly looking for something to turn up instead of turning something up for themselves.

Some students build lofty air castles and dream of high marks and great honors, but these castles and hopes collapse at least twice a year, because, as they say, the fates and the professors never condescend to give them justice. Having failed to do their duty when opportunity offered, Adam-like, they try to place their responsibility upon the shoulders of some one else. Instead of making their own destiny they drift with the current, and allow it to be made for them.

Theodorus once fell asleep in the Temple of Minerva, and dreamed of visiting the Palace of Destiny, which was built in the shape of a pyramid, each story of which represented a world.

In one of these apartments he found his friend, Sextus, prosperous and happy; in another he saw him contented with a very humble lot; while in still another he beheld him reigning as the good and happy king of a great people. Finally, in the most spacious apartment of all, Theodorus discovered his

friend, wicked, unhappy and ruined forever. "This is the best possible world," said the guide, "and Sextus might have made the best of it. It is his own fault that he did not."

These words of the guide are fraught with meaning. Let them be burned into our minds and hearts.

Good opportunities and superior advantages do not make men either great or useful. Increased opportunities bring with them increased responsibilities.

Men who have opportunities for liberal education and thorough equipment owe the world more than those who do not enjoy such advantages. But simply breathing the air on a college campus and rubbing the back against college walls will not meet the demands. Energetic, persistent work is the only means of acquiring distinction in anything, except good-for-nothingness. "At it and always at it," is the touchstone of success.

Our responsibilities are the same, whether we carve for ourselves a place in the hearts of others by nobly and perseveringly doing our work, or float on the tide of circumstances to graves of obscurity.

The prosperity of our College, the honor of our beloved State, and the glory of our one great Master, depends in a measure upon the structures we build.

The age in which we live demands that we should lay the foundations so deeply and build so wisely that neither we ourselves, nor others, shall have reason to be ashamed of our work.

R. R. DAY.

IS THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE CONDUCTIVE TO ORATORY?

War has not wholly wrecked us. The gloomy days of seventeen hundred and seventy-six have come and gone, and from their smouldering ruins America rises as the phoenix. Hers are no longer a warfaring people; reason, judgment and arbi-

tration settle all the differences between her and other nations. She has turned her attention from bloody conquest to the development of her boundless resources, and to building for herself a pyramid of fame and glory that shall be more lasting than the towering Pyramids of Egypt. Her history may be divided into three periods, viz.: Colonial, Revolutionary and National. The Colonial and Revolutionary periods are sealed facts, but the National is yet to be developed. The Colonial, although it produced some profound thinkers, and men who wielded a powerful influence in behalf of the colonies, yet it may truly be classed as an age of adventure, for as yet the people were without a habitation, and the immense forest was yet unexplored. The Revolutionary period may be classed as an age of conquest, and it was during this struggle that American oratory shone most brilliantly. Its flame was kindled by a century and a half of fighting against the savage and bearing the galling yoke of England. When the British Parliament spurned and ignored their petitions and asserted the right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever, they forgot their mutual jealousies and came together and made a declaration of independence, and in one voice sent up a petition to the King of Kings for a redress of their grievances and for the power to assert their rights. Never before had the sacred right to rebel against tyranny been fully asserted. But our fathers declared it with all the emphasis that strong convictions could give. Did their King hear them? Surely he did. He gave them the courage of convictions and the power both of sword and speech, such as has not since been known or felt. During this great struggle for liberty and existence, when they poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest defending a declaration which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as a barren phraseology or a mere parade of words, it was then that American oratory blazed forth as the glowing meteor. It was dur-

ing this time when every mortal element of society was upheaved that true American oratory existed, and it was during this period that orators clothed the thoughts of the people in eloquent words and noble expressions, such as have not existed since nor will exist again until nourished by similar circumstances. Is this true only of American oratory? By no means. Go to France, the home of oratory, and ask when her oratory was at its greatest height, and the answer will be, when society was upheaved to its greatest depths and when moral and political darkness was the thickest. Athenian oratory differs in no essential particulars. It is a significant fact that the period when Athenian oratory was in its glory was the period when the Athenian character, empire and morals were sunk in the deepest scandals. Before her wars with Persia, and while she was achieving those victories which have made the world resound her name, her oratory was yet in its infancy. But when she became divided and her provinces began to revolt and insult her, and her fleets, which had won so many brilliant triumphs over the barbarians, had to flee before the enemy; when the vultures fed upon her dead, and when, at last, the scepter passed from her hand and she was forced to bow before the Macedonian King; "when the viceroy of a foreign despot was giving law to her people, and she was draining the cup of suffering to its very dregs, then was seen the splendid dawn of an eloquence such as the world never since has known." Go to Rome and ask when her eloquence was at its greatest height, and the answer will be similar, if not identical, to that of France and Athens. It was not in the days of the Scipios, of Cincinnatus and the Gracchi that Cicero thundered and Hortensius flashed, but when the "Eternal City" was torn to pieces by factions and dissensions; when the patricians were arrayed against the plebians and the plebians against the patricians. It was out of the crimes of Cataline and the outrages of Verres and Mark Antony that the loftiest eloquence sprang that the Roman Senate ever

knew. The question is continually being asked, why is there no such eloquence now as existed in those days? In order for the answer to be fully made, it will be necessary to study the last period of American history. The National period may be classed as an age of development, of resources, literature and history. At the close of the Revolutionary period American literature and wealth were at a very low value. "Necessary toil, constant privation, poverty, and thousands of adversities stifled literature during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods." But with the guarantee of independence, and the adoption of the Constitution, the American people turned their attention from conquest to the development of their resources. At this time the storm of conquest had subsided. Society was becoming more and more refined. Moral strength and confidence were raised to a higher plane. The questions of moment had two sides, and the speeches of the Senators were turned from the thunder-like peals for liberty and justice to concise and business-like speeches of the less important questions of internal improvements and civilization. Thus the subjects that have demanded the attention of our legislative bodies have afforded less and less material for oratory, until to-day the speeches have been narrowed down to cold facts and figures of dollars and cents. One of the most important questions of the day is the annexation of Hawaii, and it depends wholly upon the basis of dollars and cents, and if a representative should resort to flights of oratory to carry his point he would simply make himself ridiculous. Two-thirds of all the questions that come before our legislative bodies are not discussed at all, but simply placed in the hands of a committee to figure out the gain or loss. Go into our Senate and the theme of debate will be—what? In all probability a dog law or bird law, or sheep husbandry, a road or bridge bill, a bill to demonetize or remonetize silver, or a bill to establish a new post-route. A man that should discuss these as questions of life and death would be accused of insanity. "Even in

Queen Caroline's case, the House of Lords could barely refrain from laughing when Brougham knelt to beseech his peers." During the last campaign it was my pleasure to hear two candidates for Congress speak, and the theme of their speeches was tabulated statistics, which had been discussed by the newspapers until they were stale, and they closed by thanking their friends for past favors and kindly asking for a continuance of the same. Such questions as the above are fatal to oratory, and yet they are the questions of the day, except a few subjects for commencement orators, and nothing is more ludicrous than to hear an orator deliver fervor of a week old and to turn over whole pages of violent passion written out in full type. Go into our courts of justice, and all we will hear is a commonplace discussion of hair-splitting points of law and technicalities in evidence, productive only of deep slumber, especially if the weather is warm. The extensiveness of the press and the enlightenment of the masses is also fatal to oratory. The newspapers discuss and settle a question before a common orator could prepare to come before the public. The few orators that we have speak more to the newspaper reporter than to the audience, for more people will hear him through the press than in person. Long periods of peace, which are conducive to fine arts and civilization, are in many respects fatal to oratory, for oratory, like satire, is fed by the vices and misfortunes of society.

T. B. HILL.

BIBLE STUDY AT WAKE FOREST.

The next Annual Catalogue of Wake Forest College will show an advance in several of the various schools of study, and among other improvements we hope to see added to the Department of Moral Philosophy a course of Biblical study; nor do we believe our hopes to be entirely without foundation, if anything like a reasonable effort is put forth.

The reasonableness of the establishment of such a course of study at Wake Forest scarcely needs any demonstration at all. Though the subject has frequently been talked about, the friends of the College have not yet seen their way clear to take any definite steps in this direction, but it really seems that, just at this time, the opportunity presents itself of establishing, as has been suggested by several, a course of Bible study in memory of the late Dr. William Royall, whose life and influence among us are a living testimony of the power of the Book which he took as the rule of his life and the basis of all his actions.

For years the idea has prevailed that the Bible is a book to be studied only by bishops, priests and churchmen, and that every institution of learning where the Bible is taught assumes the character of a theological seminary. That this notion originated, in some degree, probably from the influence exerted by Roman Catholics may be seen from the fact that among these people the Bible is considered a sealed book, to be examined and read by priests alone. Unconsciously we have fallen into the same erroneous way of thinking, and have come to regard the terms Bible-student and preacher as almost synonymous. Fortunately, however, Christian people are gradually abandoning this false and mischievous way of thinking, and are waking up to see more clearly the true attitude which the Bible bears toward our civilization, and to it is being accorded a prominent place in many of our leading colleges and universities.

That the Bible is the only complement to natural religion and a full revelation from God to men, is sufficient to give it prominence in any system of instruction in which morality and virtue are at all taken into account, because no treatise on morals can be complete or satisfactory which fails to show the need of revelation, and hence the need of the *Bible*, as the revealed word of God. Now if moral science is, *in the end*, valuable only as it points and leads to the Bible, how much more important must be the study of the Bible itself. But

apart from its being a revelation, the Bible is a valuable book within itself. "Even as a literary composition, the sacred Scriptures form the most remarkable book the world has ever seen. They are of all writings the most ancient. They contain a record of events of the deepest interest. The history of their influence is the history of civilization and happiness." In the words of Cannon Farrar: "The Bible is wholly unlike the sacred books of other religions. It has something for all nations. In reading the Koran we can think only of Arabia; in reading Confucius, only of China; in reading the Zend Avesta, only of Persia; in reading the Vedas, only of Hindustan. But in the Bible we meet all races, from the Arabian peasant to Greek poets, from Gallilean fishermen to Roman consuls. From Nineveh to Babylon, from Babylon to Damascus, from Damascus to Jerusalem, from Jerusalem to Tyre, and the Isles of the Gentiles, and Athens, and Corinth, and Rome, we see the light of revelation ever streaming westward through the pages of the Bible, and

'The giant forms of empires on their way to ruin'

fling their colossal shadows across its pages. The Bible is at once a sacred Iliad and a sacred Odyssey. Now its pages ring with the battles of the warrior, with their confused noise and garments rolled in blood; now the sea is dashing in our faces as we traverse it in the ship of Jonah, or toss a night and day among its breakers with St. Paul. It has indeed deep speculations for the philosophic mind, but for the most part it is intensely concrete. There is in it no stifling system, no chilling gloom, no self-control absorption, no frozen sea of attractions. It is as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves." We give this quotation to show that the Bible is something more than a hand-book of religion, that it presents the widest and most fertile field of thought and investigation of all other books in the world.

The Bible has had more to do than any other factor with shaping the course of modern civilization. Indeed, the history of the highest type of modern civilization is in the main the story of the successes of Bible teachings and of the oppressions and triumphs of conscientious Bible adherents. The aspiring and devout statesman can find in the Bible the foundation principles of true government. The law student reads Blackstone and pores over the codes of Roman law, too often forgetting that the purest laws and safest principles of our government are embodied in the code written on the tables of stone by the Omnipotent Hand, and in the sayings of Him who "spake as never man spake."

Enthusiastic discoverers and historians patiently decipher the unearthed hieroglyphics of long-hidden mines in order to add to the knowledge of the world the results of their faithful toil, but the Bible in *antiquity* and *credibility* surpasses the literature of any other people, and thus constitutes both the most remarkable monument and the most authentic source of the early history and development of the human race. In the record of events the Bible antedates all other authorities, and for this reason should justly hold a prominent place even as a history.

We spend months and years in the critical study of poetry, pondering carefully every expression of Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe and others, too often passing by lightly the marvelous poetry of the Bible, which is the wonder of the world. Why not study along with other poetical productions the poetry of the Bible—poetry so majestic, so pathetic, so varied in its contents, in its beauty so sublime and so unequalled. "It is poetry set free from the fetters of rhyme, where the image is pregnant with the spirit of song, and where thoughts chime as words cannot." In the songs of the Bible we have, as Martin Luther said, "A garden in which the fairest flowers bloom."

The literary style of the Bible is simple, charming and complete, being one of the strongest and purest examples of unadulterated English, and as such it shows claim for close study, even for the language which it contains.

But let us come nearer to the point. We claim to be Christians, and Wake Forest is called a Christian college—a college for the Baptists, one of the strictest sects of Christians. Now what is the distinguishing mark between Christians and people of the world? Popular judgment answers that the characteristic features distinguishing Christians from the rest of the world is the faith and obedience which Christians claim to give to the teachings of the Bible. Yet, however strange it may seem, viewed in this light, the very book, the teachings of which distinguished us from all other people, is not taught in the institution where Christian young men are trained by Christian instructors. Are we entirely consistent in neglecting thus far to give prominence to Bible teaching? The question answers itself.

SAMUEL J. PORTER.

CÆSAR'S GENTLER CONQUESTS.

In substantiation of our views as promulgated in the last issue of *THE STUDENT*, and according to promise, we shall in the following sketch attempt to give the history of Julius Cæsar's conquests in the soft war of the sexes, showing that his victories, which were indeed of no less importance than those accomplished over man, were due to no great superiority in face and form over that of his rivals.

That Cæsar was as great a victor over the other sex as over his own—triumphing eventually over both by force of *arms*—is not generally known in this day, because the historians in their zeal to laud his national conquests have neglected those which, although of less import to the world, are equally interesting.

We learn from Suetonius, and the marbles that are still preserved, that Cæsar was far from beautiful. They tell us that his features were by no means regular nor well proportioned. His complexion was naturally sickly and pale, when not bronzed by exposure. He was tall and very spare; he had a distemper in the head, Plutarch tells us, and was subject to epilepsy. In his later years, also, he was entirely bald, which made him more desirous to wear a crown of laurel. One of the most winning, eloquent and irresistible of men, he owed his power to his masterly mind, not to an attractive personality.

As it is held by some that women are naturally drawn to owners of renown and occupants of high places, it may be said that they went to Cæsar for what he had achieved rather than for what he was. But accredited facts seem to disprove this. When he was a mere stripling, before he had gained any place or fame in Rome, girls of his age sighed for him, and mature women longed for his love. He felt what he was born to by the extraordinary influence he exerted over women ere men had recognized his gifts. Sylla said of him, while in his early teens: "They know little who do not see many Mariuses in that boy." Even previous to that women had found in him many lovers. Afterward, in Bethynia, Spain, Gaul, wherever he went, in truth, the fairest of the feminine natives, though they knew not his name nor rank, appeared to hunger for his society. They flew to him as the moth flies to the flame—by an instinct of self-destruction. He was by no means a vain, selfish, sensual libertine; he was sensitive, susceptible, affectionate, passionate, loving too much rather than not enough; conquered by as well as conquering women, as the familiar example of Cleopatra so fully illustrates. It seems to be the moral not less than the physical law that bodies attract in proportion as they are attracted. Men who draw women are likewise drawn by them. Strong passion, positive love, seldom exists by halves; no fire burns long without feeding.

Fascinating as Cæsar was, he could not keep his third wife, Pompeia, from a desperate and dangerous flirtation with Publius Clodius. But Pompeia was never very fond of him, for she must have known that he had married her for political reasons, and that domestic loyalty was not one of his virtues. Very likely she caused Clodius to be introduced into her house during the festival of Gynæcea with the deliberate intent to revenge herself for her husband's infidelities, although she had no fear that her gallant would be discovered. When her lord put her away without appearing as a witness against the profligate patrician, and made to his inquiring friend the well-known reply, "I am unwilling that my wife should even so much as be suspected," he showed that his pride was hurt more than his affection. If such a man as Cæsar had really loved Pompeia, and been true to her, she would have been—as he would have had her—wholly above suspicion. When he fell at last beneath the swords of the conspirators, many of the patricians rejoiced; but their wives, and all the women of the Eternal City, were heart-broken at the tragedy. Like Brutus, they loved Cæsar and they loved Rome; but unlike Brutus, they loved Cæsar more than Rome. "H. C. ABFORP."

LOUIE IN THE PHI. HALL.

'Tis eve, the bright September day
 In glowing splendor fades away;
 Soft, shimmering moonbeams light the way
 For Louie.

She enters; 'tis a festive night.
 Euzelia sheds cerulean light,
 The grave Phi. nymph beams welcome bright
 On Louie,

She sees the amber radiance fall
On silken screen and pictured wall,
And maidens fair,—fairest of all,
Is Louie.

She knows it not; her eager face
Drinks in the wonders of the place,—
A type of sweet, unconscious grace
Is Louie.

Her hands clasped on the cushioned chair,
Her eyes aglow, her flaxen hair
Shading her brow,—with pensive air
Stands Louie.

She hears soft tones, but does not see
Arch Cupid's glance, or hear his plea;
Little she knows of coquetry,—
Shy Louie!

She'll know, perchance, at sweet sixteen,
Gazing upon some festive scene,
What tender tones and glances mean,—
Coy Louie!

Sweet baby, may that sunny brow
Be all unclouded then, as now;
May'st thou no hour less joyous know,
Bright Louie.

M. H. T.

EDITORIALS.

A PROGRESSIVE STEP IN EDUCATION.

On the van of Southern progress sits education. No field has been more signally developed during the last decade and a half than this, and still every year offers the student the possibilities of a more thorough and practical education. A few years ago the ordinary college course comprised little more than Latin, Greek and Mathematics, and this was required of the students of law and medicine, as well as of the theologian and teacher. All had to undergo the same ordeal of training, regardless of tastes and talents. Not so now. All the leading institutions offer a large number of electives to those who wish to do work in any special department, and all the Classics and Mathematics are not required, even in the M. A. degree. Hence, an education now is less theoretical and more practical. And among the other onward steps, many of the best institutions have abolished the final examinations, and thereby relieved the students of that excruciating test. In such cases the test is applied daily by fixing the minimum of the average daily mark at from eighty to ninety, varying in different institutions. Can there be any objection to this system if the work done is equivalent to that necessary under the old examination system? The student who desires to be thorough will do his work well under either system, and we can see little reason for examination in his case, so the argument is restricted to the class that crams. Is this the best way to reach this class and effect the most efficient results? That the new system gives the student a more thorough knowledge of the texts, is no longer a question with us. He must know something about every recitation and give close attention while

others are reciting. He expects to be called on every day, and when it is known that the mark on each particular recitation will be incorporated into the final average, with a strict adherence to the merits of each individual recitation, the student must be more observant of accurate answers. Should it be objected that it is easier to cram a single recitation than on the whole book at once, it is granted, but is it not reasonable to suppose that by cramming the whole year round the mind would retain more of the text than by cramming the whole book just for a day or two before the examination? No one will deny that in many cases preparation for examination is made just in this manner, and that one week, even one day afterward, when the tension of the mind is relaxed, the student knows little more about it than when he began the review. And again, when the professor has quizzed a student on the same text for five months, he ought to know and does know whether the pupil has that sufficiently well to be permitted to begin another subject. Then wherein is the reason for retaining in an institution of higher learning this feature of brutality? It is true in case the dissatisfied student should complain of his grade, the professor would have no examination papers that he could produce in justification of his grading, but it would be just as easy to satisfy the student without them, for not one in a dozen is ever satisfied when he has seen. Should he demand his papers he would only see his own; he would not be permitted to compare with any other, and if the professor were disposed to discriminate it would be just as easily done under one system as the other. Examinations at their best are very unsatisfactory to both instructor and pupil, and the greatest demoralizing agency in many institutions that are supposed to have a sound and wholesome influence for morality and piety. "The true aim of the highest education is to give character rather than knowledge; to train men to be rather than to know."

C. W. W.

IMPROVEMENT MEDALS.

There is an inclination on the part of some against the custom of awarding medals for improvement in oratory and debate in the literary societies. The objection is generally based on the ground that students entering these contests are apt to neglect their class-work, and as there can be but one who receives the medal, the unsuccessful candidates become discouraged and lose interest in their work. Now we admit that the objection contains some argument, and we recall some instances in which so-called medalists have in a sense done themselves an injury by engaging in such contests. But such cases are exceedingly rare and invariably form exceptions to the general rule. Upon the whole, it must be admitted that the advantages to students entering these contests with purpose and determination far outnumber the disadvantages. To be benefited, the student must enter the race with a fixed determination to win, however many competitors he may have and however gloomy may be his hopes of success. To enlist in the race with the intention of *speaking just for the improvement*, and of dropping out entirely if it is seen that prospects are not as bright as might be hoped for, is most frequently injurious, and the boy who enters the race with this spirit will in the end find his energies and determination weakened, and his self-respect in some degree lessened. Let the medalist *be a medalist*, and not be ashamed to own it. Let him enter the race determined to hold on to the very last, even if he fails to get the medal. He ought to feel that if he fails to win, he will at least *make his opponent work*. To those entering the contest with this purpose, there is great benefit. The excitement, the strained effort, the rivalry, the close study and consideration of questions to be discussed, all tend to stir up in the young orator latent powers of the possession of which he was not before conscious. It gives him an opportunity to make a study of his style and manner of address. He learns to com-

pare himself with others, and thus to observe more closely his defects as well as his better qualities. Of course the successful candidate will admit that he is benefited, but let us add that though the unsuccessful ones have failed to grasp the glittering gold, they have something far more valuable—the improvement which it was intended to stimulate; but, above all, they have an opportunity to learn, what they must at some time inevitably learn, to meet defeat and disappointment. A medal should be regarded only as a temporary means to a permanent end, a goad to drive us on to the exertion of our fullest powers, a mere glittering toy to represent to us the real beauty and value of that after which we strive. If the medal serves well this purpose, then it is a benefit as much to those who fail as to the one who wins. The lash used for driving the team is thrown aside as useless after the destination is reached. The medal is the lash, the contestants form the team, and now, after all have successfully reached the goal of improvement in oratory, what matters it *what child appropriates as a toy the no longer useful lash?* SAM. J. PORTER.

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. R. DAY, Editor pro tem.

—J. T. Ellington ('59-'61) has served his county as Sheriff for eight years. With his giant-like physique, kind heart and plucky disposition, he makes an officer of whom Johnston County may well be proud.

—'71. Rev. H. A. Brown is continually pushing his work with the First Baptist Church, Winston. He and his people are now undertaking to build a new house of worship, which will be adequate to the demands of his steadily increasing congregations. A more wise, prudent, energetic and popular pastor is not to be found within our borders.

—'74. Rev. F. R. Underwood is now living in Richmond Va., and preaching to churches in the surrounding vicinity. As pastor and preacher he is doing an excellent work.

—'79. G. T. Prichard is connected with the Oral School for the Deaf, located at Scranton, Pa.

—'79. Rev. W. L. Wright seems to increase in power and efficiency as the years go by. As pastor of the Leigh Street Baptist Church he preaches to one of the largest congregations in Richmond, and already stands among the leading preachers and pastors of his adopted State.

—J. J. Bagwell ('80-'82) is one of Wake County's most successful farmers. He is a living rebuke to those who think farming does not pay. As a wise and liberal leader in his church, and an earnest friend of education, he is honored and loved by all who know him.

—J. W. Bivens ('80-'83) lives at Monroe, and serves Union County as Register of Deeds. In the performance of his official duties he fully sustains the reputation of Wake Forest boys.

—Perhaps no man within our State is winning a greater reputation, both as evangelist and pastor, than Rev. L. G. Broughton ('81-'84). He is at present achieving marvelous success in the pastorate of Broad Street Church, Winston.

—O. M. Sanders ('82-'84) lives in Union County, and farms with success and profit. A large-hearted, liberal-minded man, he wields much influence for good in his community. He loves his farm, his church and his *alma mater*, and is always ready to lend a helping hand to every worthy cause.

—'84. Rev. W. S. Royall has a warm place in the hearts of all who know him. He wins success wherever he goes as a preacher. At present he resides at Nebraska, Va.

—D. M. McRacken ('84-'85) is a successful and popular farmer in Columbus County.

—'85. Rev. J. B. Pruitt is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Ashland, Wis. We wish him much success in his western home.

—'86. E. P. Ellington is the efficient and popular Superintendent of Public Instruction in Rockingham County.

—'86. J. D. Boushall is achieving excellent success in the practice of law. Located in our State Capital, his push and energy has already secured for him a position of power and influence, not only in the practice of his profession, but also in his church, which he greatly loves. He is yet a young man, and his success hitherto indicates a remarkably prosperous career in the profession of his choice.

—W. A. Montgomery, Jr., ('88-'90) finished the B. A. course at Johns Hopkins University last year. He continues the study of Greek and Latin this year, and expects to teach next. He has taken a high stand in all his classes, especially in Greek.

—'89. T. S. Sprinkle magnifies the office of a life insurance agent, and does a prosperous business in Winston, where he is now located.

—'89. In our next issue Rev. C. G. Wells, who is now pursuing the study of English Language and Literature in the University of Chicago, will favor us with an article on the "Organization and Equipment of the University of Chicago."

—'90. L. S. Cannon, valedictorian of his class, teaches school at Hartland, Caldwell County.

—'90. T. W. Bickett, after graduating with honors in the Department of Law at Chapel Hill, begins the practice of his profession at Monroe. Having a finished education, he begins his career well equipped for his work and a bright outlook for the future.

—F. W. Day ('90-'92) is principal of the Walnut Cove Academy, Stokes County. He has a large and increasing school. Teaching seems to be the work for which he is specially fitted.

—'91. C. L. Haywood is now pursuing the study of pharmacy at his home in Jones County.

—'92. R. N. Cook teaches in Bardstown, Ky. We hear that success attends his efforts.

—'92. E. Vernon Howell has recently begun his career as a pharmacist at Rocky Mount. Since graduating here he has studied pharmacy at the University of Pennsylvania.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RUFUS WEAVER, Editor.

AMIEL'S *Journal* is now being issued in two volumes. [MacMillan & Co., \$1.50.]

REV. H. A. HUTCHINSON adds another volume to his popular scientific works under the name, *Extinct Monsters*.

FUNK & WAGNALLS are publishing a study of the criminal, entitled *Criminology*, written by Arthur MacDonald.

A TRANSLATION of M. Zola's latest story, *Dr. Pascal*, is in preparation, and will be published by the Cassells in their edition of French novels.

PROFESSOR CHARLES ELIOT NORTON is now compiling the *Letters of James Russell Lowell*, which will soon be issued in two volumes by the Harpers.

DR. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, in *Tools and the Man*, discusses Christian Law as a solution of the many perplexing questions relating to labor, competition and socialism.

Science, for March 31, 1893, contains a thoughtful contribution by Professor W. L. Poteat upon *The Effect on the College Curriculum of the Introduction of the Natural Sciences*.

THE hero of General Lew Wallace's forthcoming romance, *The Prince of India, or Why Constantinople Fell*, is the Wandering Jew conceived in an original form; while the heroine, Irene, Constantine the Emperor, and Mohammed the Conqueror are historical characters.

THE last piece of literary work in which the late James Parton engaged was the compiling of the life of *General Andrew Jackson*. By unbiased critics the work is judged to be one of the best that has yet appeared in the Great Commanders Series. [Appleton, 12mo., \$1.50.]

PROFESSOR CHARLES F. HOLDER contributes to the Leaders of Science Series a popular biography of Louis Agassiz. The book is liberally supplied with illustrations, and is written in such a way as to stimulate in the minds of the young a desire for a fuller knowledge of the man and his achievements. [Putnam's, \$1.50.]

WILLIAM BLACK'S new story, *Wolfenbourg*, does not rank in power and interest with his previous productions. The hero and heroine are both artists—a calling peculiarly characteristic of the leading personages found in the cheap novel. The scene for the most part takes place upon a Mediterranean steamer, and the book is filled with descriptive passages of Italian scenery. [Harpers, 12 mo., \$1.25.]

MARION CRAWFORD, the versatile and prolific, has completed, in addition to his recent novel, *The Children of a King*, a minaline volume under the broad title, *The Novel, What is It?* The book is a good magazine criticism upon the "purpose novel," but certainly is not worth the price asked for it. The thought is by no means new, and is of interest only because of the writer's present success as a novelist. [Mac-Millian, 18mo., 75 cents.]

EIGHT authors contribute to *Stories in Black and White*. They are W. E. Norris, who lays the scene of his romance in Paris; W. Clark Russell, who describes the escape of a man

from a gypsy boatman who attempted to drown him; Thomas Hardy, whose story is of English village life; J. M. Barrie, telling an amusing story of the theatrical career of a low comedian married to an actress; Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, James Payn, Mrs. Oliphant and Grant Allen. [Appleton, 12mo., \$1.]

MAXWELL GRAY, the author of *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, has completed another story, entitled *The Last Sentence*, which is considered by his admirers to be his most powerful production. "The story is well worked out, and holds the reader's attention with ever-increasing force from the opening chapter in legend-haunted Brittain to the tremendous climax in the closing scene where, in the English court room, the Judge breaks down under more than mortal strain." [Tait, Sons & Co., 12mo., \$1.50.]

THE latest contribution to the rapidly increasing series of work devoted to Science and Religion is Professor Nathaniel S. Shaler's book, *Interpretation of Nature*. He tells us, in his preface, that his first contact with the natural sciences had the effect of leading him far away from Christianity, but that further insight into the truths of Nature have tended to the recovering of his earlier views. After discussing the inadequacy of present scientific knowledge, he reaches the general conclusion that science does not afford a satisfactory foundation for thought. The unavoidable feeling comes over the thoughtful student of some power unknown and lying deeper than the phenomenon which science studies upon the surface. Speaking of Christianity, as a scientist, Professor Shaler tells us that "the doctrine of Christ is the summit and crown of the organic series."

The work is of especial interest to all who have passed through the same mental history, and will be welcomed not only by these; but by all who sympathize with correct scientific investigation and yet cling to their primitive faith.

Professor Shaler occupies the chair of Geology at Harvard University. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.]

EXCHANGES.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

OUR EXCHANGES to review this month are the best we have had during the whole year, and our table is crowded with them from all sections. But we would like to say that a few of the very best magazines in the country are never mentioned in our department, from the simple fact that they never come to us. Many that are on our list have not once put in their appearance. Whatever may be the cause of this, let it be henceforth removed. It can't be selfishness. What then, negligence? We hope to get the next issue of all the college magazines that receive THE STUDENT. Such an interchange forms a connecting link that we cannot afford to leave out.

NO TEACHER but a coward will ever use sarcasm toward a student, for thus he deals a blow on one who is unable to strike back.—*Ex.*

ONE MAN in 500 in England attends college, one in 615 in Scotland, one in 213 in Germany, and one in 2,000 in the United States.—*Ex.*

The Laurentian, from the distant Northwest, contains an excellent contribution, "America's Shrine," and the editorial departments are interesting and well gotten up.

"SOME go to college
To seek after knowledge;
Some go to hustle
For good of the muscle."—*Quid nunc?*

IT HAS been left to a resident of North Carolina to discover the most novel way to endow a college. His proposition is to insure the lives of fifty men between the ages of forty and fifty for \$10,000 each, and then as the policies are collected convert them into a fund for the college in question. That would mean a clear \$500,000.—*Ex.*

The Peabody Record is among the most interesting exchanges on our list. It is a worthy exponent of the Peabody Normal College.

THE wind bloweth, the farmer soweth,
The subscriber oweth, and the Lord knoweth
That we are in need of our dues.
We're not funnin', this thing of dunnin'
Gives us the everlastin' blues.—*Ex.*

THE *An-X*, our regular and appreciated visitor, is again on time, laden with the usual quota of choice reading. In the editorials and all the departments we see reflected the characteristics of the young ladies who edit it. The work you do on the *An-X* is a credit to you and your institution.

WE ARE glad to see the *Vanderbilt Observer* on our table again. As usual it is filled with instructive matter, and "Olive Stanton" is a pleasing story, such as adds much to the interest of the college magazine. The *Observer* is no ordinary exchange; it stands near the first.

THE boys who take the girls to church,
May rightly see them home;
But they who go there by themselves
Should then return alone.
And still some stand with hat in hand
Quite near the exit door,
Ostensibly to take them home.
Let this occur no more.—*Ex.*

THE *Southern Collegian* is the best exchange on our table this month, and even more, it is the best college magazine in the South. Its general make-up and style are head and shoulders above the average pamphlet, and at any time to fail to get it is to miss a literary treat. Besides the model table of contents, the March number contains cuts of "Interior of Chapel," "Lee's Monument," "Jackson's Statue," the college buildings, and others, all of which are first rate.

WE WELCOME the April number of the *North Carolina University Magazine*. It presents a very readable program of subjects, and in "The Motto and Seal of the Province of

North Carolina" we have an account of the seals and their significance since the early days of the Province, which is interesting as an historical fact. But is the *Mag.* not too much occupied with history, which, for the most part, can be obtained elsewhere? Not enough of the undergraduates contribute to its make-up, and this should be the chief source of matter for a college sheet. But in its own way, it is admirably conducted and stands first among our exchanges in North Carolina, the State that is so near the front in Southern college journalism.

HAROLD, having graduated in French at Harvard, resolved to write a serenade to a fair French demoiselle for whom his love was uncontrollable. He preferred, of course, to write it in French. Here it is:

Sous le maple, most de night
 Avre les lune beams shining through—
 Ecoutez-moi, mon hapless plight.
 Je vous aime—qui lovez vous?
 Je plink les strings de mon guitar;
 Cest bien froid—I'm nervous, too.
 Dites-moi, dites-moi, ce que vous are?
 Je vous seni—qui lovez vous?
 Tes es si belle, je veux vous wed
 Mon pere est riche, comment rich est you?
 Bonne nuit, adieu—j'ai cold in head—
 Je vous aime—qui lovez-vous?—*Ex.*

THE March number of *The Transylvanian* comes in new dress, and we note also that the matter which fills its pages is of a higher tone. This is the best number we have seen. It contains a cut of the Faculty of the institution whence it hails, which illustrates a scholarly group of men, and for the most part men who have seen much of the world and its ways. We note with pleasure that the students are beginning to realize the need of a gymnasium, and are taking steps to equip one. May they realize their eagerest hopes but it is not just that this burden should fall on the student body. We are surprised that the Kentucky University has been so slow

in this particular. Are the authorities of the institution indifferent to its best interests? Give the students a well-equipped gymnasium, then your labors as instructors will be fraught with greater good.

THE *Williams Literary Monthly* has reached us again, and is full of its accustomed good things. It is entirely free from the labored historic productions (of which at least half come from some book) that generally pervade the pages of a college pamphlet. "The Westerner," "The Story of Jacques," and "The Doctor's Diary," are all pleasing and entertaining, and the gems of poetry interspersed give a relish that is hard to find except in the *Monthly*. But its most fascinating feature is "Chat." "Chat" in the March number shows us a beautiful picture, painted in words so smooth that we feel a jostle only when we strike "the headlight of a cigar." It is a picture of a student's life and the scenes into which it introduces him. "There were vague beautiful faces, hitherto unseen, warmly glowing with the light of love; great cities, whose spires glittered as the tongues of flame shot upward; seas, lands beyond the seas, and strange men and sights;—yet, amid them all, like the dark background of the smoky chimney, came the recurring thought, 'What of the *real* future?' Then arose to confront me the ghosts of hours wasted and opportunities neglected while in college, and I shuddered and tried to think of some way to retrieve. Then I thought of my classmates, one by one, comparing them with myself, and wondering if some of them wouldn't have to repeat that conventional phrase, 'not prepared,' when summoned face to face with life."

A VERY readable issue of *The Texas University* is here, and the nature of the matter is to please, not to weary. Deserving special mention is "Girls Making Themselves Useful," written by a young lady who takes a reasonable, common-sense view of life. She begins not with the old, yet live subject, "Woman's Sphere," but she rather turns to the practical side

of womanhood; but would not have her simply hovering over the cook-stove or the proverbial sick-bed, but entering the many avenues open on all sides that will bring honor and success when undertaken in the right spirit. "Whole-souled energy and undivided attention," says she, "are ever essentials of success, and no amount of listless, half-hearted endeavor will produce any important results. Woman's place is co-equal with that of man, and she is getting to realize that man seeks as wife the woman who can be his helpmate, not a shadow, nor yet a slave." The writer quotes from Ruskin: "She must be enduringly, uncorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-denunciation; wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side." "The first and necessary impulse of the truly-taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady; that where that true faith and capacity are not, all wayward and wicked passions must be." Then these women, the framers of the laws of society, the molders of public sentiment, "should be something besides rattle-brained flirts and chatter-boxes." She closes with the exhortation that each one shall improve her talents to the best possible advantage, that in the end it may be said, "Many daughters have done excellent, but thou excellest them all."

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

The bathing facilities of the Bedford, Mass., gymnasium are taxed to their utmost capacity.

At a recent gymnasium entertainment in New Berne lantern swinging was one of the most attractive features of an interesting programme.

The president of the London Chamber of Commerce gives as one of his maxims for success : "Preserve, by all means in your power, a sound mind in a sound body."

Director Roberts of Boston has been giving a series of talks on "Body Building" before a mixed audience, using a living model in gymnasium costume to make practical the lessons presented.

"There are many houses in which people who are cold would be warmed quicker by having a window open for two minutes than by hugging the fire ; for impure air greatly lessens physical warmth."

There is almost a universal desire among athletes to wear a gymnasium suit that will lay bare the limbs and display the muscles. It must be granted that strongly developed muscles and well formed limbs are something to be proud of, and to display them could not be objected to were men only to witness the performances ; but ladies are invited, and on this ground many urge a plea for a more modest sort of dress. The quarter-sleeve would afford easy movement without exposing the armpits, and long trousers would not encumber the legs. Such a suit would be unobjectionable and avoid criticism.

To secure the greatest good formality should not enter the gymnasium. "Professor" is all right on the street and should be observed there, but the most informal relations should exist between physical director and students in the gymnasium. Of course the students must have due respect for his position as instructor and his advice, but the easy familiarity of "John" or "Jesse" is more conducive to the ends sought. It is not enough to expect physical training alone in the gymnasium, for it is a good field for strengthening the morals as well, but nothing can be accomplished in this direction so long as a rigid formality separates director and student.

Well! well! well! who can tell what has become of Wake Forest's base-ball team since the 21st? They had won a game from Petersburg and one from Oak Ridge, lost one to each of these teams, and then met the University and are not. Through respect to the feelings of both teams I forbear to give the score. The playing on both sides was wretched and the spectators were thoroughly disgusted, even the students and friends of the two institutions. Of course Wake Forest is disgusted, and that the Chapelhillians should suffer a single run scored against them by such playing is sufficient cause for disgust on the part of the University.

Among the various constitutions for bicycle clubs we find some such articles as these: First—Members shall forfeit their places in the club if, in pursuing the above object on Sundays, they wear the club badge or uniform or use its name. Second—It is also understood that every member holds himself accountable for a gentlemanly deportment of conduct, conversation and language. If such a club were to be formed at Wake Forest, THE STUDENT would suggest that the following be incorporated in the constitution: Any member who, while in the saddle not racing, persists in "humping himself like a monkey on a gridiron," shall be fined not less than fifty cents for every such offense. A rider need not "scorch" all the time. Bicycling is a first-rate exercise, and in this as in all things one should seek the best results, and it stands to reason that an erect, natural position is more invigorating than acting the monkey. A young man should have enough independence to sit erect and observe a rational style, though fast riders should hump.

The tendency in all athletics to-day is toward competition. Everyone desires to excel in every contest and to wear the laurels, but the prize is often lost to another from the lack of proper training at the proper time. Whatever the contest may be, strength, skill and determination are indispensable.

Some one observes : "Never go in a contest to 'fill up.'"
We would not urge that advice in such contests as fill the program for our Field Day, because, while a larger number of contestants may not give better records, it does render the contests more interesting and exciting, and perhaps secures greater good to a greater number. But we do insist that the athlete is too careless of his health to enter with a determination to win without properly training beforehand. Long and careful training ought to be the antecedent of every violent physical exertion, not simply to acquire skill but to strengthen the organs, the heart more essentially than the limbs. The heart literally flutters after a slight exercise when you are not used to it ; it is not prepared for heavy exercise at once. Even the work in the gymnasium should be only a preliminary to the real athletic training that should precede a contest. Apart from the sufferings entailed by a careless neglect of this precaution, it has snapped the bonds of life's engine and lost to home and gymnasium many athletes in whom our fondest hopes were fixed.

In the March number of *The North Carolina Teacher*, J. Allen Holt, of Oak Ridge Institute, ably discusses "Inter-collegiate Games of Ball." He admits that the colleges themselves have brought discredit on these games in three ways : (a) By permitting players who are not *bona fide* students to engage in intercollegiate contests ; (b) innumerable disputes have arisen over these players, and charges and countercharges have been made in the papers and school magazines, to the infinite disgust of the public, and ultimately to the remorse, be it hoped, of the writers themselves of the letters and articles ; (c) the schools have very improperly put victory above honor and true report. The leading college presidents have discouraged these evil tendencies, but these evils and to some extent decided mistakes should not lead the public to a speedy conclusion "that these sports were better abolished forthwith and forever. The college president who

has lost interest in athletic contests of the young men under him is too old for the place and should at once resign. He is not in touch with youth." Neither should the public conclude that the abolition of these ball contests would transform the boys into angels. "Boys will be boys. Deny to them the safety-valve of athletic sports and the pent-up steam will burst out somewhere else." It is a mistake to suppose college is the place for books alone. "College is the place to study men, too, and the ball-ground is no less essential than the recitation-room." To know an institution before and after the adoption of athletic contests is to admit the value of such sports. The prospects of contests with some other team is essential to an enthusiastic team in any institution, and when two college teams meet "equal meets equal," now that professionalism is ruled out by the Intercollegiate Association. Such ball games and occasional contests should be encouraged. "Let us discriminate and hold to that which is good. The devil has his name labeled on too many innocent recreations already."

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor pro. tem.

Now that the incidents attending the inauguration of Cleveland are exhausted, surprise over the selections of cabinet members has subsided, and the politicians have accepted as inevitable the fact that Cleveland will not regard machine politics, the practical issues are again before the public. Free silver is at present a back number, tariff will rest till the next Congress convenes ; meanwhile the World's Fair, quarantine and immigration become objects of popular attention.

Immigration never ceases to be execrated because the immigrants are from the "scums and criminal class" of Europe.

Of course certain classes are not desirable, among which are the Chinese, and they are now effectually disposed of. Let those, however, who are given to decrying immigration remember that what our country is to-day is owing to the spirit of immigration of the Aryan race, and upon this spirit in a great measure rests the hopes of the future. The number of good who come are not heard of through the police courts, though by far greater than the criminal. The miracle of the age has been the manner in which our government has assimilated the great heterogeneous mass of humanity which has poured into our country, and which has become in so short a time distinctly American.

The West and North are full of foreigners of every grade. The South is as yet comparatively free from them. Every effort is now being made by conventions, press and officials to turn the stream of immigrants Southward. Just at this time there comes the information that North Carolina is to have an accession of population from those vigorous people who breathe the freedom-inspiring atmosphere of the Alps. The Waldenses are perhaps the noblest of those sects who kept alive the spirit of religious freedom during the Dark Ages. They number about four thousand. According to *Frank Leslie's* a committee has been sent to North Carolina, the salubriousness of whose climate so closely resembles their own, and upon a favorable report they will emigrate to our State. Incalculable would be such addition to the thrift and sterling character of our people. Their history has been one noble and continuous struggle for religious freedom. Beginning with Peter Waldo in the twelfth century they maintained the right to read the Bible as they willed, against the countermand and persecution by the Pope. They may be considered as preparing the way for the Reformation. In the general wave of that movement they were lost to view; but the excitement over, they again emerged in opposition alike to the Church and intolerant Protestants. Buffeted by European wars, put

in subjection to one authority after another, and subject to Austria during the last century, they declined in industry, learning and patriotism. Too noble and grand a history was theirs for such decay. Protestant England became interested in them; missionary teachers have labored among them, until again they have been elevated to their pristine nobility.

It is indeed gratifying to the patriotic Southerner that our country is coming again to admit the value and importance of the South. It has received the charming name of "El Dorado" of the United States. Northern newspapers often eulogize its history and the heroic conduct of its people during and after the war. The census of 1890, which but lately is before the people in its completeness, seems to have astonished the North by the report of increase of industry in the South. Most of the manufacturing towns have doubled, some trebled, in the past ten years the number of factories. In progress it has surpassed any other portion of the country. Young men no longer wisely seek their fortunes in the West. Could the spirit of Horace Greeley once more animate his body he would point his prophetic finger to the South and not to the West.

The naval review at Hampton Roads and at New York has proven very interesting. The crowds which gathered at Norfolk were the greatest ever seen there. The occasion was honored by the presence of war-ships from the greatest naval powers on earth. The pure white men-of-war of the United States, both by number and quality, prove that we are among the first naval powers. Unanimous approbation will warrant Secretary Herbert in building a great navy.

The gravity of the situation at New Berne, N. C., during the trouble with the James City negroes, and the concentration of troops there, has received comparatively little attention from the press of North Carolina. Of course the result was foregone. However, the 3,000 negroes, provided with over 400 Winchester rifles and led by ignorant and misguided men could have done much damage. The affair is happily

concluded. The lease of the land by Mr. Bryan is on the most moderate terms under the circumstances, and are the same which he before offered and the negroes rejected. Fifty or seventy cents in rent for the lots would but little more than pay for taxes.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

“WELL!

WELL! WELL!”

DID ANYONE mention our “National Game?”

MR. F. P. HOBGOOD, Jr., is on a visit to Richmond, Va.

A MUMBLE-PEG team will be organized here next week.

MISS GAMAGE, of Baltimore, is visiting Mrs. C. C. Baker.

TWENTY-THREE to six; U. N. C. played ball; W. F. didn't; that's all.

MISS ZWA PACE, of Neuse, spent a few days on the Hill sometime since.

MISS RUTH WINGATE, of Franklinton, is spending a few days with friends on the Hill.

WE WERE glad to see Mr. T. T. Pace, Knoxville, Tennessee, on the Hill a few days since.

MISS CARRIE BUSKY has returned from a visit to Hampton Roads, where she attended the Naval Rendezvous.

MISS WILLIE SIMMONS has returned home after a prolonged visit South, much to the delight of her host of friends.

MR. AND MRS. CRUTCHFIELD, of Winston, are spending a few days with Rev. Mr. Gwaltney.

D. BOYD KIMBALL, one of Wake Forest's former great ball players, was in attendance on the Field Day exercises on the 28th instant.

MR. A. S. JOYNER, who is at present spending his leisure time "trading horses," came up from Franklinton to witness the Oak Ridge games.

THE Annual Field Day exercises take place just as we go to press. In our next issue we hope to give an extended account of the many interesting contests.

AND NOW the still small voice of a smitten Junior is heard crying in the desert air, "Go West, young man; go West." But the young man has not the wherewith, which is sad.

MR. JOHN A. WRAY, who has been pursuing a special course at Harvard during the past session, is on the Hill. He tells us that the "Mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

AT MOORE'S POND, Junior: "What are the wild waves saying?"

SENTIMENTAL SENIOR—"Come unto me." But somebody didn't come. Sad!

WE WERE glad to see Mr. J. M. Brinson ('87) on the Hill for a few days sometime since. At last accounts he was, in the words of Shakespeare, "two times himself again;" and thinking of lecturing here on "Free Silver" and "Woman's Rights."

MR. A. S. PENDLETON, of the University of Pennsylvania, spent two days on the Hill on his return from the University. His many friends, who remember that the state of his health caused him to leave college last year, will rejoice to learn of his complete recovery.

AT THE first of the month, Dr. A. E. Dickenson, of *The Religious Herald*, Richmond, Virginia, lectured before the students and residents on "Success and Failure." Although

the lecture was read, something which the Doctor is not given to doing, it was listened to in a manner that showed that those in attendance were appreciative of good advice and common sense.

ON THE evening of the 10th inst., Professor Mills, always popular as a lecturer, delivered an especially interesting talk on "Money" before the Scientific Society, and on the Thursday evening following, a large audience was treated to an entertaining lecture on "Banking" by the same gentleman. Both lectures were instructive throughout, and greatly enjoyed by all who were so fortunate as to be present.

THIS HAS been another busy month at Wake Forest. The Seniors, warned by the increasing warmth of the weather that they had reached the last five-yard line of their college course, began at the first of the month to take their last fishing frolic to Moore's pond, their last grand *finale* at marbles and leap-frog, and are now writing theses, studying for "exams," and immortalizing themselves at Wharton's Gallery. The other students have been occupied with the various lectures, the Petersburg-Oak Ridge, Agricultural and Mechanical-University of North Carolina and Vermont-University of North Carolina base-ball games, Field Day, etc. And, moreover, the marriage of one of Wake Forest's popular favorites took place on the 25th inst., which was naturally of all-absorbing interest. Withal, it has been an extraordinarily eventful month.

THE BASE-BALL team left at the first of the month for a two days trip to Petersburg, Virginia, where they crossed bats on two successive days with the professional team of that city, winning one game and losing one. They returned from Petersburg well pleased with the trip, and desire to return thanks to the people of that city, at whose hands they received many favors. A few days later we met the team of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College on our own

diamond. Result, Wake Forest 23, A. and M. 4. This is the A. and M.'s first year in inter-collegiate athletics, and she shows good spirit in placing a team in the field this year under many disadvantages. On the 15th and 16th Oak Ridge's famous team, just recovering from a defeat at Chapel Hill, played against us on our own ground, winning the first and losing the last game. They played good ball, and their gentlemanly conduct and manly bearing won them many friends on all sides. It is to be hoped that these annual visits to Wake Forest will become a permanent institution. Up to the 18th inst., we had won three games and lost two. On that date we met our greatest defeat of many years. There was but one thing commendable about the game, and that the conspicuous absence of wrangling. 23—6. 'Twas thus that the old-gold and black was lowered before the white and blue for the second time in a long series of contests, either played or forfeited.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

At 2 o'clock on the 25th inst., the Philomathesian Hall was the scene of a most beautiful marriage. The contracting parties, Mr. J. M. Brinson and Miss Mary H. Carter, both representatives of prominent North Carolina families, and especially popular and admired at Wake Forest, were united in marriage before a large concourse of friends, which more than filled the elegant hall. The beautiful and impressive ceremony performed by Rev. W. B. Royall, D. D., assisted by Rev. W. R. Gwaltney; the pretty bride and bridesmaid; the high esteem in which the parties were held; the elegant hall, decorated as only loving hands could decorate it; the low-burning mellow lights, and, withal, the perfect arrangement and elegant appointment of every detail, all conduced to make it the most brilliant marriage that has ever taken place at Wake Forest. Mr. W. L. Foushee, of Roxboro, was best man; Miss

Mattie Gwaltney, of Wake Forest, bridesmaid, and F. P. Hobgood, Jr., G. W. Blanton and J. W. Bailey, ushers. At the conclusion of the ceremony the happy couple held a short reception and received the best wishes and warmest congratulations of their numerous friends, after which they took the 3 o'clock train for a short visit to New Berne, N. C., the home of the groom's father, whence they leave for an extended tour North, and then to their far-away home, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Mr. J. M. Brinson graduated from this institution in 1887. Since that time he has met with no small success as a lawyer and in public life in his adopted home, and is regarded as one of Wake Forest's most promising *alumni*.

Miss Mary H. Carter, daughter of the late Rev. J. E. Carter, well known throughout the State as a popular and successful pastor, and at the time of his death the able editor of the *Western North Carolina Baptist*, became a resident of this village in December last. By her many graces of character and person, she has in her short stay added many to her large number of friends. Identifying herself from the beginning with Wake Forest, being largely instrumental in the success of the brilliant entertainments of some months since, of a lovely disposition and attractive person, it is not to be wondered that her admirers are many, and that it is with regret that Wake Forest loses her to the West. To the happy couple THE STUDENT extends its heartiest congratulations and best wishes that their lives may be a joy forever.

On Sunday morning, the 12th inst., Mr. Jun. L. Allen, of Forestville, and Miss Rosa Fowler, of Wake Forest, were united in marriage at the residence of the bride. The marriage was private, only a few intimate friends being present. The happy couple have the congratulations and best wishes of THE STUDENT.

THE NORTH CAROLINA TEACHER—ITS EDITOR.

For some time this editor has been much exercised over the subject of athletics and its management. His strictures have been very severe, but we had supposed that they were directed at Northern colleges. His ravings have now turned Southward, and in his wild delirium he cries the players are tramps and college students, drunkards and gamblers. At this period of sudden thermal changes he should be careful lest he become too excited. We do not wish to misrepresent the editor in his work of washing the dirty linen of foot-ball and base-ball players. He may wash and scrub and scald away till great drops of perspiration roll down his manly cheeks, but it is probable that college men will still continue to meet each other in honest, fair, noble sport where skill will ever surpass brute force. He says he favors all legitimate *college* sports, but not *intercollegiate*.

First—He favors college athletics. The best way to promote it is by intercollegiate games. Remove the stimulus of a coming match game and you destroy all interest in the sport. There is little to urge on a man, no occasion to display his skill and superiority. If he favors college athletics, why seek so assiduously to destroy that which gives it life? College students are gentlemen; the boys who play on the teams are gentlemen. What great harm can come from their meeting once or twice a year to test their skill and strength? They become acquainted with each other, visit the different institutions, thus broadening their views and liberalizing their ideas of other institutions. When one team visits another the most uniform courtesies are extended, and they strive to surpass each other in kindness and gentlemanly bearing. The Wake Forest team has frequently visited other institutions, and the memories are the most pleasant. Of course there has been rivalry, but a healthy rivalry, and we are sure there is no harm in that. When a game is played at some

central point, as Raleigh for instance, the citizens see a great deal of excitement. The college "yell" grates too harshly on their ears, and the placidity of their daily life is disturbed. The excitement and interest is due to the infrequency of the games. If this editor would study the matter a little more closely he might see some connection between a Latin grammar and a Spalding bat.

Second—The outside influence of the games. He says they "delight amateur and professional gamblers." Men may gamble or bet money on anything. The willingness to gamble precedes the occasion. The innocent and harmless game of marbles has been the occasion of gambling. Who would be so silly as to say abolish the game? To secure the maximum of good and the minimum of evil has been the aim of the Wake Forest management. We do not believe that we are responsible for what outsiders have done. Is the editor of *The Teacher* responsible for everything that happens at Morehead during the Teacher's Assembly? That is a great and a good organization. Must it be censured because those attend it who drink too freely from the flowing bowl? Must it be forbidden because scandalous reports of strange happenings there have been noised abroad—even the besmirching of the ministerial gown? Some men always seek to resign to the Devil and label as his peculiar property every innocent pleasure when it does not conform to their idea. May that class soon be gathered to their fathers. The Wake Forest management seek to lose as little time as possible. Generally the games are arranged for holidays and Saturdays. The practice is all done in the afternoon when the college work for the day is ended, and recreation is needed. We can say this, and every member of the Faculty will sustain us: Since the thorough organization of athletics at Wake Forest there has been marked improvement each year in its management. There are less absences to record against the players and fewer cases of discipline. There is less drinking in college

now than ever before. There has not been a case of discipline for drinking since the thorough organization.

In a recent intercollegiate game in Raleigh the editor of *The Teacher* was seen to have a "front seat in the synagogue." He says in his last issue of *The Teacher* that "the conduct on the part of the members of the teams was in every way gentlemanly and courteous," but that "there was an unusual amount of gambling by the college boys." We were with the college boys and saw not a single bet. The most of the college students at the game were from Wake Forest, and I have not yet found one who gambled. Further on he says that "three Raleigh boys and one Wake Forest boy were very drunk and noisy." He would saddle us with all the blame. He ought to improve the morality of his own city before he begins on us. Did these boys never drink before? Were they innocent victims of this game? Granting that the statement is entirely true, is it a conclusive argument against intercollegiate games? A man of ordinary intelligence can see the relation between the two. That man has a poor mission who attends ball games for the purpose of spying out college students who may be guilty of some indiscreet act, and if he is a Wake Forest student to single him out and hand it down to posterity through *The Teacher*. Prejudice prompts us to see what otherwise we would not. But each man to his mission, and the editor of *The Teacher* will continue to scrub and rub. Athletics will probably live without his love or favor.

The moon is an object of usefulness and beauty, but I have read somewhere of a certain animal that became dissatisfied with it and complained in deep lamentation all night long, and still the moon moved serenely on. We believe that so long as they are conducted as they are now there will be "tramp ball teams," though they may be barked at by different animals.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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Vol. XII.

WAKE FOREST, N. C., MAY, 1893.

No. 8.

THE DAWN OF NATURAL RELIGION AMONG THE ARYANS.

“On the rock primeval, hidden in the past its bases be,
Block by block the endeavoring ages built it up to what we see.
But dig down; the old unbury; thou shalt find on every stone
That each age hath carved the symbol of what God to them was known.
Ugly shapes and brutish sometimes, but the fairest that they knew;
If their sight were dim and earthward, yet their hope and aim were true.
As their gods were, so their laws were; Thor the strong could reave and
steal;

So through many a peaceful inlet tore the Norseman's eager keel.
But a new law came when Christ came, and not blameless as before
Can we, paying Him lip-tithes, give our lives and faiths to Thor.”

Religious instinct is universal. Every nation and every people has its peculiar forms of worship, and as the process of development increases, and scientific thought and investigation grows, the ultimate goal of all forms, creeds and religions will be attained, when each individual, worshipping the Heaven-Father after a conception suitable to his intellectual and spiritual development, will believe in common with the entire human race the revealed truths concerning the Being whose character overlaps the highest ideal of man.

Mr. Spencer, whose extreme evolutionary views lead him to reject the universality of the religious instinct, admits that

the continued existence of all ecclesiastical institutions is dependent upon the primeval truth found in the early forms of all religions. The growth of religion and its universal influence is conclusive proof of the co-eval creation of the religious instinct with man; and accepting in full the theory of evolution, the inference must be drawn that this all-pervading sentiment must be concomitant with the earliest form of life, although existing in the embryonic state.

It is not so much the fascinating but bewildering speculations concerning the evolution of this instinct and its ripe development in man that demands our attention to-night, as the discussion of an age, clouded by the low-hanging mists of the past, which, like a crystal within a crystal, reveals the form and character of the whole structure.

Were it within the grasp of the *literateurs* here assembled to comprehend the motive impulse that led to the varied and yet strikingly similar forms of worship, now included under the general name of mythology, the solution of the enigma of life, with all of its unsolved problems, would be secured to us.

We approach the subject with profound awe and reverence. We lay aside the boasted superiority of modern knowledge, and with uncovered heads and unshod feet enter the precincts of a sacred past, and reverently tread upon holy ground. We view the altars that they have built, the temples that they have erected, and the sacrifices that they, lavishly, have made. Gentlemen, we are straining our ears to catch the tones of the language of our race when the world was young and the heart was fresh and full. It is the morning dawn. The clouds and mists obstruct the light. It is the age of poetry. Man—a child—worshipped in its truest sense. Now, what was this conception, and how did he express it?

It was not long after man had risen from his low estate, and the chief wants of his body were supplied, when he began to think, and to hear some voice within telling him that eating

and drinking was not the end of living. "He saw around him the world with its great silent hills and green valleys, its rugged ridges of purple-tinted mountains, and miles of barren flats; its trees and fragrant flowers; the graceful form of man, the soaring bird, the swift deer, and the kingly lion; the wide scene, beaming with the colors which came forth at the bidding of the sunlight, or bathed in the shadows cast by passing clouds. He saw the sun rise and travel to the west, carrying the light away; then each night the stars, few or many, bursting out like sparks struck off the wheels of the sun-god's chariot, or like the glittering sprays of water cast by a ship as she plows the sea. His ears listened to the different sounds of Nature—the music of the flowing river; the roar of the never-silent sea; the rustle of the leaves as they were swept by the unseen fingers of the breeze; the patter of the rain as it dropped from the great black clouds; the rumble of the distant thunder as it followed the spear-like flashes of light sent from the rolling clouds; these and a thousand kindred voices, now harsh, now sweet, made him ask, What does it all mean? where and what am I? whence came I?"

During this period of child-like questioning, man's mind was not sufficiently developed to trace analogies, nor to grasp even in a small way the order of Nature. Yet there had grown within him the strongest conviction that behind everything there was a Being, unseen and all-powerful, at whose bidding all these things were. From this gradually grew the beautiful and forceful myth, found among all peoples, though widely differentiated, that the heaven and earth are the father and mother of all life. Professor Max Müller, who has the rare gift of putting the driest facts in sweet, expressive words, writes thus concerning this beautiful conception:

"We have in the Veda, the invocations, Dyauspitar the Greek, *Zeuspater*, the Latin, Jupiter; and that means in all the three languages what it meant before these three languages were torn asunder—it means Heaven-Father. These two

words are not mere words; they are to my mind the oldest poem, the oldest prayer of mankind, or at least of that pure branch of it to which we belong—and I am as firmly convinced that this prayer was uttered, that this name was given to the unknown God before Sanskrit was Sanskrit, and Greek was Greek, as when I see the Lord's Prayer in the languages of Polynesia and Delanesia, I feel certain that it was first uttered in the language of Jerusalem. We little thought when we heard for the first time the name of Jupiter, degraded it may be by Homer or Ovid into a scolding husband or a faithless lover, what sacred records lay enshrined in this unholy name. We shall have to learn the same lesson again and again in the science of religion, viz., that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. Thousands of years have passed since the Aryan nations separated to travel to the North and the South, the West and the East. They have each formed their languages, they have each founded empires and philosophies, they have each built temples and razed them to the ground; they have all grown older, and, it may be, wiser and better; but when they search for a name for what is most exalted and yet most dear to every one of us, when they wish to express both awe and love, the infinite and the finite, they can but do what their old fathers did when gazing up to the eternal sky, and feeling the presence of a Being as far as far and as near as near can be; they can but combine the self-same words and utter once more the primeval Aryan prayer, Heaven-Father, in that form which will endure forever, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

Dyauspitar, among the earlier Aryans, was the architect of the universe, the creator of spheres and worlds, the parent of all living things, while Prithivi, or earth, was the mother of his children. The following is a selection taken from the Veda describing the separation once existing between heaven and earth: "These two worlds (heaven and earth) were once joined together. They went asunder. Then it did not rain

nor did the sun shine, and the five tribes did not agree with one another. The gods then brought the two together, and when they came together they formed a wedding of the gods."

The child-conception of the one creator and ruler which the spreading expanse of the blue heaven awoke in the heart of the simple Aryan, was destined to be succeeded by another, describing a multiplicity of gods. Why has polytheism thus succeeded monotheism? Why does Indra become more powerful than Dyaus? Why does Zeus conquer Kronos? Change is an immutable, inexorable law, and through the ages even religion feels its kinetic impress. The mind of man was growing. The synthesis of new-found phenomena demanded either the development of their old ideal or the creation of new ones to supply the heart-hungerings of the soul and satisfy a restless intellect. Dyaus, Prithivi, were rigid, unalterable. New gods must be created; and Indra, the son and successor of Dyaus, becomes the leading god.

INDRA.

The primary conception of Indra was purely physical. He is scarcely the outgrowth of the religious instinct. His home is in the bright heaven, and, as his name denotes, is the bringer of the most precious boons to a thirsty land. He is the lord, omnipotent and all-seeing, of the wide expanse of heaven. He carries a golden whip, and is borne across the heavens in a flaming chariot, drawn by the tawny steeds, Maruts. Standing erect, the lightnings flash from the beard of Indra as he speeds upon his journey. His enemies are Vitra, the hiding thief, and Ahi, the strangling snake.

The heaven was, to the Aryan, a great plain, over which roamed bulls and cows, for such the clouds seemed to him to be. Just as the cow yielded him milk, so the clouds dropped upon the earth rain and dew. The dark clouds in the sky were the dwelling-place of a terrible monster who had stolen

the cows and shut them up in the caverns of the piled-up mountains, and was drinking up the water needed by the thirsty earth, and hiding the treasures of light and heat. Indra, the lord of the plains, driving in majestic splendor across the sky, with the hosts of storm-gods at his sides, slays the monster, cleaves the rocks asunder, and forthwith the light breaks out, the pent-up waters are loosed and pour down upon the parched land. In our prosaic age, this struggle is called the conflict between a high and low temperature wave.

Indra, at first the god of the sky, the Indian Zeus, the gatherer of the clouds, the giver of rain, the wielder of the thunderbolts, the conqueror of the darkness, now becomes the bringer of light, the source of freshness, vigor and life, the ruler and creator of the whole world. Compared with him, all the other gods, even Dyaus, who now humbles himself before his son, are decrepit old men.

AGNI.

The next important phenomenon of Nature which is represented in the Veda is fire; in Sanskrit, *Agni*. Sometimes he is addressed, like Indra, as the one great god who makes all things, sometimes as the light which fills the heavens, sometimes as the blazing lightning, or as the clear flame of earthly fire. Between Indra and Agni there is no rivalry nor antagonism. Both are paradoxically the greatest. Like Indra, his character is almost wholly physical. In early hymns he is addressed as the fire which to mortal men is an indispensable boon; but in later days he is chiefly concerned with the ordering of the sacrifice. In the flames of the offering he mounts up to the sky and becomes the messenger between gods and men. "He is the lord and protector of every house, and the father, mother, brother and son of every one of the worshippers." He is the keeper of hidden treasures, and all blessings proceed from him as giver. He is Vasu, the lord of light.

During life he shields men from harm, and at death he becomes the Psychopompos, as conveying the "unborn part" of the dead to the unseen world.

VARUNA.

The last of the deities of the Veda concerning whom I shall speak is Varuna, the noblest and best. He governs the seasons of the year; he sets the sun, moon and stars in their courses, and it is to him that the sin-stricken worshippers ask for pardon and deliverance from evil. For he surrounds them all, and his messengers note down the wrong-doings of men and cast sickness and death upon the wicked. Varuna is merciful even to him who has committed sin.

Many references have been made to the Vedic literature. Now, what is this collection, some of which probably antedates the earliest scripture? Veda means knowledge, science, and is akin to our word wisdom. The hymns composing these volumes exceed one thousand in number, and are entitled Reg-Veda, or The Veda of Praise. Six hundred years before Christ every word, every verse and every syllable was counted, and the number agrees very nearly with the existing copies. Brahmans hold these in holy veneration, and believe them to have been entirely the work of God and to have existed in His mind even before the creation.

"The Vedic religion had no temples, no priesthood, no idols. The millions of gods which are now the objects of Hindu worship, the division of men into castes, the horrid practice of burning women with their dead husbands, the belief that the soul after death enters the body of one animal after another, formed no part of the old religion, the freshness of which faded away under these and like corrupting forces. That religion, traces of which, mixed with devil and serpent-worship, still linger among the dwellers in remote places, on hills and amidst jungles, was followed by a time when the

human mind was stirred by the great questions which lay behind the simple Nature-worship, when it asked, Who knew and why all things were? One by one Indra, Varuna and Agni and the rest fell from their high places to lower ones, and became symbols of the supreme soul, Brahma."

RUFUS WEAVER.

THE ORGANIZATION AND EQUIPMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

The origin of the University of Chicago may be traced to the failure of the old University of Chicago in 1886. At that time the American Baptist Educational Society entertained the idea of a Baptist college for Chicago. Prof. W. R. Harper, then of Yale, succeeded in interesting Mr. Rockefeller in the enterprise. Others, too, were thinking upon the same subject, and the movement of thought was from the idea of a Baptist college to the settled purpose to have a great University in the Northwest. In November, 1888, Mr. F. E. Hinckley, of Chicago, addressed a letter to Mr. F. T. Gates, the Secretary of the American Baptist Educational Society, portions of which now read like a prophecy. This letter throws much light upon the conception underlying the organization of the University, and I herewith present some extracts from it.

Mr. Hinckley wrote: "Referring to our several interviews on the subject of the endowment of a university of learning, to be located in or near the city of Chicago, I write to say that I am a believer in and an advocate of, placing within the reach of every young man in the Northwest the facilities for obtaining a liberal education at home, and believe that we should offer to the 'Western boys' the same facilities and advantages that they could obtain by going to Harvard, Yale,

Rochester, or any other Eastern university. To do this, it is absolutely necessary that we should set our standard high, and that we should not, for an instant, contemplate the starting of a second or third-class institution. * * * *

The endowment should be sufficient at the start to justify the employment of a Faculty of the ablest men that the age affords; men of vigor, who have obtained eminence in their profession. * * * To accomplish this, in my opinion, it will require at least one million dollars to construct and equip the necessary buildings, libraries and laboratories, and an endowment fund should be provided large enough to produce an income sufficient to defray the expenses of properly running the institution. * * *

I am aware of the fact that the contribution of one million dollars for an institution of learning is generally considered to be a difficult thing to accomplish; it would be easier to raise one million dollars than ten thousand dollars for educational purposes. * * * I do not believe that the contributions for this sort of an institution can be obtained from the masses. I do not believe that you can raise one million dollars in penny and nickle subscriptions. An institution of this character must be endowed with the checks of people who can spare the money, and to whom it would be a pleasure to make large contributions."

These and kindred ideas have largely prevailed in the organization of the University of Chicago. The standard has been set high; an able Faculty has been brought together; instead of one million dollars, the University opened its doors with assets amounting to more than five million; and, so far, the institution has been endowed with the checks of people who are abundantly able to spare the money. They seem to find pleasure in giving money to supply the wants of the institution.

The University is organized into four distinct divisions:
1. The University proper, including schools, colleges, and

academies. 2. The University Extension Division. 3. The University Libraries and Museums. 4. The University Press.

The term School is applied to those departments in which professional or non-professional graduate work is done. College Juniors and Seniors rank as University College students; Freshmen and Sophomores as Academic College students. Examinations are held previous to the beginning of each quarter for those who apply for admission into either the Academic or University College. The Divinity School has a Faculty of its own, and two hundred and nine students have been enrolled during the year. It is understood here that the most important feature of the University is the Graduate School, in which twenty-one departments have been organized. The public confidence in this feature is shown by the number and character of the graduate students who have entered upon work here within the first year that the University has offered tuition. Two hundred and six have matriculated. They come from the best colleges and universities in the country; many of them have done from one to four years of graduate work elsewhere, and several had received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy before entering upon study here.

The University Extension Division, with a special University Extension Faculty, directs the work of those students who are unable to carry on their work upon the campus. The work is organized into six departments, including lecture-study, class-work, correspondence, examination, library and training.

The Division of Libraries and Museums includes the general library and all the department libraries, the general museum and all special museums, and the apparatus and material used in the laboratories. The department libraries constitute a valuable feature of the organization of the Graduate School. There is a separate library for each of the departments organized, and each department library occupies

a room specially equipped and set apart for it. These libraries are used solely for consultation, and are intended for the use of none but graduate and special students.

The Division of the University Press includes the Department of Printing, which prints the University bulletins, programmes, calendars, etc.; the Department of Publication, which publishes journals, books, etc., prepared by University instructors; the Department of Purchase and Sale, which purchases and sells books and apparatus.

The University is located in the southern part of Chicago. The campus of twenty-four acres fronts on Midway Plaisance, the broad public connecting link between Washington and Jackson Parks. These public parks contain a thousand acres of land, affording students fine opportunities for fresh-air recreations in walking, skating, baseball, football, tennis, and cycling. The Columbian Exposition now occupies Jackson Park and Midway Plaisance, making this a year of opportunity for the students here.

The buildings of the University are being erected around the four quadrangles of the campus. They are of stone, and the style of architecture is English Gothic. Those already completed are Cobb Lecture Hall, a capacious four-story building, used temporarily for recitation rooms, department libraries and general administration purposes; three Divinity dormitories, one of which is at present occupied by graduate students, the basement being used for a "Commons," where more than two hundred students take their meals; and a large brick building used as a temporary General Library, and also for the Gymnasia. The following buildings are being erected, and will be completed by next October: Foster Hall, Kelley Hall, Beecher Hall, and the Woman's Hall, all four of which are to be occupied by women students; the Walker Museum, the Ryerson Physical Laboratory, the Kent Chemical Laboratory, and Snell Hall, the latter being a dormitory for undergraduates. Money has been provided for the Field Biological

Laboratory, the Rust Commons, and other buildings, all of which will be erected as soon as possible. The Yerkes Astronomical Observatory is the gift of Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago. This gift is made with the condition that the Observatory be made the best in America. It will be located at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, where the atmosphere is said to be excellent; the estimated cost is five hundred thousand dollars. The Ogden Scientific School, endowed by the estate of the late W. B. Ogden, the first Mayor of Chicago, embraces the departments of Astronomy, Biology, Chemistry and Physics. The endowment will amount to a gift of more than five hundred thousand dollars from the Ogden heirs. In 1888 Mr. Hinckley said a million dollars would be needed to construct and equip the buildings for such a school as the Northwest ought to have; in 1892-'3 we see a school organized and at work here, and its assets in lands, buildings and funds amount to more than seven million dollars.

President W. R. Harper and the Trustees of the University have brought together a Faculty numbering one hundred and twenty-five. Among them are some of the ablest instructors in the world. Seven or eight are ex-presidents of colleges or universities; many have been head professors in leading Eastern educational institutions, and a number of able specialists have been attracted from England and Germany.

Seven hundred and fifty-two students have matriculated, and almost every State in the North and West, from Maine to California, is represented by one or more students; so, also are many of the Southern States, including the Carolinas and Mississippi. Outside of the United States, the following named countries have representatives in the student body: Ontario, England, Scotland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Silesia, Asia Minor, Burmah, and Japan.

The University is, of course, still in its infancy, but it is, to say the least, a very vigorous infant. It is full of the energy, enthusiasm and push that characterize the West. It

stands for thorough culture and is dominated by a spirit of breadth and freedom akin to that of the prairies that lie about it.

C. G. WELLS.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

JONATHAN SWIFT AS A LOVER.

If one were searching for the portrait of a man who would be dangerous to the other sex, he would be reckoned a satirist should he choose the portrait of Jonathan Swift. But everybody knows how he subjugated their minds by his rancorous pride and savage tyranny; how three of the sweetest women in Great Britain looked for all their happiness to his harsh, homely face until they drooped with disgust or died of despair. With what fierce arrogance he deported himself! A poor scribe, with nothing in prospect, he was insolent and hectoring to the greatest.

When the Duchess of Shrewsbury reproached him for not dining with her, he replied that it was too much for her to expect under the circumstances; that she must make more advances; that he looked for advances from ladies, especially duchesses. Lady Oglethorp introduced him to the Duchess of Hamilton; to use his own words he gave her some encouragement, but not much. He wrote to the Duchess of Queensbury: "I am glad you know your duty, for it has been a known and established rule above twenty years in England that the first advances have been continually made me by all ladies who aspire to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances." He seemed to regard himself as a superior being, exempt from all social laws, entitled to homage, even from the highest, of the abjectest sort,

During his residence in England he appeared to become fond—if fondness can be associated with him—of a pretty, amiable and refined girl, Jane Warying, the sister of an old college friend. He asked her to be his wife, but she declined on account of her delicate health. She grew better, and, as he had charmed her somehow, she repented of her refusal, and so wrote him. He then condescended to accept her, but accompanied his acceptance with conditions so unnatural and insulting that her self-respect compelled her to break with him.

A bright and winning girl, Esther Johnson, whom he had reared, and who had always revered and loved him, he treated kindly and brutally by turns, until he made her ineffably wretched.

While he was in London still another young woman, Hesther Vanhomrigh, rich and beautiful, became enamored of the great bear, declared her passion, followed him to Ireland, underwent agonies of jealousy, appealed to him most piteously, and yet woke no serious response in his hardened breast. He had been affectionate to her in England, but in Ireland he changed; he seemed bent on torturing her. She wrote: "If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not long be made uneasy by me; I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than your killing, killing words." She told the melancholy truth. His brutal behavior doomed her; she withered into the grave.

For the gentle Esther there was now a chance of happiness. Swift claimed that she had always had his heart. He married her from a sense of duty; but what a marriage! It was a feast in a charnel-house, a dance of death. The union was secret; it was to be nominal merely; it was to be an invisible change, with a deeper inward torment. His home became a hell to him. He went to England as often as he could, and staid as long. Poor Esther! she was twelve years dying. Nature was as malignant as fortune had been; but at last came the end, and blessed oblivion.

The man who had slowly murdered two devoted women, either of whom could have made his life a joy, paid the penalty which crime unrelentingly exacts. Stella, as he called her, had indeed been his good angel. He had been wretched with her; he was more wretched without her. As he had predicted, he died at the top. He passed a whole year without uttering a word—with a dread of seeing any human face. He sank into a raving lunatic, then into a helpless idiot, and was buried years after he had virtually died, leaving all his property to build a mad-house. Is it such men whom women love? But let judgment be charitable. A man who could treat good, gentle, devoted women as Swift treated them must be insane from the first.

There are other men, ill-favored of mind and body, in the present not less than the past, who might be cited as bewitchers and misleaders of women. But they are all variations of the same tune. There are Cæsars, born conquerors of their kind, who are natural lovers, and unavoidably unjust, through their polygamous temperament. There are Sidneys, gifted and gentle, who are too chivalrous to wrong women consciously, but who play with passion to a perilous point. There are others, capable, witty, unscrupulous, indecent, who prey like wild beasts upon women. Others there are with whom love is a riot of the blood, who are soldiers in sentiment, who approach women as they do a citadel, with no thought but of victory. There are Voltaires, bubbling over with vanity, spirit and versatility, tender-hearted though inconsiderate, to whom women are an inspiration and a necessity. There are Rousseaus, sentimentalists in the extreme, filled with egotism, who sweep women before them “with floods of sensuousness and sensibility,” and catch them up in an ardent embrace. There are others who cover supreme selfishness and animal instincts with captivating manners, and win women indiscriminately because they can. There are poor, unfortunate Swifts, encouraged by knowledge of their position, “devoured by

belief in their unappreciation, with every passion but sexual passion," who abuse women for their own misfortunes and deficiency.

All such varieties of men and many more, though lacking physical beauty, women strive for and are subdued by. What is their attraction? Is it power, or chivalry, or wit, or profligacy, or fearlessness, or brilliancy, or sentiment, or tenderness, or kindness, or indifference, or egotism, or brutality? Something, no doubt, of each and all of these; but exactly what can no more be named than the source of the sun's heat or the reason why the moon affects the tides. This charm, so greatly coveted by men, is invariably dangerous, often fatal, always undesirable. It is a "beautiful flame that consumes the radiant possession, that curses the possessor." Far happier he who can earn but one heart than he to whom a hundred hearts are given.

Jo.

THE CHINESE ALPHABET.

The school books of my early days mentioned the number of characters in the various alphabets, closing with the statement that the Chinese alphabet has several thousand. This statement is sufficiently accurate for practical purposes. The Chinese language has no characters which could be called letters. A letter is said to be "a sign used to represent a sound of the human voice," but each Chinese character represents a whole word. A few of these words have only a single elementary sound, but most of them have from two to four sounds, and each word has its own character. No Chinese word has more than one syllable, and the largest number of sounds in any one word, in the Cantonese dialect at least, seems to be four. These sounds are sometimes arranged in a

table, nineteen sounds or combinations of sounds being called *initials*, while seventy-four combinations are called *finals*. This would give a possible total of 1,406 words, but not all the finals are used with all the initials, so that the number falls below a thousand. But it is possible for each one of these words to be used in from three to six tones, and this would increase the number of characters to several thousand. Besides this, the same word in the same tone may sometimes have more than a dozen different meanings, and each meaning requires a different character. Consequently the number of characters actually used runs far up towards a hundred thousand. Of course, no Chinaman, however literary he may be, knows them all, and the foreigners who learn the language learn only a few thousand that are in common use.

Before I left home, Dr. Broadus suggested to me that possibly the difficulties of the language were in the written language, and it would not be so difficult to learn the spoken language. With this in view I began my studies, but I soon found that, for me at least, this was not practical. For many years I have been accustomed to learn things from books, and to use books I must study the characters. A few books of the spoken dialect have been printed in the Roman alphabet, and beginners use these for a few days. But this method of writing Chinese, while it distinguishes different tones by certain marks, cannot distinguish words that have the same sound and the same tone, but a different meaning. For example, *chi*, in the first high tone may mean *to know*, or it may be the sign of the genitive case, or it may be *the branch of a tree*, or it may be one of half a dozen other things. Accordingly, most students will find it profitable to learn the characters for these things, which are widely different from each other and associate the meaning with both the sound and the form of the character. Sometimes he will know the name of a character but not its meaning; sometimes he will know the meaning but not the name. Often the form of the

character and the name or the meaning will enable the memory to recall the other. A student who would learn altogether by ear, not using books at all, might learn the spoken language without any knowledge of the written.

The Chinese pen, commonly called a pencil, is neither pen nor pencil, but a brush, and the characters are not written but painted. Books are often printed from types cut on blocks of wood, sometimes from metal types.

The characters are composed of eight principles: the dot or point, which often looks more like an inverted comma; the horizontal line; the vertical line; the hook, a vertical with an enlargement at the top and a hook at the bottom; the spike, with the point turned up towards the right at an angle of forty-five degrees; the sweep, shaped much like the last, but with the point down toward the left; the stroke, differing from the last in being slightly curved; and the dash, consisting of a short horizontal followed by a line sloping down towards the right. But these principles or elements have many variations, some of them as many as eighteen. But a Chinese character is not written *currente calamo*, like a letter in the Spencerian system, by putting together several of these principles. As a rule, the pencil is taken up after each principle, and it is important to know the number of strokes in each character. Usually a horizontal and a vertical at its right hand end count one stroke, but other than this, two principles are rarely included in one stroke. The appearance of the characters is that of squares, rectangles, and diagonals, rather than circles. Even arcs of circles are rarely used, though there are occasional curves of other kinds. The written characters usually tend more to the use of curves than the printed. The printed characters often resemble in general appearance the Hebrew square characters, though the Chinese are usually much more elaborate and complex than any single Hebrew letter. Chinese books resemble Hebrew books also in reading from right to left.

The number of strokes in a character varies from one to twenty-five, or possibly even more. Some very common characters have only one, two or three strokes; others, equally common, have a dozen or more. A single horizontal means *one*; two horizontals, *two*; and three horizontals, *three*; a cross, *ten*; a vertical angle, *man*; a similar angle with a horizontal crossing near the vertex is *great*, while a square means *mouth*. On the other hand, the common word *to hear* is represented by a character with twenty-two strokes. Many characters are hieroglyphic in form, forming a picture of the thing represented. The character for *door* is a very fair picture of a double folding door; *to shut* is the same character with a bar across it; *to learn by hearing* is a *door* with an *ear* in it; *to ask* is a *door* with a *mouth* in it. *Tapering to a point* is a combination of *large* and *small*. How widely the Chinese estimate of woman differs from the Anglo-Saxon will be indicated by the fact that most of the characters which represent anything bad have that for *woman* as a part of them. So the character for *peace* is one *woman* under a *roof*.

From what I have said, it will appear that one character often forms a constituent part of a more complex character. This is a very common way of making up the more elaborate characters. Sometimes a few strokes are added to a character to make it mean something else; sometimes two or more characters are put side by side, or one above the other. Sometimes four or even five characters are thus combined to make one. These characters which form part of others often affect the meaning, as in the examples already given; at other times they affect the name of the character. It is possible often to guess at the name of a new character by an examination of its principal elements. One character, pronounced *chuk* enters into the composition of a large number of other characters, some pronounced the same, or differing only in the tone, others pronounced *tsuk*, and others *chak*. Again, in other cases, the composition of characters seems to be arbitrary.

In the Chinese-English Dictionary these characters are arranged alphabetically, according to the Romanized spelling of the words they represent. But sometimes nearly a hundred characters have the same spelling. These then are arranged according to their tones. Even then one must sometimes examine all the characters on several pages to find the one wanted.

But suppose the student does not know the name of the character, what then? In every character there is a constituent part, usually on the left hand or on the top, occasionally at the bottom, rarely on the right, which is called the radical. There are about two hundred of these radicals, numbered according to the number of strokes required to make them. The first five have only one stroke, the next twenty-three have two strokes, and so on until we reach the two hundred and fourteenth, which has seventeen strokes. At the end of the dictionary is a list of these radicals, with their numbers, names and meanings. Following this is an index, and under the several radicals are arranged the characters formed from them, beginning with one additional stroke and going up to the highest. Opposite to these characters are the words which they represent, and then these are found at their proper place in the dictionary. Here is a character with a square on the left; this I take to be the radical, and I remember it is the character for *mouth*, No. 30. I count the other strokes and find the number either nine or ten. I turn over to No. 30 in the index and find there are forty-six characters having *mouth* for the radical and nine strokes in addition. I run down the column a little way and find the desired character is called *hot*. I then turn to the proper place in the dictionary and find this word means *thirst*. Here is a large character which has on the right a long hook with two short strokes crossing it. This I remember to be a common form for the *hand*, radical No. 64. I count the additional strokes and find there are nineteen. Turning to No. 64, I find seven characters with

that radical and nineteen additional strokes, and the third of these is the one I am seeking, called *lo* (pronounced almost *law*). Turning to the dictionary I find it means *to get*, as with the hand.

Many of these radicals are used as the basis of only a few characters; others are used in making a large number. No. 85, meaning *water*, is the radical of more than five hundred characters. A few less are found under each of the radicals meaning *mouth*, *hand*, *heart*, *wood*, and *grass*.

Sometimes it is difficult to determine which is the radical. Here is a character made up of *sun* and *moon* side by side, and both are radicals. On examination we find it to be under *sun*. The radicals which mean *moon* and *flesh* are widely different when standing alone, but in composition they often assume nearly the same form, and if we do not find the character under one we look under the other. Here is a character which has either *moon* or *flesh* for its radical, but I do not know which. From the connection I suspect that it means *breast*, and as that is more nearly related to *flesh* than to *moon*, I look under the former radical and find it there.

In the Chinese Dictionary the characters are arranged in the body of the book in the order of this index, each in its proper place under its proper radical. But I am not yet far enough along to use a dictionary with no English, so I continue to consult Dr. Eitel.

G. W. GREENE.

Canton, China.

HOW SCOTLAND NECK RECEIVED ITS NAME.

About five miles from a little village in the eastern part of North Carolina, and about two miles from the west bank of Roanoke river, there stands by the road the trunk of what was once a large chincapin tree. It is about seven or eight feet high, is situated in an old field, and is surrounded by a

stunted growth of blackberry vines, brambles, a sparse growth of pine saplings, and such other vegetable life as can only subsist on a very poor soil. The old trunk itself does not present a very pleasing appearance, with its gnarled and twisted roots, jagged top, and a small knob where a limb was broken off; but still, from its immense size, you can see that at some time it must have been very shapely, and a giant in comparison with its neighbors. The land on which it stands is a sort of neck or peninsula, caused by the river bending in almost a U shape. After looking at this venerable patriarch of the forest for some time, you are deeply touched with a nameless feeling of pity for it. Perhaps it is the similarity you see between it and an old man who has outlived his generation; or perhaps it is the association of a strange and touching legend you have heard connected with it.

About a hundred years ago, on a hot August evening, there sat under the branches of this tree seven or eight Scotch emigrants who were supposed to have been on their way to Halifax, a little village about thirty miles up the Roanoke, but who were forced to stop on account of one of their number being attacked with malarial fever. The sun was just above the horizon. A few bats had already begun to flit here and there in the early twilight. The birds and insects had sought their homes. Objects cast long, gaunt and almost frightful shadows. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves. How lonely this little band of men must have felt in a strange land and in the heart of an unknown forest! Just a little to one side there lay stretched on a blanket the form of a sturdy Scot. His hair and beard were of a light sandy color. His brow was broad and high; his underjaw was firmly set, and his face, though pale and slightly emaciated from sickness, was a frank and pleasant one. His comrades sat silently waiting for the end, for they knew by the short, quick gasps, and the glassy stare of his eyes, that death could not be far off. Suddenly, however, he seemed to revive. He raised himself up, gazed

wildly at them, muttered a few words in Gaelic, and then fell back dead. They dug him a grave under the friendly shade of the chincapin tree, where the night wind could sing his requiem, there to rest until the trump of the resurrection angel shall command land and sea to give up its dead.

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

ON WHOM DOES IT DEPEND?

It is doubtful whether one who has not received an education can properly appreciate its benefits and value. Those who are educated know that their education constitutes the greatest leverage power in their possession, and they who have reached anything like marked success in life know too that they are in a great measure indebted to the education which opened the way for the exercise of those faculties upon which success depends. Even if it were possible, a man who has been educated cannot be found who would be willing to give up his education and step back to the position and sphere in life from which he started, or which he would be occupying had he not been educated. What education has done for one man, or class of men, it is reasonable to suppose it can do for others under the same circumstances.

From the fact of the above statement, that education is not fully appreciated except by those possessing it, comes another fact that too many neglect securing an education till it is altogether too late. Men advanced in life are often heard to express regret at having let pass, unimproved the opportunity of securing what they afterward see is of the greatest worth and importance, and say that if they had only known the full meaning and value of an education, they would have made greater effort in securing it. To-day there are scores of boys in North Carolina who are letting pass unimproved the time of life for making the best use of the educational advantages

within their reach. Many of these boys could easily attend college if they only had the patience and determination ; others, with whom pecuniary circumstances render it more difficult to attend, would nevertheless do so if they could but be made to see the matter in its truest and broadest light. Where there is a will there is usually a way; and if this will is backed up by pluck and determination, a way will often be found which at first could not be seen. The cry of hard times will deter some from entering upon a college course ; the fact that times are hard and money scarce is one of the very best reasons why more of our worthy young men should put forth greater efforts to avail themselves of that education which is the surest and safest remedy for hard times. During the coming vacation let the friends of Wake Forest, especially the professors and students, do their full duty in urging this important matter of education upon our North Carolina boys who are now manfully filling their places on the farms and in the shops and stores—boys who have strong, healthy bodies and bright active minds, and within whom lie possibilities of future usefulness and power which need to be drawn out and cultivated by a four years course of hard, honest work in our college.

SAM. J. PORTER.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor

At last the great question of opening the World's Fair on Sunday has most accommodatingly settled itself. Congress had dilly-dallied for weeks over it, Bishops had spent many sleepless hours solving the problem, the press had nauseated the world with its many arguments for and against, but no conclusion could be reached. Months ago we had been led

to believe that Congress had persuaded the authorities to close the gates, but on May 3 the director declared that the gates should be opened, and every man, woman and child who then paid the fare was permitted to see the exhibit at their own sweet will. This is a direct violation of the will of Congress as expressed when the appropriation of \$2,500,000 was voted to the Exposition. But Congress, so the Fair managers claim, first broke the contract by taking \$600,000 of that appropriation for the use of the United States government exhibit at the Fair. This breach on the part of Congress, it is claimed, released the managers from all obligations. Whether the move is wise or not will be best answered by time. To us both sides of the question have many plausible arguments. Sunday at the Fair can be made a day of sin and sacrilege, or a day of peace and piety. That rests with the managers of the Fair. The first alternative is easily understood; to effect the second will require great precaution on the part of the authorities. It is possible to proclaim to the assembled nations as they come in the presence of all those God-given creations, all that beautiful handiwork, all that silent machinery, in which no wheel shall turn, no band shall move—as they behold the greatest Fair of the world, in which no booth is open, no one buying or selling, all in the silence of reverence for the God who created it—that America has a Sunday which it observes far better and far more wisely than other nations.

A BOOK composed of the arguments presented before the International Tribunal, which is to decide the Behring Sea seal dispute, by the counsel for the United States government, has been published lately. In it, to the writer, who has been guided in this matter by the daily press, a startling revelation has been made. We had read time and again that the settlement of this question depended upon whether or not the Behring Sea is a "closed sea," the United States claiming that it is. If we are to believe this book the United States

makes no such claim, but bases its entire argument on the question of "proprietary right," and further basing its claim of "proprietary right" on the claim that the Alaskan seals are not *feræ naturæ*. Was the equal of this ever witnessed? The most powerful nations on earth disputing a question for twenty long years, at times all but reaching the point of declaring war, and now resting the question on the habits of the unassuming seal! The argument of counsel for the United States is somewhat after this manner: At the beginning of the breeding season the Alaskan seal invariably betakes itself to a certain island in the Behring Sea. While on its way to this island it is in a peculiarly helpless condition, and the seal-hunters, taking advantage of this, kill them by the thousands. This government has long since taken steps to protect the seal against the hunters from all nations in this season, and on its way to this particular island, or else they would have been exterminated. This was expensive and troublesome to the government, and now it claims in view of the care which it has taken for the protection of the helpless seals that it has earned a "proprietary right" to protect them in all seasons. Now what "proprietary right" is we hardly care to state; but we believe that "proprietary right," or any other right based on such argument, will not receive favorable judgment at the hands of the International Tribunal. The result will, in all probability, be that on payment of claims held by English sealers against the United States, the two governments will unite as joint guardians of the much imposed on, but silent and inoffensive seal in the breeding season, and in other seasons they will be left upon the mercies of the avaricious hunter.

JUST at this writing this government is threatened with a greater financial crisis than that of the appalling "Black Friday" of 1869. And in fact the world seems to be alarmingly affected as regards money matters. South America has never recovered from the collapse of the Argentine bauble, Germany is losing its credit, France, always financially

sounder than other European nations, is threatened; several of England's strongest banks have lately gone under, all Australia is shaken by an unprecedented series of colossal failures, and the United States has been forced to break into her gold reserve of \$100,000,000 for the first time. Some of the most prominent brokers of Wall street have succumbed, and others are threatened. The causes of this world-wide financial stringency are hardly to be accounted for. In the United States every political party assigns a different reason: some crying "fear of free silver," some "the Sherman act," some "the need of free silver," and others the general "hard times." In our opinion, the government's credit being considerably weakened by the enormous appropriations of the last two Congresses, and the Sherman act requiring the purchase of 4,000,000 ounces of silver per month, all but establishing a silver basis, driving the standard, gold, from the country, are the causes of this state of affairs. As long as we use silver as money in this country while the European nations use gold, this efflux of gold from our shores cannot be prevented. If the people can be persuaded of this, the cry of free silver will never be heard again. It was always the idea of the socialist and the fanatic, and the sooner the masses of the people realize this the better. Just now the amount of silver in what is stamped one dollar is worth sixty-three cents. We can stamp it a dollar and it will pass as of that value here, because our standard is gold, and the banks do not hesitate to exchange gold for silver in small amounts. The banks are not compelled to do this, but through implicit faith in the credit and strength of the government seldom hesitate, but when we come to trade with a foreign nation the 63-cent dollar is worth only sixty-three cents. As long as we use silver as currency and Europe uses gold we must suffer. European capitalists have invested largely in our State and National bonds and other securities, and they demand in payment for these securities only such money as

can be used in their own country, that is, gold. Just now they are fearful that the United States will become a free-silver nation when the special session of Congress meets in October next, and they are selling their securities and demanding gold in payment. Thus the country is overstocked with silver and sadly in need of gold ; thus Grover Cleveland's administration is forced to fall back on the gold reserve. Hence the panic. What will it be when Congress establishes a silver basis !

ON the 1st inst. the Chinese exclusion act, passed by the late Congress, should have gone into effect, and every Chinaman at large without having his picture taken should have been arrested and returned to his native land. We believe only one of the many thousands who failed to comply with the requirements of this act has been arrested, and his case has been brought into the courts, where the constitutionality of the bill will be tested. Whether or not the particular requirements of this act be just, whether or not China in retaliatory mood close her gates against us and our missionaries, it will be admitted by all that the Chinese are among the most undesirable of all immigrants that land on our shores ; and this being the case, if the exclusion act be proved unconstitutional, it is to be hoped that Congress will adopt some method that is constitutional in order to rid our land of these pests. We have enough of immigration of this sort. Our country is good enough to secure desirable immigrants, and should, in the name of her people, and especially in this the year of the Columbian Exposition, admit only those of such a nature and such capabilities as would become good citizens of the United States.

ALTHOUGH the historic European "war-cloud" is just now hardly as large as the proverbial "man's hand," Kaiser William is again engaged in an attempt to create his usual spring sensation. At last accounts the head of the house of Hohenzollern was in readiness to sign a mandate dismissing the

Reichstadt if it failed to pass his army bill. Just how long the Europeans are going to submit to the sublime idiocy of her crowned heads is a question which we hope was partly answered by the second "bloodless revolution," which so effectually demonstrated to Leopold II. of Belgium a few days since that his will was no longer law in that country. May the work of "bloodless revolutions" continue until that thrice-crowned king of American society anglomaniacs, the Prince of Wales, is enthroned and dethroned.

THE CRINOLINE.

Fashion, the guide of society, is continually changing, and so rapidly that the man who keeps abreast of the changes in the male dress is in a whirl of confusion the whole time, and the woman who attempts to keep up with the changes in the female costume is hopelessly lost in flounces, ruffles and laces, and wears herself away in the attempt. During the last two or three years her manner of dress has perhaps been more economical and rational than for some time previous, but again we are beginning to feel the force of the tidal wave that will sweep before it all the practicality and common sense in the female dress of recent years. The hideous beauty of the bustle has been abolished, and must now be replaced by the doubly hideous and abominable crinoline. Of all women it is conceded that our Southern maidens are the most modest and lovable anywhere to be found, and now we must sit with our hands folded and our lips closed and see them, the model creatures from God's own hands, converted into walking balloons by this unseemly fashion. There may be an excuse for the women of some countries to submit to the deformities of the bustle, the corset, the pointed shoes, and the crinoline; but there can be no reason why the women of our country, and those of the South particularly, should undergo them.

They have not great big feet, out of all proportion; the limbs are shapely, and the natural form, when left alone, is simply beautiful. The symmetry of figure is as perfect as the Indian girl, and now the crinoline must be suspended from her waist to distend her skirt like a parachute. If they will come, and it seems they must, the streets of our cities are too narrow, car doors must be cut wider, and the March winds hushed. Sooner could this be done than repress the tide of fashion in its onward sweep. It is invincible, and will yet leave us a little dwarfish, deformed race of women.

BUCKWHEAT.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RUFUS WEAVER, Editor.

GEORGE MACDONALD, the Scotch poet, is now an invalid, and is living a secluded life in Scotland.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE has been notified by his publishers that over 400,000 copies of *Ben Hur* have been sold.

THE concluding two volumes of Renan's *Historie du Peuple d'Israel* were, it is said, already in type and fully corrected at the author's death. They are expected to appear during the month.

THE Macmillans are arranging to issue the works of the Bronte sisters, complete in thirteen volumes. These books will be uniform with the edition of Jane Austin, published by the same house last year.

MISS MOLLY ELIOT SEAWELL, whose new novel, *Children of Destiny*, was recently published by the Appletons, has dramatized her graceful story, *Maid Marian*, and the play promises to be a gratifying success.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY is busy upon a series of short stories for early publication. They consist of legends and folk-tales communicated to the explorer during his journey through the forest of the Dark Continent.

THE Duke of Argyle has been making a careful study of the "seven centuries of English misrule in Ireland." He embodies the results of this painstaking investigation under the title, *Irish Nationalism; an Appeal to History*, bringing before the reading public many new and unnoticed facts.

THE popularity of the short novel is attested each day. The leading publishing houses recognize the fact. Effort is made to introduce variety and secure as many different writers as possible. *The Real Thing, and other Tales*, by Henry James, is the latest addition to this type of literature. [Macmillan, crown, \$1.]

The American Race, by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, is a masterly discussion of the development of our race. The writer is a man of rare ability and scholarship. The book illustrates the successful education of the powers of observation, and on account of its superior worth has already been assigned the highest place by literary and scientific critics. [N. D. C. Hodges, New York. \$2.00.]

AMONG the distinguished English writers who recently have visited America is Rev. Robert F. Horton, well known in theological circles as the author of *Revelation and the Bible*. This book is able, scholarly and reverent, revealing a thorough acquaintance with the facts and phenomena of Scripture. During his visit to America he delivered a series of lectures before the Yale students, which have been published during the past week under the title *Verbum Dei*.

"THE Great Commander Series" will be, when completed, a valuable contribution to the historical literature of America. The aim of the publishers to present readable, discriminating and authoritative reviews of great American

leaders on land and sea is being justly appreciated by a public nauseated by biographies given over entirely to fulsome adulation. The volume following the life of *General Andrew Jackson* by James Parton, is devoted to a review of the life and deeds of General Nathaniel Greene, by Col. F. B. Greene, whose masterly discussion of the Turco-Russian war has given a recognized position among modern military writers.

THE long-promised volume, entitled *Eloping Angels*, by William Watson, has just been issued by the Macmillans. In dedicating the book to his friend, Mr. Grant Allen, he expresses the hope that the reader will recognize "beneath its somewhat hazardous levity a spirit not wholly flippant." It tells how Faust and Mephistopheles "ascended through the steep and giddy night till the earth shrank to a point of hesitating light" and the windows of heaven were reached. Here they meet two angels whose "one supreme desire is to be wed," and to aid them, exchange garments with them. The angels elope. On earth one had been a peasant girl, the other a prince. He leads her to his father's palace and are driven away. She leads him to her father's cottage, who receives them as heavenly visitors. Here they abode "immortals thrilled with the grief of mortal kind."

"The coronal they never yet have doffed,
The lucid aureole worn in Paradise;
Nor can you marvel that they never cared
For joys which only idle angels shared."

Faust and Mephistopheles return to earth and declare that there is

"no harder ordinance of fate
Than the stagnation of your perfect state."

There are many evidences of beauty and rich poetic thought in the poem. Yet it is fantastic, and is justly called by its author a caprice. [Macmillan, 12 mo., 75 cents.]

EXCHANGES.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY has a larger enrollment in the graduate class than Harvard.—*Ex.*

PRESIDENT HARPER, of Chicago University, graduated from college at the age of fourteen.—*Ex.*

THE Emperor of Germany has issued an edict forbidding any preacher to preach longer than fifteen minutes.—*Ex.*

A YANKEE tradesman advertises: "Any person who can show me that my cocoa is injurious to health will receive ten boxes gratis."—*Ex.*

WE WELCOME the *Collegian*, from Wilson, N. C., with Miss Fannie T. Daniel editor. It is an interesting sheet, and we want it to visit our sanctum regularly.

MISS MARGUERITE GOMBERT has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Brussels. Although many have applied for the degree, she is the first woman to reach it.—*Ex.*

WE ARE glad to add to our exchanges *Southern Progress*, edited by a mere boy in Moore county. Although it is in the embryonic stage, yet it contains some interesting and instructive matter and is well worth a perusal. We commend it to the support of many friends, and may it meet with the merited success.

THE *Trinity Archive* stands high among North Carolina college publications, and is a fair exponent of the institution whence it comes. The last issue laments the departure of Prof. Stedman to take charge of Bacteriology in the A. and M. College of Alabama. In him Trinity loses a good man and one whose place will be hard to fill.

THE *Vanderbilt Observer* is as usual on time and presents an interesting table of contents. The literary spirit of the contributions is above the average, and "The Golden Chord" is a beautiful picture of the cord of love that shines among the darker strands in the life of the virtuous. The editorial department is interesting, and the business snap of the *Observer* bespeaks efficient management.

THE *Journal*, from Alabama, is a well conducted publication and all its features are interesting, but the one particular feature that deserves special mention is the "Athletic" department. It is one of the few Southern college magazines that attempts to conduct such a department. The notes are, for the most part, local, but they give an encouraging account of athletics in the University of Alabama. THE STUDENT commends this feature to many others of its exchanges.

THE *Roanoke Collegian* from Salem, Va., makes us another visit, and the April number contains a mixture of interesting history of the college and pleasing literary productions. Burns' "To a Mouse" and "To a Mountain Daisy," is a charming account of the circumstances which called forth the two poems. The editorial departments are good, but our sympathy for the *Collegian* is evoked by the mourning its pages wear. May the vacancy in the Board of Trustees be filled by some loyal man.

THE March number of the *Mnemosynean* comes in a new dress and interesting matter. The present form is more wieldy than the old, and a decided improvement. The opening poem, "An Easter Idyl," deserves special mention. The sentiment is elevating, as illustrated in this—

"On the strength of the Strong I am resting; I know that His will is best,
And who that has found that secret from darkness has more release,
And even in sorrow's exile may lift up her eyes and be blessed!"

"The Scholar's Inheritance" is also good, and we would call attention to the editorial, "Ought Girls to Study Latin and Greek."

THE front page of the *Laurentian* presents an illustration of the Underwood Observatory. It also has a cut of the Glee Club as frontispiece. The *Laurentian* is a good magazine, but the issue for April is much ahead of any copy we have ever examined. It opens with a poem which, however, is not the sentimental rhyme that characterizes the spring number of the average college sheet; but it breathes the spirit of temperance, and here is its picture of the drunkard's home—

"Thy home where once the blazing hearth
Gave cheer and comfort to all hearts,
Is now forlorn and desolate,
Bereft of all its better parts.
The organ's gone, the sofa too,
The soft and high-backed cushioned chair;
The walls on which rare pictures hung,
Like autumn fields, forlorn and bare.
The winds now whistle through the cracks
With sound so weird dispel all cheer,
And pinching cold and hopeless want
Do seem the only tenants here."

WE ARE glad to give the *Wellesley Magazine* a place on our exchange table, and hope the place assigned it may not be vacated at all. The April number is the first it has been our pleasure to examine, and THE STUDENT extends a right hearty greeting to a sister from the North. The *Magazine* is by all odds the best college journal, edited by young ladies, we know, and it stands for itself and testifies to their ability. Its business management is thoroughly conducted, and the reading matter has no savor of the criticised school-girl essay. The editorial departments are well gotten up; and among the contributions, "The Conception of Immortality in Shelley, Tennyson and Browning," is a critical comparison that is excellent. It shows a thorough study of the three great, possibly greatest, poets, and possesses a characteristic originality. The writer calls "Shelley, the dreamer; Tennyson, the man of faith, and Browning, the seer." "Shelley's ideal future state," says she, "is one of only spiritual, sensual, æsthetic and emo-

tional fulfillment, and is, therefore, only a mere beautiful vision of stagnation. This quality throbs in every line of the description of the redeemed life on earth which the poet gives us in his 'Prometheus Unbound.'" "To Shelley immortality was the state of free disembodied spirits. To him the perfect fruit of God's creation was men as men, not as individuals." "Tennyson does not deny a communion with the 'One,' but longs to find a spiritual companionship, which, however close and harmonious it may be, is still individual." In comparing the conception of the two poets, "we have balanced the ideal of a personal spiritual existence for each soul in the after life with freedom from mere bonds, a glorious liberty of growth with peaceful stagnation, intellectual progress with the mere fulfillment of sensuous charms, the revelation of mental harmonies, and the transfiguration of the being into a 'beauty of holiness,' growing more and more into the perfect day." "What is longed for by Shelley, faithfully believed in by Tennyson, is grasped by an unfaltering trust by Robert Browning. * * * No mere day-dreams for him, as for Shelley! No mere blind faith, as for Tennyson, but he weighs the arguments for and against the existence of the soul after death." "His whole attitude is that of a spiritual evolutionist; he believes in a soul's struggle for existence, as well as the survival of the fittest. * * * So, as personality was on earth the grandest thing to him, so it was the most glorious fact in the wide sweep of Heaven. To him the perfected personality, the completed character, was immortality; character was God, and to see God, touch God, yes, to be God, the end of every soul's personal immortality."

ALUMNI NOTES.

JUL. E. YATES, Editor pro tem.

—'66. It is with deep sorrow that we chronicle the death of our beloved brother and friend, Rev. F. H. Ivey. For several years he was pastor in Goldsboro and was devotedly loved by his people. In his latter days he served with untiring zeal and unremitted devotion Curtiss Baptist Church of Augusta, Ga. Death found the veteran soldier at his post, with the armor on and with his face towards the enemy. He was stricken with paralysis some time ago and it was hoped that he would recover, but, like many of our fondest anticipations, the hope was not realized. He died at his home in Georgia and was buried at Fayetteville on the 6th instant. Brother Ivey was a good man and an able preacher. We tender our deepest sympathies to the bereaved ones.

—R. Q. Powell ('69-'70) is a thriving merchant at Fair Bluff. He is a man of enterprising genius and rare business ability.

—'81. Rev. U. R. Pittman, like many other Wake Forest's sons, has made his home beyond the Mississippi. Wherever found we may be almost sure that success is at their bidding. This gentleman is doing a great work and making the world better for his living in it. He is a zealous pastor and able editor in St. Joseph, Mo.

—'87. D. O. McCullers is a prosperous merchant in Clayton, and is fast rising to prominence and affluence in the commercial world.

—'87. Rev. W. S. Olive, of Apex, N. C., is the pastor of four churches in Wake and Chatham counties. He is a good preacher and a devoted and whole-souled pastor, and has the hearts of his people.

—'87. Rev. E. F. Tatum, of Shanghai, China, is making noble efforts for the rescue of the heathen. Wake Forest has several sons in the Celestial Empire, and is doing a grand work there through them.

—Lee H. Battle ('87-'90) holds the position of teller in the Fidelity Bank of Durham.

—'89. Rev. C. J. Thompson is now spending his third year at the Seminary in Louisville. Besides his class-room work, he serves two flourishing churches, which are devoted to their young pastor and pay him a good salary for his services.

—'89. R. E. L. Yates is professor of Mathematics in the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Raleigh. He is rapidly growing in popularity and is destined to become one of our leading educators.

—L. A. Nowell ('89-'91), who has been attending medical lectures at Baltimore, where, as we hear, he has established quite a reputation for excellency of scholarship, has just returned to his home in Bertie County, where he will spend a part of his vacation.

—Rev. Jonathan Wood ('90-'91), whose health did not permit him to complete his course here, is now a missionary at Raton, New Mexico.

—R. L. Nutt ('90-'92) is in the railroad business at Raleigh. We wish him success.

—'91. R. L. Burns, who has been teaching and practicing law in the Lone Star State at Palestine, is on his way to his home in North Carolina. We have also heard of his growing popularity as a speaker and lecturer. We feel confident of his success along this line, and that our heavy-weight "Commodore" will make himself felt wherever he goes and at whatever he undertakes.

—'91. R. L. Paschal, we hear, is principal of a flourishing school at Abaline, Texas. We hope and feel sure that

the seed scattered widely over the United States will in years to come yield an abundant harvest for our institution. Though far from their *Alma Mater*, we believe they will be loyal to her and ever mindful of her interests.

—'92. Robert Lide, the genial little South Carolinian, is agent for the United States Fire Insurance Company at Elloree in his native State. We predict a successful career for Robert.

—'92. R. L. Moore is principal of Amherst Academy, Burke County, and, as we hear, has a large number of students, and is doing well.

—'92. J. P. Spence has charge of a flourishing school at Warrenton. Our best wishes are with him.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

“Metal will rust if not used, and the body will become diseased if not exercised.”

“One-third of the university students of Europe are prematurely old from effects of bad habits acquired in college; one-third die prematurely from effects of close confinement at their studies, and the remaining third govern Europe.”

Gladstone, on being asked the secret of his activity, replied: “There was once a road leading out of London on which more horses died than any other, and inquiry revealed the fact that it was perfectly level. Consequently the animals in travelling over it used only one set of muscles.”

Quite a large number of the friends of Wake Forest College object to intercollegiate match games of any sort and oppose

all that leads to them. In this they are likewise placing a damper on all college athletics. It would be impossible to keep an interest in athletics here if there was no hope of having some match contests. It is objected on the plea that athletic sports and games tend to immorality and a really pious Christian man cannot enter them, a preacher cannot participate in them without weakening his influence for good, and for this reason some ministerial students deny themselves the necessary amount of exercise to maintain a vigorous body. These objections are usually made by men who do not know the nature of college athletics and are satisfied to remain ignorant of its merits. They are prejudiced against it and condemn it simply because there was nothing of the sort in the college when they were here. In short, they are satisfied with the work of their *alma mater* years and years ago and antagonize any progressive step in education. For the most part, too, the men who protest so openly and seriously against it are men who got their education free and are now doing little or nothing for the college, and as long as the college tries to please them its best interests will, to that extent, be sacrificed.

That athletes can be gentlemen and Christians must be admitted. In the games of ancient Greece, of which we read much, the contestant was required to furnish proof of good character, and that his foreparents were above reproach. Only those from the first families were permitted to enter any of the games. The fact that there are a few rascals in the games nowadays will not justify us in condemning the whole system of college athletics. Even in the ministry, the most noble of all professions, men are engaged in preaching the gospel who are a disgrace to the calling and a hindrance to the spread of Christianity, yet we cannot reject the system of religion. There is an element in our human nature that delights in feats of strength and skill, which manifests itself in the deafening shouts that rend the air at all match games. This can-

not be suppressed, and it should not be attempted, for "our civilization is the better and purer because our boys and young men by the tens of thousands, through the medium of healthful physical exercise, are developing and strengthening their bodies, increasing their vital capacity, their ability to do mental work, and their power to resist not only physical disease but those temptations which appeal with peculiar force to young men." The proper thing to do is to encourage athletics and preserve a moral tone, and the present system is accomplishing this end. As to Christian men in athletics, Mr. Patterson says: "With the active co-operation of such men as Drs. Sargent, Seaver and Hitchcock, and the counsel and supervision of men like Professors Richards of Yale, Young of Princeton, and Ames of Harvard, athletics have reached their present high standard, and have attracted a class of competitors who have demonstrated time and again that it is possible for a man to serve the Lord Jesus Christ acceptably and at the same time hold a championship in some department of sport." There are at present twenty-five or thirty Christian athletes to every one twenty-five years ago. "A majority of the most successful athletes in our colleges are either openly professing Christians, or, at least, men of clean habits and moral lives." We hear much of the rowdyism and immorality in Yale and Princeton football, and if such exists of course it is there for Yale is foremost in football, but there is another side to this that is rarely ever presented. Five of Yale's last six football captains have been out-and-out Christian men, Corwin, Corbin, Gill, McClung and McCormick. Their names are honored at Yale, and known throughout the country. Among Yale's other Christian ball-players and athletes may be mentioned Heffelfinger, Stagg, Poole, Laurie Bliss, Hartwell, Williams and Wright. Foremost in Princeton athletics is Smith, who first introduced the curve ball into amateur baseball, and now pastor of a flourishing church in New York city. Cowan, the Hodges and Poes, Speer, War-

ren, Homans and Wheeler are all professing Christians. Mr. Patterson says: "If there still exists an individual so benighted that he entertains the opinion that a man to be a Christian must of necessity be slow or soft, let me prescribe for him a two-minute's interview with the mighty Heffelfinger if he thinks Christians are soft; or, in about a dozen seconds Mr. Carey would persuade him that some Christians, at least, are not slow. Or, perhaps, he would like to bar the progress of the elusive Mr. McClung, or the pile-driving Mr. Gill, or, maybe, confront the business end of Mr. Stagg's pitching. No, no, my misguided friend, don't you do it. I do not mean that these men are brutes, far from it. They are as kind-hearted and gentle as a mother of the field, but, somehow, when they go into a championship game, and the honor of the dear old college is at stake, it arouses all the 'git thar' they possess, and something must give way—and it does."

"The significant thing about all this is that these men have not merely a form of godliness and deny the power thereof, but have been active in Christian work for others. The swiftest, strongest, pluckiest specimens of physical young manhood are enrolled under the banner of the cross."

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

Mr. C. P. SAPP has been awarded the "Thomas Dixon, Jr., Oratory Medal," and Mr. C. J. Parker the medal for improvement in oratory and debate, both by the Euzelian Society. In the Philomathesian Society Mr. S. Dowell has been announced as winner of the medal for improvement in oratory and debate.

UNDER the auspices of the Wake Forest Scientific Society, Dr. Taylor, President of this institution, delivered a lecture before the students on the evening of the 2d instant. His subject was the "Physiology of Habit," and the Doctor handled it in a way that was interesting and instructive throughout, elucidating his remarks by excellent charts of his own construction.

THE near approach of examinations, the seniorical atmosphere attendant upon the coming of "commencement," the inevitable attack of "innocuous desuetude" to which all embryonic alumni are so prone, and other causes, which may be easily imagined, have rendered it impossible for us to get up this department as usual. As it is, we again have the consolation of having told the truth for the second time in our experience as editor of "In and About College."

THE annual field-day exercises were held under the auspices of the Wake Forest College Athletic Association on the morning and afternoon of the 28th ultimo. In every way the occasion was a success. The day was bright and fair—if anything, too warm for violent exercise—the attendance very good, the contests close and interesting throughout. Below is appended the program, list of winners and their records:

1. 100 yards dash, won by A. M. Yates; time, 10 1-5 seconds.
2. Standing high jump, won by R. T. Daniels; height, 4 feet 5 inches.
3. Pole vault, won by J. J. Young; height, 8 feet 3 inches.
4. One-mile walk, won by J. G. Mangum; time, 8 minutes 55 seconds.
5. Running hop-step-and-jump, won by M. P. Davis; distance, 38 feet 7 inches.

6. Running high jump, won by L. E. Davis; height 5 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

7. Running broad jump, won by J. E. Yates; distance, 18 feet 4 inches.

8. One-mile run, won by J. C. Freeman; time, 6 minutes 33 seconds.

9. Standing broad jump, won by C. P. Paul; distance, 9 feet 5 inches.

10. Throwing baseball, won by D. R. Britton; distance, 96 yards 5 inches.

11. 440 yards dash, won by A. M. Yates; time, $44\frac{8}{10}$ seconds.

12. Throwing hammer, won by R. O. Fry; distance 69 feet 7 inches.

13. 100 yards dash (second class), won by W. Durham; time, $10\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

14. Tumbling, won by W. Durham.

15. Relay race, won by Senior Class.

All-round Athlete, J. J. Young.

Among the special features of the day were the remarkably fine runs of Yates, in the opening event, making a record broken only in this State by Wake Forest's Tull; his next in the 440 dash, and then the greatest event of the day, his wonderful burst of speed in the last lap of the relay race, snatching the pennant from the Juniors, who had a lead of twenty-five yards on the Seniors. Young, winner of the All-round Athlete Medal, clearly proved his title to it by prominence in many events, and winning the pole vault, running second in the 440 dash, and second in the running high jump. More than this, he was near the first in the 100 yards dash, standing high jump, and throwing the baseball, and in the relay race did great work for the victorious Seniors.

The great contest of the occasion was between the classes in the relay race for the pennant presented by the young ladies of the Oxford Female Seminary. As this contest is something new in this State, we endeavor below to give

an idea as to the manner of conducting it. From each of the four college classes four of the best sprinters are selected to carry their respective colors in the race, the class whose colors complete the distance, half a mile, in advance of the others is awarded the pennant. As it is arranged, the track being only one-eighth of a mile, the first representatives of the contending classes makes the circuit and at the finish delivers them into the hands of the second, without stopping, and so on until the four representatives of each class have each run the distance of one furlong, making half a mile. All interest was centered in the race of field-day, the intense rivalry of the Junior and Senior classes increasing the excitement. In the first lap Jones H., of the Junior class, and Blanton, of the Seniors, bore the colors. Jones gained from the start, and up the hill on the back-stretch and around the "far-turn" gained over twenty yards for the Juniors, a lead which no one could expect the Seniors to overcome until the unbeaten sprinter, Yates, for the Seniors, and Crudup, for the Juniors, began the last lap, the Junior colors having a lead of fifteen yards. Although Crudup was making splendid time, Yates ran like a demon, gaining at every stride, and finishing grandly amid the shouts of the Seniors, one yard in advance of his rival, in the excellent time of twenty-five seconds. Thus the Seniors have added another to their long list of victories, and '93 may be always remembered as the only class that has remained unbeaten through four years.

At the conclusion of the exercises, President Riddick, of the Athletic Association, presented the handsome medals to the winners, with a few well-chosen remarks.

Thus ended the second occasion of its kind in Wake Forest. That it was successful, and that it should become one of our institutions, is the unanimous opinion of all who attended either of the two held here.

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Vol. XII.

WAKE FOREST, N. C., JUNE, 1893.

No. 9.

THE ARMOR OF THE GREAT.*

“His life was gentle,
And the elements so mixed in him,
That Nature might stand up and say to all the world, ‘This was a man.’”

These words are graven on the weather-worn headstone which stands to the memory of a forgotten knight in an ill-kept churchyard on the suburbs of an oriental village, and in their spirit, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to speak to you to-night.

In the mechanism of humanity there is a sympathetic chord ever responsive to the touch of greatness—to mental or to physical greatness. Wafted along on the crested waves of the Mediterranean, one may look from deck to shore and behold there the rock of Gibraltar, grand and sublime, with its base set deep in the bowels of the earth, and rearing its lofty summit, it kisses the drifting clouds and tells the winds the story of its own greatness. Standing there as a great dark sentinel by Mediterranean’s deep blue waters, for ages beaten and lashed by her waves, it speaks to man in his timorous craft, the power of its wrecking destruction, and strikes him with the

* Anniversary Oration.

colossal mechanism of our earth set in motion by the touch of an omnipotent hand.

Man admires this rock for its *firmness*; for its resistance to tantalizing waters and decaying atmosphere—broad and staunch in its proportions, it must touch the chord of admiration and elicit a tune of Nature's praise, for this is Nature's inanimate child, strong and unique, and she has crowned it with many years existence. She, too, will thus honor men, if reared with her firmness, her conscientiousness and her individuality.

Pushing aside the mystic veil of the past, and peering for forty centuries into the dusky realms of prehistoric times, we see, still standing, memorials of a vanished civilization, and pilgrims wandering there remain transfixed with awe at the gigantic pyramids lifting their lofty heads to the genial Egyptian sky, gray with the moss of antiquity, having defied, for four thousand years, the disintegrating influence of rains and the mighty contortions of whirlwinds. Giant obelisks and granite shafts still stand in memory of a departed race, and tell the tourist the character of their builders. Each year thousands of curious pilgrims flock to this oriental land to see the wondrous relics of a wondrous people. Long extinct are the builders of these ancient memorials, yet their legends and hieroglyphics reveal to us that a noble people wrought them—a people cherishing a sturdy individuality, and unitedly fostering purity—at whose shrine the Egyptian masses were wont to kneel and worship. A plain and simple people, with a strong, yet admirable sense of individual existence. So long as this individuality was preserved, Egypt flourished; when it was transformed into parasitism, Egypt fastened upon herself a chronic state of decay. Individuality is Nature's first and greatest law—diversity her creed. She scorns a weakling and abhors a parasite. Individual conscientious manhood will ever elicit applause. The highest manhood springs from the strictest conscientiousness and individuality.

A human being is not worthy the name unless he does possess this strongest of all elements. It is the element that makes man truly great; 'tis worth more than gold and precious stones, for most people may have these baubles, though nothing but a man can possess this principle.

So far as a man holds individual ideas, hence thinks for himself, just so far is he unfettered and free.

Emerson says, "Let him hold his purpose as with a tug of gravitation. No power, no persuasion shall make him give up his point." A man ought to compare favorably with a river, an oak or a mountain. He shall have not less the flow, the expansion and the resistance of these. I am proud the world has had men to compare favorably with the Egyptian obelisk, the rock of Gibraltar, the oak and the mountain. Nature will perpetuate their memories, and inscribe their names on the brightest page of her stupendous book.

When we look back upon the path of fleeting ages, and follow with bewilderment the winding crimson cord that connects the present with the remotest past, on the vast battlefield of change and decay we see great towers of strength rising sublimely from the debris around them; peaks and rocks that have laughed at the whirl of cyclones and the terrific tremble of earthquakes. Inanimate nature and geology have these wonders, which all the human race admire. So human history and psychology are not without their mighty minds, broad intellects with their *unrelenting individuality towering above the less noble* and pygmy world, who stand to-day grand and unique on the battlefield strewn with the wrecks of governments, of institutions, of theories and of faiths that have succumbed to the ravages of years. Nor is Nature forgetful of these sturdy children, for a man of individuality is Nature's noblest pride.

Thomas Carlyle, whose name is a synonym for mental strength and individual power whose brain was the temple of knowledge, whose will was of tempered steel, whose rug-

ged strength made sycophants blush, these have justly won him the name of great, and called forth the world's admiration and plaudits even from his bitterest foes. A grand specimen of individuality, with his own sentiments, his own thoughts—one of the world's untrammelled few! These characteristics have written his name on the topmost block of Fame's ne'er crumbling shaft, where

“Their names unnumbered ages past,
From Time's first birth with Time itself shall last.
These ever new nor subject to decays, (will)
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.”

When ages and ages shall have receded as a vanishing shadow, and man stands higher on the dazzling hill of progress and development, he will look away back down in the gray valley of time, where all is obscure, indistinct; but there he will recognize an object, clear, unfading and strong as the never decaying obelisk—Carlyle! Who does not want to be a man, and like Marcus Antonius, who scorned to shine with superficial glitter, and contested the frowns of Fortune? “We will not win success; we will do more, Semproneous; we will deserve it.” You may not elicit the world's immediate applause, but Time and Nature will proclaim such greatness to the ever recurring seasons, and whisper it to the stars. Society, at present, I am ashamed to say, has entered into a conspiracy against such manhood and shouts huzzas at the amiable, the affable and the obsequious. This has no semblance of true strength. If there is any greatness in this world for you, it will not reach you through fads, ease or whining. Complaints are the contemptible refuge of the weak, and popularity is for dandies. “Steep and craggy is the path of the gods.”

I hope the day is not far distant when the loveliest of all their sex, our Southern women, will have for their motto: “To me, men are for what they are; they wear no masks with

me," and not cast their pearls at the feet of giddy, superficial and fawning men. Nature despises and God abominates them. It is not the magician's wand of genius and fortune, but the sacred law of individuality that makes men illustrious.

Individuality is power—the highest power on earth; it is that which should give every nation its position, every man his rank. It is that which snatched a monarch from England's throne and withheld oppression from a tyrannized and suffering world. The people of Europe are prone to cast alternate lights and shadows on the character of Oliver Cromwell, and some would sully his brightest lustre, while others would add laurels to his chaplet of glorious achievements. I honor him for his individual strength and determination and its telling effect upon the civilized nations of the earth. I would have you behold him in the seventeenth century, as he dashed the sceptre from a despot's hand and caused the bosom of Europe to throb with the impulse of freedom. Behold him as a devout patriot, when his great heart went out in sympathy for the oppressed and his sword sprang from its scabbard in defence of his country's liberty. See him, a daring hero, rushing to the battles of Edge Hill and Marston Moor, standing amidst the groans of the dying, the flash of scimeters, the crack of carbines, the shouts of his Ironsides, the clash of horses' hoofs, and exhorting his men with that thrilling voice to snatch victory from the terrible scenes of a hundred battlefields. See him, a fearless statesman in the midst of the discord, strife and hatred of Liberals, Royalists and Independents, calmly yet boldly, steadily yet faithfully, guiding the commonwealth in Europe's most glorious period. The three grandest essentials that make up the character of a "protector" conscientiousness, individuality, boldness.

When the head of Charles I rolled from the block, principles which he had taught took shape in Ireland and produced the horrible massacres that made all Christendom weep for sorrow. The Pope, in alliance with the beheaded sovereign,

corrupted the incorrupt Irish and excited them to a hasty extermination of Protestants. Sixty thousand were hurried into eternity by religious fanaticism. All Ireland was ablaze with the burning dwellings of Christians—their bodies were flung amid the crackling flames till the atmosphere was polluted by the awful stench, and shrieks and groans rent the circumambient air. Husbands were cut to pieces in the presence of their wives; wives and virgins abused in sight of their nearest relatives; infants of seven and eight years were hung and their brains were dashed out before their parents. In the midst of this inhumanity and these terrible scenes Cromwell appeared, pure in heart, just in judgment, cautious, yet daring; peaceful, yet brave; calm, yet resolute and firm; and interposed his immortal hand in defence of the helpless Protestants, and preserved their faith from utter extinction. Never did he appear a better Christian, a nobler man than when he blessed the world by this faithful Christian act. Had he not lived, we cannot tell, we to-day might not be enjoying the sweets of religious liberty. He instilled into the hearts of the people a feeling of free exercise of conscience, and when Charles II ascended the throne, they fled from his despotic power, and erected their simple huts on congenial America's soil. With them they brought Cromwell's ideas of republican government, and as a consequence we are enjoying the freedom of a republic to-day. He not only founded republics and touched that undiscovered heart-string of liberty that resounds with the shouts of victory on so many battlefields, but he fanned the waning spark of religion and turned the world from its declivity toward Catholicism to the ascent of Protestantism, and exhorted humanity to strike the fetters from their feet and be untrammelled freemen forever.

I know not where his body was given to the worms, nor where his tomb may be, but his true sepulchre should be in

the heart of every freeman on earth. And now as we can stand in the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, when time has mellowed prejudice, and justice banished malice, we can view the motives of this great hero with unbiased eyes, and see what glorious works his individual character has wrought for the world. And if civilization would award merit to whom merit is due, to his memory would be erected, from the granite of France and the marble of the United States, a grand shining mausoleum, capped with a diamond from Brazil, glistening in the sunlight of heaven, and upon it carved with the great finger of all republics—"Cromwell, a Man of Individuality." I would then gather the myrtle from Ceylon, the rose from Switzerland, the amaranth from Egypt, work them into an immortelle and lay it above his hallowed dust. And when the flowers shall have faded and gone, the monument crumbled to dust, eternity itself would catch the glowing theme and dwell with increasing rapture on his name—"Individuality! Individuality!" Would to God that it should be thus ever and always honored, then our aims would be higher, our purpose nobler, and our destiny grander. I hope the day is not far distant when characters of the strongest individuality shall be known and appreciated as the most honored among men. I desire to see them rank above the richest, above the oldest, above all. Let individuality be our watchword, write it on every banner, inscribe it on every standard.

Wealth, power and education by themselves are not sufficient for the true development of a people. There must be individual manhood. It is that manhood which has distinguished, and I hope is still destined to distinguish, our Southern people. Its value cannot be overestimated. The individuality of a people is their greatest security. The fortunes of war blighted our lands, destroyed our material wealth, but that dearest principle to all Southern breasts is still untouched. It made Rome the mistress of a hemisphere.

But where is she now, since the backbone of those Latin yeomen was broken bending at the strain of voluptuousness? Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman empire; an empire carrying its arts and arms into every portion of the Eastern continent; kings and mighty monarchs dragged at the wheels of her triumphant chariots; her eagles screaming along the Borysthenes, and waving over the ruins of desolated countries. Where is her power, her wealth, her splendor, her glory? Gone forever. Her mouldering temples, vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a rookery for the mournful owls, and a shelter for the muttering monks. Where are her orators, her sages, her statesmen, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs and inquire. Her people lost their self-government and individual thinking and her destruction followed. As a part, then, of this grand country, filled with historic glories that will never die, if we would hold the places of our forefathers, we must take care of, above all things, our personal freedom, our individuality.

It is worthy of our love and cultivation. Let that individuality be preserved; magnify it, illustrate it, and our country is safe. Though she may be in rags, princes and potentates will kneel at her shrine. Let us foster, cherish and preserve this dearest of all principles, and in this holiest and noblest of all duties, all classes and sexes of our people should feel interested; and in all coming time, if the young men of our country will cultivate this principle of noble manhood, the pilgrims of social and personal purity will come to our altars to find what is best in the history of human government and society.

It is the lack of individuality and self-esteem in the Roman law that has made the Frenchman with his Panama scandal of to-day—it is the rugged love of freedom and tenacious clutch on the old institutions of our forefathers that makes a Panama scandal impossible in an English-speaking race to-day. Let us be careful how we make any inroads

upon the institutions that those forefathers handed down to us. It was individuality that made a Charlemagne, he who with but a handful of undisciplined yeomen triumphed over a royal army, and prostrated the lion of Germany at the feet of his country's eagle.

Mother, do not roughly bend the will of the little baby that lies innocent on your darling arm. Direct it, you do not know what force may be coiled up in its tiny brain. Teach it to have a strong determination, for he only is a well made man who possesses this. "There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many." What armsful of laurel we bring and tears of mankind to those who stood unshaken against the opinion of contemporaries. Rear the child and

"Let his tongue be framed to music,
And his hand be armed with skill,
Let his face be the mould of beauty,
And his heart the throne of will."

England has had her individual heroes. America, have you yours? And the response comes quickly, "I have."

I come not as a partisan inspired by the heat and ardor of a great campaign. I come not as a blind disciple, worshiping the idolized form of his master; but I come with a modest tribute to a man who must, whatever the future may bring, hold a warm place in the heart of every true American—Grover Cleveland! And I speak in the full assurance that anywhere and everywhere a freeman may raise his voice without fear of injury in praise of him who, because of his individual manhood, is easily the first American statesman. I am proud that in this age of political chicanery and rush for wealth, our people are learning the true worth of self-asserting men—men of self-will, and who think and act for themselves.

"Coming up from the ranks like a modern Græccus, he swore to stand by the people's cause, to rise with it alone or perish in its fall." "Elevated to the presidency of this great

Republic, and with a heart as big as the boundaries of the union, he knew no counsellor but the Constitution, no master but God, no *end* but the well being of the common country—North and South.” And I think the recent fitting return of this great, honest, conscientious man to the highest office within the gift of the American people is an auspicious omen that they are learning to appreciate more and more each day the real strength of a true man, for he seized the banner of his party and unfurled it higher on the ramparts of the enemy than ever it was planted before, and I hope that in the long annals of our republic’s future, to which I look forward with patriotic pride, she may never have an administration less pure, less vigorous than that of Grover Cleveland. His life and conduct is his richest legacy to American youth. When the storm swoops down from the lowering clouds all Nature turns dark and threatening, the timid birds fly to their roosts, when the cyclone, in all its terror, snatches up our terrestrial goods and whirls them away in its mad embrace, we turn our eyes to the everlasting hills and the unterrified Gibraltar, and seeing them stand unshaken, bold, we regain our composure and recover from our fright. So when the tornadoes of political fanaticism sweep over our country, when we are threatened with revolutions, and torrents of partisan invective beat and lash against us, we almost lose our moorings, but casting our gaze ahead, we see Cleveland, as a light-house on eternal foundations, and then we make sure of our bearings and steer for friendlier seas.

The age has been one of political, economical and social unrest—unique as a whole, but unindividual in its composition. In its composition every thinking man has his parasites. The world is full of the unthinking, unindividual floating masses, and conditions of our present civilization are woefully conducive to this lack of individuality.

Books, credit system, greed, co-operation and Roman Catholicism are the bane that daily withers and throttles this most vital principle of a free people.

It is not the race problem, nor is it the social question, which congests the threatening clouds about America's meridian glory; but were I asked to point out the most imminent danger that overhangs our destiny to-day, I should at once direct it to the cloud of nine million Catholics billowed as a portentous cyclone on our republic's horizon. Would that some Luther could arise, with his courage, his firmness and zeal, to raise mankind from the pit of obsequiousness, and to encounter the rage and bigotry, armed with power of the Romish Church in America. It is the power that is strangling the individual thought, individual freedom, individual existence of a mighty host of her people to-day. The arrogant Pope of Rome thinks for and directs innumerable thousands of immortal souls. A loss of individuality is a step into slavery, and all the boasts of a people about their adored constitution cannot make them other than slaves if they lack this vital essential.

In living an individual life you may expect to meet thunderbolts of criticism and venom from your foes, and often you may fall early in the battle and may be forgotten; but just as the wave originated by my hand will go on and on till it reaches the remotest star, just so your influence will last long after the memory of that pale moon, which swings in the blue vault of heaven like an angel's lamp, has passed away forever; and when the firmament shall have returned to chaos and the sun set for the last time in all his crimson glory, the pinions of eternity will waft it across the everlasting surf and echo it on the hills that know not decay.

I had rather be my own man, dependent upon my own individuality for success, with my own sentiments and personal freedom, than to sway the sceptre over the superficial glitter of hemispheres or dictate to a realm of potentates.

Carlyle, Cromwell, Emerson, Cleveland, we admire and love them for their sturdy individuality and mental power, and because they remind us of Gibraltar, the obelisk, and the mountain.

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale midway leaves the storm.
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Let the lives of each of us be a record for free thought, and next to, and as a part of our duty to God, let us guard our own individuality, always remembering that it is *the armor of the great*. Keep yours as bright as the diamond; the hearts that adorn your breasts will be the shields that will defend them. Let us strive to make it like the shield of Achilles, seven-fold strong, seven-fold brilliant and full circled of virtue. Let our ambition be to enroll our names among those over whose history our hearts swell and our eyes overflow with admiration, sympathy and delight. Let the sparks of their towering genius flash across our minds, and the sacred altars of their greatness, crowned with immortal honors, rise before us. Relying on the strength of individuality, and the courage for expression, we may expect our national character to become more exalted, our people more ennobled, and when Aurora ushers in the dawn of the twentieth century, may every man in Christendom be able to salute the goddess of day with the exclamation "I am a man!" Then, in the words of our lamented Grady, the millennial harvest will have come, for our history has been a constant and expanding miracle from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown all the way, aye, even from the hour when, from the voiceless and trackless ocean, a new world rose to the sight of an inspired sailor. As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day—when the old world will come to marvel and to learn amid our gathered treasures—let us resolve to crown the miracles of our past with the spectacle of a republic compact, united, indissoluble, in the bonds of love—loving from the lakes to the Gulf, serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory—blazing out the path and making clear the way up which all the nations of the earth must come, in God's appointed time.

E. Y. WEBB.

WHAT, IF ANY, CHANGES IN THE EXISTING IMMIGRATION
LAWS ARE EXPEDIENT?

The requirements of the subject make it necessary, before attempting to point out the particular changes that may be desirable in our present immigration laws, to show whether or not any alteration from that which now obtains concerning this feature of our public policy would be expedient.

America, as it is to-day, with its wealth, with its advanced position in the circle of nations, with its progress along all lines of industry, science, art, literature, statesmanship, with its fair, stable government, is the direct fruitage of an immigration movement which began less than three hundred years ago. A movement that nearly one hundred and twenty years ago had landed on our Atlantic coast a population with strength, pluck, and sagacity enough to successfully resist the encroachments of a big-headed and overbearing foreign master, to establish a nationality of its own, and finally to place itself in the front rank of temporal powers. A natural and necessary thing for a student of the immigration problem would be a comparison of the repulsive aspect presented by the new world three centuries ago and the attractions now held out to such as might wish to seek new homes in a new country. The cold sterility of our New England shores meant privation and hardship to him who dared venture there; the miasma of the coast swamps and the swamps along our Southern borders invited disease and death; a home among treacherous savages, even on the pleasant slopes of our Middle States, was a great risk of life, and the want of society and comforts everywhere involved burdensome sacrifices under the best possible conditions. For him who would become a denizen of the new world at the present time, there are no such objectionable features to consider. Plainly, under the former situation, only the bold, the adventurous, those endowed with hardihood of spirit and determination of purpose, and imbued

with an unquenchable thirst for freedom, could be induced to resign the material comforts of an established home to attempt an abode in an unknown country. It is impossible that men with such characteristics as those just described should not become good and desirable factors in the growth of any country. It is entirely possible, on the other hand, that the present attractiveness of America as a home for the people of other lands may induce some to cast their fortunes among us who are not the material for making good citizens. But if it could be shown to a demonstration that there is no objectionable element among us; that every foreign-born citizen in the United States is a desirable increment to our population, would there not even then be force in the demand for a restrictive change in our immigration laws?

Let us see how our population is made up? The seventy years from 1820 to the present time about covers the period of foreign immigration to this country. Then we numbered 9,633,822 souls. During the seven decades from 1820 up to 1890, 16,000,000 foreigners landed on American shores, of whom more than half came over in the last twenty years. So that since 1820 nearly one-half of our numerical growth has come from foreign sources; and to-day more than one-fourth of our entire population is made up of foreign-born people, or their full-blood descendants. Of these 16,000,000, 3,387,279 came from Ireland, 1,529,792 from England and Wales, 312,924 from Scotland, 4,359,121 from Germany, 857,083 from Norway and Sweden, 127,642 from Denmark, 357,333 from France, 160,201 from Switzerland and 320,796 from Italy. If all the Irishmen in the world could, on a numerical basis, be represented in the British Parliament, or any representative body, as many delegates would go from America as from the whole of Ireland itself. Under a similar arrangement concerning Scandinavians everywhere, we could send one Norwegian delegate for every three from Norway, and one Swede for every five from Sweden; and to a Danish

assembly of like character, the United States could send one representative to every eight from Denmark. If only the magnitude of the influx of foreigners into this country be considered, the view is an appalling one.

But a still greater menace to Americanism is the fact that our cities, the "nerve-centers of national life," seem so many *nuclei* for the gathering together of foreign influence. Of the 172,756 votes cast at a recent election in the city of Chicago, 88,509 are said to have been given by naturalized citizens. By birth and parentage the foreign element in St. Louis is thirteen per cent. of its population; in Detroit, fifteen per cent.; in Cincinnati, eighteen per cent; in Milwaukee, twenty-seven per cent., and in the city of New York out of every hundred of its population, eighty are foreigners. Boston and New York are fast becoming veritable Irelands on American soil, since one-fourth of the population of the former city and one-third of that of the latter are supplied by our Hibernian neighbor.

Another matter for serious contemplation is that such a large proportion of those who seek homes in our country take up their abode in the Western and thinly settled States, where there is but little or no American population to absorb the foreign element. It is said that fifty-five per cent. of the immigrants to the United States direct their migrations westward. In 1890 there were in the seven States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin 1,927,000 of Germans, Poles, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes altogether. The Scandinavians alone, with their offspring, constitute one-third of the population of the Dakotas and Minnesota, one-sixth of the whole West, and one-thirtieth of the population of the United States. So strong is this Scandinavian influence in one of the Western States that it was able to dictate to the dominant party its nominee for governor, and he is now holding the highest office in the gift of the people of the State.

Of the thrift, energy, honesty, and fitness in every way of thousands of these people for citizenship, there is no question, and no reflection is meant by reference to them in this paper. But if it could be shown that each one was desirable as a factor in our body politic, would not their large numbers even then be a threat to the permanency of our form of government? They are accustomed only to monarchy and, in many cases, to tyranny, and their number is so great and rapidly increasing, it is not to be expected that they could be infused with a spirit of American institutions were they ever so desirous of becoming so. But are not thousands of these people undesirable as citizens, or further, do they in the smallest degree wish to become what patriotic Americans would have them be? What is there influence here? Professor Boyesen, himself a foreigner, has this to say just on this point: "Recent statistics prove that our immigration is being drawn from lower and lower strata of European society. Formerly we received the majority of our Italian immigration from Parma and the northern provinces, Piedmont, Tuscany, and Lombardy, where the people, as a rule, are self-respecting and industrious; but during recent years, Naples and the province of Sicily have taken the lead and poured down upon us a torrent of peanut-venders and organ-grinders. Since 1880 the Italians have nearly trebled their numbers, and the Bohemians, Poles, and Hungarians have powerfully reinforced and are daily reinforcing our growing army of discontent and disorder, as they import all sorts of notions, religious, irreligious, anarchic, socialistic, nihilistic."

Do statistics confirm or disprove these words of Professor Boyesen? I quote figures used by Senator William E Chandler in a recent article published in the *North American Review*: "There came to us in 1870 only 4,021 Italians, Hungarians, Poles, and Russians altogether. From the same sources in 1890 we received 101,492. And in the first ten months of 1892 they sent to us 161,268, notwithstanding the

fact that during the months of September and October immigration was practically suspended by the cholera quarantine." Of this class of immigrants which has been mingling with us for the past twenty years almost without restriction, Senator Chandler further says: "Twenty out of every hundred of the Russians are illiterates, twenty-eight out every hundred of the Hungarians, fifty-six out of every hundred of the Poles, and sixty-six out of every hundred of the Italians." So that out of every thousand drawn equally from Russians, Hungarians, Poles, and Italians there are 425 illiterates, and supposing the tremendous dumpage from these sources in 1892 to have been contributed equally by the four nations in question, the proportion of illiteracy was at least 68,538, most probably an estimate by far too conservative, because, of the sources from which this computation is made, Italy seems to be much the most liberal contributor and also yields by far the largest percentage of ignorance. The 44,230 Italians on our shores in 1880 had increased in 1890 to 307,310; and I happen to know that on one day in 1891, May 20, of the 2,105 immigrants that landed at the port of New York, 1,425 were Italians. What hot-beds of nihilism, communism, anarchy, vice, and crime do these figures suggest?

Along with the quoted statements of Professor Boyesen, along with what statistics show concerning the character of recent immigrations to the United States, a study of the criminal records of America for the last thirty years would be strikingly in place. With a population of 23,000,000 in 1850, there were fewer than 7,000 convicts in our jails and penitentiaries; with a population of 31,000,000 in 1860, the number of convicts was 19,000; in 1870, with a population of 38,000,000, there were 32,000 convicts; with a population of 50,000,000, in 1880, the number of convicts was 58,000; with 63,000,000 population in 1890, one dreads to know what facts the statistics may reveal. How significant are these figures in comparison with the fact that the number of criminal convictions

in England had diminished from 15,037 in 1868 to 9,348 in 1889; in Scotland during the same period, the decrease was from 2,439 to 1,703; and in Ireland from 3,026 to 1,310. Have these records been influenced by our foreign increment? Let New Orleans, from her experience with the Mafia organization; let Chicago, from her experience with Haymarket riots; let the daily news items in our public press of Clan-Na-Gaelism and anarchistic lawlessness all over the land, give answer.

So much for republican institutions and American morals as they are being affected by the immigration of later years. How about the American laborer? For thirty years he has been the pet of all political organizations—that is, just before each general election. One party advocates a high rate of duties on foreign productions imported into this country, ostensibly for the purpose of enabling the home producer to pay his employees higher wages, since the protective duties relieve him of the necessity of meeting the prices of foreign manufacturers. Another party's policy is to help the laborer, they say, by reducing this system of protective duties, or destroying it altogether, in order that the necessities of life may be less costly. And still another set of politicians declare that the only way of salvation to the laboring masses is through silver legislation, by which a larger circulation of money may be effected. None of them seem to think that our native laborer would be protected by proper immigration laws. The formidable rival of the American wage-earner is not so much the products of foreign manufacture as the foreign producer himself who comes over here, takes his place in the factory, workshop, mine, tunnel, and receives the so-called protected wages that in every campaign we are told is making the American workman a happy and prosperous citizen. Even if the laws we have fulfil their purpose and secure higher wages to the factory hand, what a farce to enact them and leave the gates of Castle Garden standing wide open to the influx of an army of alien workmen who walk into the shops and receive

the increased wages given them by our "home-protecting" laws. Go on pay-day to the paymaster's office of any of the large manufacturing, mining or railroad companies, or to any machine-shop employing large numbers of hands, cast your eye over their long pay-roll, and in surprising array you will see the Knudsons, Romanoffs, Mahoneys, Dominiatos, yes, even Lee Wings, with the seldom recurrence of John Smith or Tom Brown. I have never been to Homestead, Pennsylvania; I have never known nor seen any employee in its mammoth works; but last summer when all the phases of the trouble there were being heralded all over the country, the names of the committee that seemed to have in charge the affairs of the Amalgamated Workmen were, it seemed to me, very significant. Upon noticing the leading names in that organization one could easily imagine that floating over the headquarters of its committee could be seen a flag of emerald hue.

To an American who takes into consideration these aspects of the immigration question, it is difficult to see any room for doubt that some corrective step should be taken. The preservation of our institutions in their republican purity, protection to public morals, a proper regard for the interests of the native laboring classes, demand, it would seem, some change.

Here, however, is the greatest difficulty in the way of the seeker of the "greatest good to the greatest number." It is vastly easier to detect the presence of disease than it is to prescribe the best remedy. So in this immigration question, the most garrulous may cry "Change!" but the most wise may fail to apply the happiest solution.

In the agitation of this matter of great public interest, many theories have been offered by a patriotic press and by able statesmen who love America better than office. Some have urged, as the best means to attain the end desired, that consular inspection be established in the cities of foreign lands from which immigrants embark for this country, the purpose being to ascertain the antecedents and full history of the

would-be immigrant, and to judge therefrom if he be desirable or not; withholding or granting a consular passport in accordance with the decision arrived at. The second and only other plan to be mentioned in this paper is that of levying an immigration duty or tariff on every man, woman, or child seeking to make his or her home in this country. While not opposing the plan first mentioned, I heartily support the other as the most feasible means to secure the end in view; a feature in which the former proposition is open to question, because of the evident difficulty in the way of arriving at the truth in case of an attempt to deceive, leaving room for doubt that any large per cent. of the undesirable would be kept away. In support of the second suggestion, it may at least be said that it can be enforced. And whereas either method might fail to keep away some of the most unwelcome, some benefit in the way of revenue, at least, would be derived from their coming, under the workings of the method here set forth. And while revenue is not one of the things least to be desired, it is by no means the strongest point in favor of the suggestion herein urged. Its effect would be to relieve the pressure at the very point where relief is most needed. It hardly seems too much to claim that a stringent per capita tax would speedily relieve our American wage-earner from a large proportion of the rivalry he is forced to meet in the shape of European pauper labor, since this class, whose members are annually received into our country in such large numbers, would then find immigration to America such an expensive luxury that remaining at home would be considered more profitable, and their native land would be given an opportunity to learn a lesson of humanity in being compelled to take care of its own indigent poor. Then, indeed, if there is such a thing as "protected wages," our native-born workmen would for once be in a position to begin to profit by them. One step in the direction of social and political purification would be accomplished by eliminating from our body politic

the element from which contaminating influences largely grow.

The self-respecting and thrifty from all countries would be admitted by any method however restrictive, except absolute prohibition. And while it is readily seen that in their ranks would be found large numbers of skilled workmen who would be the rivals of the same class with us, it must also be admitted that they increase our wealth-producing population; our revenue would be swelled by the tax that admits them, and the necessity of their paying this admission would weaken their vantage ground in the competition with our workmen who have no immigration tariff to pay. The worthy of foreign lands will never be more strongly induced to bid for the privilege of citizenship with us than when America herself shall set a price upon it.

AMERICAN.

"FEMINOLOGY, OR THE SCIENCE OF WOMEN."

When, in the present age, one takes into consideration the subject of writing, so far is he from being lost for something to write about, that actually he is tormented with the buzz and hum of scores of subjects of all imaginable magnitudes, each clamoring for recognition and making a Babel with continual crying, "Write about me, write about me!"

Right now I am bothered with the spoilt child, the woman question. Indeed, it is so feminine in its nature, so insinuating is it, that one is just bound to pay some attention to it. Still, I should not mind devoting a little time to this subject this afternoon if it were not for the fact that its phases and aspects are so multitudinous—like a woman's wishes—and that each phase carries with it a consciousness of self-importance, all of which make it impossible for me to decide what feature I ought to consider.

Just see! Here are but a few of them: "Woman Suffrage;" "Should Women be Educated?" "Should they Preach?" "Should they Practice Medicine?" "Woman's Origin;" "Her Mission;" "Her Destiny;" "When, How and Where?" etc. But the holy Moses, who numbered the sons of Adam, and counted the seed of Abraham, could not begin to tell how many more important aspects this wonderfully perplexing problem has assumed.

Although much has been said and written upon this subject already, yet it seems to me that the demands of the present age necessitate a logical and philosophical treatment of it, in order that, as a text-book, it may be taught in all of our male schools—from academy to University. And since this study will treat of woman exclusively, it may very properly receive the title, "Feminology, or the Science of Woman."

1. An introductory chapter would be necessary to show that, as a word, feminology is purely a scientific term, and that as a science it belongs as truly to this department of knowledge as does Physics, Chemistry or Mathematics; and that its existing relations are as true and as eternal as the fundamental principles of Geometry. And yet it does not sustain the same relations to the other sciences that they sustain to one another.

2. A second chapter, Descriptive Feminology, will describe and explain, with great accuracy and in minutest detail, all the elements entering into the composition and constitution a woman's moral nature; and will show why, in some respects, she is like a man, but in others, unlike a man; why, in some respects, she is like a demon, but in others, unlike a demon; and why, in some respects, she is like an angel, but in others unlike an angel. This, doubtless, will be the most instructive and the most popular feature of the work, and every student, at all appreciative of the sciences, will, I believe, find great delight in the study of it.

3. Descriptive and Dective Feminology will necessarily be a little complicated, and will present some difficulties to the mind of a student, but once mastered it will contribute more to the general good of mankind than has any other investigation and discovery in science for at least a quarter of a century. For it will name the different faculties that women employ in deceiving men, and will disclose, also, those arts and devices by means of which they discover and measure the contents of a man's heart and interpret his thoughts while yet his lips are closed and his tongue remains silent.

4. A fourth chapter, Revocable and Irrevocable Feminology, will, to a certain degree, impose upon the credulity of those who have a preconceived notion that there is no possibility of ever effecting, under any consideration whatever, any change in a woman's mind, or of ever changing her in her decision when once it has been made. A prominent writer has said already:

"When she will she *will*,
And you may depend on it;
When she won't she won't,
And that is the end on it."

In fact, there have lived multitudes of men in all the ages who believed and taught this very doctrine; but the present chapter will prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that while woman apparently cannot *be* changed, either by man or by the kingdom of man, still they *do change*. For although there has been no very remarkable illustration of this principle during the present age (!) perhaps we find recorded instances wherein very material changes have occurred during the generations past—changes, not as a class and in a general way only, but specific and individual changes.

5. Responsible and Irresponsible Feminology will be simply a supplement to the previous chapter, and will prove that though women do change they are not responsible for many

of the changes wrought in them. For instance, I know a girl who, a few days since, told a young man that she loved him—him only, devotedly and forever! Two days, and she told another the same words. In both cases she was sincere—indeed she was—perfectly sincere. She changed! But she was not responsible for it—indeed she was not; and no longer shall the charge of insincerity be cast in her teeth; because this work will show that some external influences and causes, either natural or supernatural, determine when and how the change mentioned above and all similar changes are effected.

The tides change from ebb to flow, the winds change their courses from northwest to southwest, the weather changes from the heat of summer to the cold of winter. But neither the tides, nor the weather, nor the winds are responsible for their respective changes, since some external natural causes—certain relations between the earth and the adjacent planets—determine how the tides shall flow, as well as whence the winds shall blow, and what the seasons shall be.

And so it is with women. But it is a doubtful question whether the moon, or Mercury, or Venus is the power that regulates these phenomena. In my own mind, however, I am confident that we cannot attribute all, if any, of these influences to the moon; for I have observed that while women do change in their notions just as often as even the moon changes, still these changes do not seem to occur with that precision and regularity that characterizes the moon's phases; neither can we, either by mathematical calculation or by astronomical observation, tell exactly when a woman is going to change, nor of what nature the change is to be.

Several other important features will be developed, especially Interrogative Feminology, which will explain in full a woman's *inquisitive* nature.

It is to be regretted, I think, that this work is not now ready for use, and beginning to be taught all over the civilized world.

I expressed regret, not long since, in the presence of a fair damsel, that I could not take this study in my course at college. She replied that inasmuch as I seemed specially interested in the matter, she would advise me to write, publish and introduce, at once, such a book into the curriculum. I said I would proceed immediately upon certain conditions. "Indeed," I continued, "you furnish the best specimen of woman-kind, by far, I have ever seen; I see in your nature, blended in delightful proportions, all the elementary principles of feminology—all those peculiarities that are confined strictly to your sex; and if you will permit me to visit your house three days out of every six, and to rest on the seventh day (!) until, by quiet and careful observation, I have found out all there is to be known about your temperament and disposition, then indeed I shall understand thoroughly, the tempers and minds of all women. And then certainly I shall be prepared to write the book myself, or at least, to furnish the very best material to another for subject-matter." But the dear creature thought I was in love with her, or supposed that I was making love to her, so she said "No!" and that proved to be one of those instances wherein a woman "swear-eth to her own heart and *changeth* not."

T. M. LEARY.

THE APPROACHING ERA IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The great poets are all dead, and the probabilities are that the twentieth century will begin its course unmarked by any prominent figure inherited from the literature of the nineteenth. No Goethe will be bequeathed to us to emblazon the new horizon as in the early dawn of the present century; no Scott is likely to brighten the morning clouds of the new era with the brilliancy of his genius. Of course such predictions

cannot be made with absolute confidence that the future will fulfill them, for the world of letters, no less than the world of science, is seen by would-be prophetic eyes as "through a glass, darkly." It has been well said that the individual manifestations of genius are as erratic as are the appearances within the solar system of unfamiliar cometary visitors, or the tracks of the meteoric stars. But present appearances point to the truth of our prediction, and the manifest lesson of literary history, the lesson that all creative periods must end, cannot be set aside. The history of letters shows that such periods as that which ended with the death of Tennyson are but few and far apart in the annals of mankind, and however persistently the theorist may insist that the approaching era is ripe for intellectual activity, it will be, in our opinion, one of apparent, but not real, decadence. While the age may be one of great intellects, it will not necessarily prove one of great original productions.

The creative period of German literature would have ended with the death of Goethe had not the genius of Heine given it an uncertain lease of life for another quarter of a century. In France, the modern creative period was clearly at an end when Hugo died, and in our own literature it seems almost equally clear that the death of Tennyson has closed the Victorian age of letters—an age already prolonged beyond the limits of intellectual activity, and one that has made a remarkably brilliant end.

It is only natural that the period following such an era should be one pre-eminently of reflection and criticism—one in which authors will be appreciated, and in which their works will be conservatively interpreted and analyzed, and in which justice will be rendered. It was thus with Greece and Rome, with France in the seventeenth century, with England after the Elizabethan age, and with Germany after Goethe and Heine. That it will be thus in the coming age with the English-speaking nations, is at least as reasonable as the analogy of Bishop Butler.

Such an age, as we have said, should not be looked upon with dismay. We shall be far from conscious that ours is an age of decadence. Intellectual activity may be quickened, rather than depressed. Works of all sorts will still be produced in great profusion and will find no lack of readers. Did not the Alexandrians esteem the "Argonautica" quite as highly as the "Odyssey"? And did not Homer's sun set despite the numerous ingenious commentaries which filled the Alexandrian library on the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey"? Moreover, there will remain for reflective study and enjoyment the great works of the past, and there are enough of these for the eternal contentment of any rational being who may find his way to them. The art of criticism will flourish as of old, and whenever full and free criticism is allowed to exist it cannot result otherwise than in the development of a pure and true literature; and surely if the dawning era yield this result, it cannot be said that it has not been equally productive of good ends as any in which the great creative geniuses have flourished.

It is not true that to properly enjoy literature, an age must produce one of its own. If the approaching generation of English letters were to prove to be of absolute barrenness (which we are sure it will not) we should have no cause for regret. It will be many years before our race can outgrow the ideals of Shelley, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Whittier and Tennyson, and some of them, we sincerely hope, neither our race, nor mankind, will ever outgrow. In our opinion, the prospect of new masterpieces in uninterrupted succession would be rather appalling than encouraging. We should never "catch up," and a necessary consequence of this failure to "catch up" would be that those works made classical by the unerring test of time would suffer more neglect than they do now. The real interests of culture demand such breathing spells as have invariably followed all great creative periods, though such intermissions may, to the casual student, seem really eras of decadence.

Of course such an era being critical and reflective, has its seriously dangerous as well as its encouraging phases. Among the former is the unintelligent, unsympathetic and unappreciative laudation and worship of a really great writer because he is marked by fame. This is the mistake continually committed by those of the uncultured classes who would appear cultured. A great deal of the modern study of Homer, Dante and Shakespeare is the result of such a motive, and is a striking illustration of dangers that await us. Such evils can never be prevented among certain classes, but are always to be avoided by the true student of the classics.

Another serious danger appears in the organization of so-called "Literary Clubs"—"literary" only in name; asinine as far as all else is concerned. It is illustrated in every community in the shape of Browning, Meredith, Ibsen and Tolstoi clubs, which study the really unimportant creations of these authors to the extent that true study of transcendently great writers is neglected. This is a condition resulting from the state of the so-called (and so recognized) modish and cultured social circles in our larger cities; for example, the student conversant with Shakespeare, Dante and Milton is not recognized by the so-called cultured classes of society, while he who can quote Browning or Ibsen, whether he or his hearers understand these authors or not, holds the key to social success.

A third danger will appear in the nature of a false god in the critical world. But this is a danger common to all ages and should not necessarily be attributed to an age of reflection. We all have our favorite critics, and can hardly be persuaded from them in any age.

Weighing carefully the benefits and evils attendant on such an age we can reach no other conclusion than that the time is ripe for reflection and for interpretation of past writers, however great and active the intellect of the rising generation may prove to be.

J. W. BAILEY.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Among the other great assemblies that are to take place at the World's Fair is the parliament of religion. In this parliament the representatives of every religious sect will meet and exchange views. Questions of moment to heathen and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, alike, will be discussed, and we hope, in a measure, settled. The one great problem that will arise, the one great problem that has called this first parliament of religion together is that of Christian union. Its results must be awaited. We cannot hope to see the Buddhist and the Confucianist bow before the light of Christianity, but we can hope that the Christian denominations may take their first step toward Christian unity.

“There never was an age demanding such practical action as to-day. It is an age of open gates. It is an age of boundless opportunities, an age of crying soul-need, of measureless yearning for God, the spiritual, infinite, the eternal, to be incarnated in life. All classes and all peoples are crying for the word of eternal life; and the church must answer this cry or die.” It can best answer it as a church believing in the one command of Jesus Christ, “Love thy neighbor as thyself;” as a church united in brotherly love. If there ever was a time when the church should be at peace with herself, it is now. And for this the nations of the earth are gathering together.

As the matter stands to-day no existing forms of church life are perfect. It is plain that the Congregationalist has not a sufficiently coherent polity; the Baptist has not a sufficiently broad basis of fellowship; the Methodist has not a sufficiently edifying grasp of the principles on which permanent character must rest; the Episcopalian has not a sufficiently democratic conception of the sources of spiritual authority; the Unitarian has not a sufficiently definite body of doctrine; the Presbyterian has not a sufficiently receptive attitude toward the results

of historical and scientific investigation; the Universalist has not a sufficiently keen sense of the responsibilities of freedom; the Roman Catholic has not a sufficient respect for human reason and the rights of the individual man.

Yet each and all of these forms of faith have arisen to meet definite needs in the history of Christian thought and life. Each has borne especial witness to some essential element of the universal faith. Each is, beyond doubt, of God and from God.

Neither polity, nor worship, nor creed (excepting the radical distinction between orthodox and liberal), presents inseparable barriers to the gradual merging of the weaker into the stronger churches; and finally the formation of one grand and God-blest Christian unity. But it is a problem that must be solved by time. It is not the work of a day, nor a month, nor a year. It will require an age.

To suddenly found a new church would be to add one more to the existing competitors. The true policy is to develop and broaden the churches that we have. Each denomination will gain, and the cause of Christ will be inestimably strengthened.

First, let each denomination cease looking for the evil in sister denominations, but study them for their good points and engraft them into its own doctrine. Let the Presbyterian labor for thought and investigation; the Unitarian labor for definiteness of dogmatic statements of religious truth; let the Baptist seek for breadth of Christian fellowship and a clear distinction between essentials and non-essentials; let the Methodist labor for natural conviction rather than emotional expression of faith; let the Universalist labor for a keener sense of moral responsibility, as all the leaders of that denomination are doing to-day; let the Catholic learn to champion individual liberty within a church that has always erred in the direction of excessive centralization of authority; let the Congregationalist fight for a larger recognition of the organic

nature of the church; let the Episcopalian learn that his duty lies in the direction of that emancipation from the leading-strings of doubtful tradition and in the direction of that appeal to spiritual realities and practical common-sense, of which Bishop Brooks was the conspicuous exponent.

I know it is a long process. I know that it is a matter of years upon years. I know that to the faint-hearted it seems an impossibility, but I know that with God all things are possible.

Christian unity must come. We are one in Christ when we do His will, when we follow in His footsteps, when we live His life; and He himself has demonstrated that this is not an impossibility.

I can see the vision from afar; I feel assured that the days of wandering in the wilderness cannot last always; I know that beyond the rivers of division there is a land of unity and plenty, where a broad and comprehensive Christianity shall conquer for itself a lasting habitation and a peaceful home. Christian unity will come at last.

J. W. L.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

The Oxford crew won the eight-oar race from Cambridge, making the best time ever made on the four-mile course. The winner in the Yale-Harvard race will challenge Oxford.

In all well conducted college gymnasia the students are required to attend the in-door exercise just as the recitations, and in most cases the college professors rarely ever enter the gymnasium for the purpose of taking exercise. This is conspicuously true here. It must be the aim of every college in equipping a gymnasium to secure to all connected with the

institution a means of developing the physique. It cannot be denied that just as much exercise is demanded by the system of the professor as of the student, and if we may judge from the general appearance of the two classes, we must say that even more is necessary in the professor's case, because as a rule they are the "scrawnier" class of men we know. Why do we hear them so often complain of being broken down by overwork? It must be admitted that they work harder than the student; but admitting this is a virtual confession that more bodily exercise is needed in their case, for all their labor is mental. A state merely keeping one out of the hospital is not health. Health is perpetual youth, and we will not entertain a plea that professors are usually too old to take active part in such sports. Socrates learned to dance at seventy, and many summers have passed over the head of Popanti, still he is young. To a person who begins at the age of thirty or upward, the increase of strength and activity comes more slowly, but as surely, and is doubtless more permanent when acquired.

Dr. Winship states that strength is to a certain extent, identical with health, so that every increase in muscular development is an actual protection against disease. Too few of the professors of physiology are practical gymnasts. By example a lesson is impressed. It is time our college and University professors should try to secure and maintain an equilibrium between the powers of mental and physical endurance and development.

A college professor should be a man with a smooth, even temper, or good control of a quick one. He should at least be master of himself and his own passions. But a nervous dyspeptic person is invariably peevish, and under the impulse of the moment such a professor is liable to be snappish and cross, and thereby lose the respect and confidence of his students to a greater or less degree. This is not so often the case with a strong mind in a vigorous body. We have none

of these old-maidish professors in our Faculty, hence we mean no criticism, but a preventive is better than a remedy. There is no reason why the physique of a corps of college professors should not be equal to that of a football team. It cannot detract from their dignity.

Among the many objections to college athletics and games, the probability of injury to the limbs or joints is frequently urged by many good mothers who send their boys off to college. This is not because they oppose athletics, but they are over-anxious about that boy's welfare. They hear of some one getting hurt now and then, and think such as that constitutes athletics. Mothers, this is not all of athletics. We confess that there is a liability to slight injuries, but a serious injury in athletic games is an unusual occurrence. Nothing is without the possibility of danger. We do not quit the buggy because a horse is frightened or runs away now and then; the liability of wreck on steamer or car does not stop traveling. In everything a greater or less possibility of injury is risked, yet man does not sit still. He cannot be still and live. And these athletic games are just as essential to the student world as traveling is to the industrial. If the parents could look in on the boys here now and those who were here twenty years ago, their objections to athletics would be withdrawn. The pallid face and sunken chest is hard to find now, while they were common years ago. Above all a parent wants to know that the boy is robust and well when away from home. There is nothing yet known besides athletics that will give this result.

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. T. DANIEL, Editor pro tem.

—'70. Rev. C. C. Newton, missionary to Lagos, Africa, has returned to North Carolina. He lectured here Sunday, May 21, 1893.

'75. Dr. J. B. Powers delivered an address before the Littleton High School on May 24, 1893. The address was very fine, so say the people who heard him.

—'85. In the May number of the *Seminary Magazine*, of Louisville, occurs a sketch of Prof. A. T. Robertson accompanied by an excellent portrait. In 1888, immediately upon his graduation from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, he was appointed Assistant Instructor in Homiletics and Greek; in 1890 he was elected Assistant Professor, and 1890, Professor of Biblical Introduction and Associate Professor of New Testament Interpretation.

—'85. W. C. Allen has a fine school at Scotland Neck. He has introduced the military department into his school and seems to be well pleased with it.

—'86. We were glad to see Mr. A. C. Livermon on the Hill a few days ago. He is now a promising young M. D., and has located at Scotland Neck.

—'87. E. J. Justice after leaving college studied law and went into business with his father in Rutherfordton. He is meeting with great success.

—'89. J. H. Simmons is Professor of English in William Jewell College, and Secretary of the Historical Society of Missouri.

—'90. J. B. Spilman has a flourishing school in Starville, Texas.

—D. M. Pruitt ('89-'90) after leaving college went to Baltimore and graduated in medicine. He located in Cleveland County and had a fine practice; but his work on this earth was soon to close, for he was called to his reward in heaven in April.

—'90. Mr. T. W. Bickett, of Monroe, N. C., delivered the address at the closing exercises of Hartland Academy, May 26. Though quite a young man, he has already won a reputation as a public speaker, and we regret very much that he could not attend Commencement and respond to the toast "The '40's greet the '90's."

—'90. C. L. Felt graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in May.

—'91. F. M. Royall graduated at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary this spring. He is valedictorian of his class.

—We were glad to see R. L. Burnes ('91) on the Hill in May. He has been teaching in Texas, but has decided to try law and will attend the Summer Law School at Chapel Hill.

—B. W. Spilman ('91) is making quite a reputation as a lecturer in Louisville, Ky.

—J. C. Beckwith ('91) is having great success in the timber business in Sparta, Ga.

—E. V. Howell ('92) has returned from Philadelphia, where he has been studying pharmacy, and has opened a drug store in Rocky Mount, N. C.

—Rev. J. E. Green ('92) has opened a summer school at Mooresboro, N. C.

—J. G. Mills ('92) has been teaching in Wareville, Ga. He will return to North Carolina soon.

—'93. S. J. Porter will sail for his missionary field in Brazil in July. We know that he will be successful in his life's work.

—C. W. Wilson ('93) will read medicine this summer preparatory to going to the University of Virginia next fall.

J. William Bailey ('93) will attend the Johns Hopkins University next fall. We know that he will well maintain the reputation made there by other Wake Forest men.

EXCHANGES.

J. E. YATES, Editor pro tem.

MISS FLORENCE BASCOM, of Williamstown, Mass., will be the first woman to take Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins University. She will receive her degree next June.—*Ex.*

IN THE April number of the *Thielensian* "A Plea Against the Electoral System of the United States" and "Sunday Papers," are all that are worth mention. These are fairly good articles, but the magazine as a whole seriously lacks sound literary contributions. The editorial work, too, is quite limited.

OUR well-known visitor, the *College Rambler*, as the name may suggest, is rather varied and *rambling* in contents. The part devoted to literary improvement is entirely too limited for the exponent of an institution with the high grade of scholarship held by Illinois College. The article entitled "John Allyn's Courtship" is a very creditable production.

THE *Adelphian*, published by the students of the Adelphi Academy, of Brooklyn, is before us. It is a bright, airy little sheet, full of life and enterprise, and bearing the unmistakable characteristics of the Empire State. Its contents show much inventive ability and pure originality, and do credit to the Adelphi. "A Myth of the Hudson," recounting an Indian legend of the source of the Hudson river, is a beautiful production, abounding with vivid word-painting and clearness and definiteness of conception.

THE *Mephistophelean*, of Mercer University, is a fairly good magazine though hardly as literary as it should be. There is not enough of it. What there is shows unmistakable merit, but we should like to see more contributions and greater zeal and emulation in literary endeavor among the students of the University. "Southern Literature" deserves mention. It breathes loyalty and love towards the fair South and speaks in glowing terms of her renowned writers.

ONE OF our promptest visitors is the *Peabody Record*. The April number contains, as usual, matter of high credit. Articles deserving most mention are "Music as a Factor in Plato's Education," "Glimpse of Chinese Literature" and "The True Basis of Discipline." We heartily endorse the sentiment expressed in the editorial concerning the "Literary Society." In the education of men for the highest future usefulness, nothing can take the place of this grand factor when conducted on right principles.

THE *Oak Leaf*, we would like to kindly suggest, is lacking in contributions by the students in general. The matter seems to be almost entirely by the editors. We note an abundance of athletic spirit manifested throughout. This is not objectionable to a certain extent, but some of our college magazines are carrying the matter entirely too far, and are crowding out sound sense and sober judgment by long and worthless accounts of match-games and the like. Let this part of our development be kept within bounds.

GLADLY WOULD we welcome the day when all colleges and universities would be so far enlightened on the subject of their own interests and the promotion of the grand scheme of human development that they could adopt the sentiment expressed in "Objections to Secret Societies in College" in April number of *Wofford College Journal*. It is a strong and weighty plea against college "fraternities," and speaks very plainly of the evils fostered by them. It has a double weight because written by a fraternity man. We have the pleasure

of informing the world that no such organizations exist at Wake Forest.

THE *Texas University*, one of our promptest exchanges, contains matter of real worth. The editorial work is exceptionally fine, while the contributions are pointed, clear and instructive, and bear a high stamp of literary attainment. We commend the inclination of this magazine towards the ideal, and give as our opinion that there should be more literature of this kind in college magazines generally. There is nothing like reading a beautiful, clearly portrayed ideal of the brighter side of life, something of the emotional, after laboriously wading through long, dry treatises, biographies and the like.

THE *Crucible*, for April, contains some contributions that cannot be too highly praised. "Power of the Minority," speaking of the conservative influence upon nations wielded by the few who know the right and dare maintain it, is a composition of excellent merit. In it are combined lofty style, pure logic, beauty, clearness and symmetry of expression, bespeaking a highly developed order of thought. It is a masterpiece. The next, and but little inferior to the former, is "Plumed and Crowned," a patriotic eulogy on James G. Blaine, the plumed knight of "Reciprocity." "An Element of Progress," and "Signs of Cost," are good.

THE *University of Virginia Magazine* is a faithful exponent of the noble institution whence it comes and is worthy of high mention among current literature of its type. We note with pleasure that it is not so much besmirched with the athletic craze that is entirely too prevalent in much of our college literature. Among articles deserving special notice are: "Kuno Fischer," an extract from a letter of an alumnus of the University describing his impressions of the great German Philosopher; "Anthropos," a tale of slavery and the late war; "Shakespeare's Miranda," and "Matilda," a beautiful and very touching little piece of fiction, in which the writer shows a versatility of pen worthy of high laudation.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor

THE progress of Wake Forest College in the last four years, and the unmistakable indications of the progressive steps that are to be inaugurated with the opening of the next session, should be cause for general congratulation to the friends of higher education throughout the State, and especially to the friends of the institution itself.

In course of her half century of existence as a denominational institution, this College has undoubtedly fully come up to the expectations of her founders. And now we believe she is about to surpass herself. During her past years she has taken but few backward steps, and in hundreds of instances has made slow, but decided, conservative and permanent improvement. To-day her curriculum has been thoroughly revised and reorganized; the objectionable features, made apparent by the test of years, removed, and the new order of things set forth in a catalogue that speaks of improvement even on its cover pages.

Nothing can be predicted with absolute certainty of its fulfillment by the future, but unless all signs fail, within the next decade Wake Forest College will take its natural position in the forefront of Southern institutions of learning, whether denominational or undenominational. This is the natural position for the educational nucleus of the greatest and most powerful denomination of North Carolina, and we feel that we are by no means over-sanguine in our expectations. We know that such predictions have been made time and again, without basis of fact, that have never reached successful culmination. But just now the spirit of progress, of enterprise, of energy, is pervading our atmosphere. We all know the

prime causes of this spirit; it is not a long tale. We were forced to it, and now that it is making itself felt in no uncertain tones, we are glad that it came, whether by necessity or not. Those who were so fortunate as to attend the late Commencement exercises need no testimony from us as to the extent and strength of this spirit. It was in the air, and, far more than this, it was in the hearts of the Faculty, Board of Trustees, alumni and every student of the College. The spirit of aggressive progress is upon us, and that alumnus is cold indeed who cannot feel its influence.

You, who cannot feel it, can surely see it in the new catalogue. And to it let us turn our attention.

To begin, the standard of requirements for matriculation are raised to a higher and worthier plane. We must confess that time has been when a candidate for admission might enter here with hardly a smattering knowledge of Greek, Latin, Mathematics, English or Biology. At present we read in the catalogue that the candidate should have completed two years work in Latin, Greek and Mathematics; should possess a good and serviceable knowledge of the English language, and a fair acquaintance with rudimentary Biology. Moreover, where only a short oral examination was required formerly, we have the assurance that examinations, which will be thorough tests of knowledge, will be required of each candidate hereafter. Neglect of such examinations in the past has been one of our most grievous faults, and we rejoice to see it corrected.

While we are speaking of preparation for entrance, let us say that there is absolutely no preparatory department in the college, although at the same time we would inform those who haven't the time or the money for preparation, that arrangements have been perfected whereby the applicant for admission may receive special instruction in Latin, Greek and Mathematics, under the direction either of the head of the school itself or his assistant. No arrangements have been made for preparation in the other schools.

Again, there is but one school in the entire curriculum which has not been made considerably more extensive. In Latin and Greek, lectures on the philology and character of the works of the authors read, and especial instruction in the history of their times, are to be added. And what should be hailed with rejoicings by the specialists in those languages, the long-felt want of systematised postgraduate work has been supplied by the institution of Latin and Greek seminaries. These are the only two courses of their kind in this State, and should be an inducement to student of the classics.

In English the most radical and most valuable changes have been made. Instead of a condensed two years course as heretofore, we are to have a complete, well-rounded four years course. Instruction is given in Old and Middle English, and extensive parallel reading throughout the course is required. But above all this we believe that the most valuable move was made when it was decided that the student of English should be required to prepare essays each month. Exercises are required of the student of foreign languages in every institution, but it seems that the modern instructor in the English language usually takes it for granted that the student can wield his mother tongue to advantage. And here he makes a mistake. It is seldom that one has the pleasure of reading an article in these days that is written in a readable style. Let Wake Forest but teach her English students how to use their mother tongue in a manner that is simple, entertaining and pure, and we shall never care three straws whether they can quote Shakespeare's gods and discuss his devils or not.

We are hoping that the Faculty will allow an essay medal to be attached to the new English course. Just here we have not space to discuss the merits and demerits of medals in colleges, and will only call the attention of the authorities to the value of the one already awarded by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr.

Are you not witnesses of the desire which the late contestants manifested to consume time in work which otherwise would have been lost? Will not each of the contestants testify that his work was most valuable? We have nothing to say in regard to giving medals for proficiency in other schools, but in this day of "bad English, and lots of it," too many inducements cannot be offered to the rising generation to cultivate a closer acquaintance with their mother tongue. The higher universities are already complaining that the colleges do not afford sufficient knowledge of the English language. Let Wake Forest College take a step in advance and encourage her students to redoubled efforts toward this end. With her course faithfully pursued as set forth in the catalogue, she only lacks the ever-enticing glitter of gold to lead the student into paths of careful, thoughtful and useful study.

Another feature that is of decidedly practical value appears in the scientific schools: In chemistry the facilities and scope of the applied course have been greatly increased, with the aim of instructing the student in practical analysis and assaying. The school of astronomy has been rendered more practical and effective by the addition of apparatus, and hereafter the course of instruction will extend through the year, instead of a single term as heretofore. In surveying and navigation, a series of lectures on road-making and practical civil engineering work in the field are added. Instruction in this school extends throughout the year also.

The school of political economy, under President Taylor and Professor Sikes, should be second to none in the South. These are times that demand that every citizen should be thoroughly acquainted with the fundamental principles of political and social science, and we believe, with the present resources and arrangements, that Wake Forest cannot be excelled in this State, so far as instruction in these branches is concerned.

We only wish that time, patience and space would allow us to dwell on the increasing advantages and consequent inducements of the improvements in other schools, of the great facilities of our reading-room, library, laboratories, literary societies, location, etc.; all of which combine to make Wake Forest College an institution of unsurpassed advantages.

We are in the line of progress, and the sooner the general public are made aware of the fact, the better for all concerned.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RUFUS WEAVER, Editor.

Shadows of the Stage, by William Winter, published last April, has passed into its third edition.

ONE of the latest works of John Addington Symonds is a volume entitled *A Study of Walt Whitman*.

A NEW volume of essays, by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, called *Science and a Future Life*, will soon be published.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD is writing a new novel—a companion-work to *David Grieve* and *Robert Elsmere*.

DENMARK is the seventh and latest country to comply with the requirements of the American copyright law, necessary to secure a mutual copyright.

A LIFE of Edwin Booth, by his friend, William Winter, will be published shortly in two volumes. It will contain many portraits and other illustrations.

PROFESSOR MCMASTER expects to complete the fourth volume of his *History of the People of the United States* in a few weeks. It relates to the period between 1812 and 1830.

MARION CRAWFORD'S new novel, *Pietro Ghisleri*, will be put upon the market during this month. Many of the characters that appear in the "Saracinesca" series are introduced in this book.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S letters will be published early in the coming autumn, and readers are looking forward to them with lively expectations. Arnold's old friend, George Russell, is editing them.

IN *The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib*, Sara Jeannette Duncan describes the experiences of a young lady in going to India, marrying and beginning housekeeping under peculiar, novel conditions. It is cleverly written, full of humor, and worthy of the author of *A Social Departure*.

Poems by Two Brothers, first published in 1827, in which the poems are referred as nearly as possible to Alfred and Charles Tennyson, and in which additional and hitherto unpublished poems, covering that period, are included, will be issued shortly by the Macmillans. The volume is copyrighted in this country.

A CURRENT review thus describes Sir John Lubbock, author of *The Pleasures of Life* and *The Beauties of Nature*: "The city knows him as a successful banker; among scientists his statements are respected as those of a close observer and patient experimentalist; he is something of a politician and a sympathetic advocate of every measure of real reform. And with it all he is a writer with exceptional ability to render in always clear and entertaining, yet never too profound, language the work in hand, whether it be a narrative of scientific research, informal papers on books and men and the wholesome pleasures of living, or the pointing out of how greatly a love for the beauties of Nature enriches life and how many wonders lie almost unseen in the world we live in."

THE following is the latest from the pen of William Watson—a noble, lofty outpouring of the writer's gratitude for his restoration to health :

VITA NUOVA.

Long hath she slept, forgetful of delight:
At last, at last, the enchanted princess, Earth,
Claimed with a kiss by Spring the adventurer,
In slumber knows the destined lips, and thrilled
Through all the deeps of her unageing heart
With passionate necessity of joy,
Wakens, and yields her loveliness to love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The Earth's divine renewal: lo, I too
With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song,
I too have come through wintry terrors,—yea,
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power beneficent,
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain,—nay, a string, how jarred
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

MESSRS. W. L. FOUSHEE, R. W. Haywood, J. A. Yates and R. F. Beasley have been elected editors of this magazine for the ensuing year. We tender our condolence.

OUR READERS who are afflicted with deafness should not fail to write to Dr. A. Fontaine, Tacoma, Wash., for his circulars giving affidavits and testimonials of wonderful cures from prominent people. The doctor is an aurist of world-wide reputation. See his advertisement elsewhere.

THE FOLLOWING gentlemen have been elected as representatives of their respective societies next anniversary:

President of debate, B. H. Carter; Secretary, Thomas W. Elliott; Orator from Eu. Society, J. D. Robertson; from Phi., T. W. Leary; First Debater from Phi., J. O. Gough; from Eu., W. H. Sledge; Second Debater from Eu., M. P. Davis; from Phi., Mr. Anderson.

His many friends will regret to learn that Mr. A. S. Dockery has declined the honor lately tendered him as second debater from the Phi. Society.

REPORT OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

It is night, night in our soul, night in our hopes and—just night. A low-burning lamp, rendered incapable of better service by an hilarious alumnus last evening, makes dimly visible the interior of our miserable sanctum—the scene of many a struggle with THE STUDENT and other powers of dark-

ness in by-gone days. Its walls, hung with many a dilapidated picture, and adorned with many an unseemly and uninterpretable hieroglyphic; a bed in the last stages of decency; a table on which, in our Sophomore year, the midnight oil has burned while the luckless student pored over the thousands of intricacies of text-books, and shuffled and shouted over many a well-played game of—of—er—foot-ball; and a single broken-back chair, which saw its best days “long years ago”—all behold, for the last time, the woe-begone editor; all tell him, in no uncertain tones, that the “dog has had his day”; “the morning cometh.” But his agony is yet to be increased. Outside, the moon is rising beyond the hills and begins to shine through the still, floating clouds as gently and gracefully and brightly as if there were no STUDENT, no tired editor, no commencement to record, and as if '93 still lived. But hark, a sound of revelry smites our ears; someone is breaking the jaw-bones of a piano in the distance, and a voice as the voice of an angel rises out of the gloom and floats in echoes over the evening breezes through the mellow light of the pale goddess into our window. Some fair one is singing “Come unto me.” We wish we could. The old-time pulses stir within us. A yellow dog raises his weird sonata of evening in greeting to the rising moon. The clock strikes twelve. Indeed, “the morning cometh.” We must tell the people of '93's commencement. Our descending boot silences the yellow dog, but for the time we must abide the musicale.

With the coming of Monday morning of commencement came the usual lowering clouds and hope-dispelling rain. The morning is passed with a concert by the band in the gymnasium. Ditto in the afternoon. In the evening the exercises properly commenced, as to the inspiring strains of martial music by the Fifth Regiment Band, of Virginia, the marshals conduct the class of '93 to the rostrum of Memorial Hall, where the class president, D. M. Prince, very briefly announced the occasion. He is followed by the orator, Mr.

McIntyre. His subject, "Where are we?" is treated well and delivered eloquently, the conclusion being a magnificent exhortation to '93 to be true to their *alma mater*. He is followed by "J. Bailey, the man of aliases," who claims to be an historian. He harangues the audience for forty minutes and at the conclusion of his effort is buried—in a flood of flowers from the young ladies of the Hill. (N. B. If he had received any flowers it wouldn't have been mentioned. ED.) Mr. Wilson comes forward and relieves the monotony of the historian's burial with choice poetic sentiments. Mr. Wilson would do very well as a poet, but his foot-ball record ruins him. Walter Camp, of universal fame, has sagely remarked that one can't write poetry and play foot-ball. Wilson did play foot-ball to our certain knowledge, and the audience agreed that he had written a good class-poem. We will be compelled to pass this by as an anomaly, as we hadn't arisen from our burial about that time. Mr. Kittrell followed as prophet. He did very well considering the circumstances, but we desire to remind those present that Mr. Kittrell is a romantic kind of young man and is prone to reading dime-novels. When he tried to tell the truth his characteristic hits were exceedingly well conceived and excited great applause in the audience. About this time the historian arose from his grave and challenged the prophet for slanderous utterances against his good name, but Doctor and Mrs. Taylor settled matters by inviting the entire class and the same number of young ladies to their residence, where the senior class received their first square meal at Wake Forest. Such things do not happen often, and we herewith tender our sincere thanks to the kind host and hostess of the evening, and at the same time beg the privilege of presenting the apologies (in behalf of the class) for over-eating—also (in behalf of the young ladies) for over-talking.

Thus passed the fifth class-day exercises in the history of the college. That they were highly enjoyed, and fully up to

the high standard set by Hufham, Spilman, Felt, and Atkinson, was the unanimous verdict of the audience.

P. S. '94 has already taken steps to prevent future stage-burials.

Tuesday morning. The sun shines, and the train arrives on time. The band plays "Annie Rooney," "The Girl" I'm going to leave "behind me," and "Dixie." Encore. Afternoon, ditto, with variations.

At night Mr. W. E. Daniel, Esq., of Weldon, N. C., delivers a highly interesting, ornate and instructive address as alumni orator. His subject was the "Mission of the College Graduate in North Carolina." As it is being prepared for publication in the July number of this magazine, we prefer that it should not be mutilated in advance. That it was well received was attested to by the applause of a highly appreciative audience.

Wednesday morning. Dr. J. C. Hiden, of Richmond, Va., delivered the annual address before the literary societies on the "Life and Works of Edgar Allan Poe." Tracing the eventful course of the distinguished genius in an eloquent manner, treating of his works under the divisions of his prose and poetry in a clear, analytical, literary style, interspersing the whole with many amusing and appropriate jokes and incidents, the speaker held the close attention of his audience throughout. His aim was to demonstrate to the students that genius, unsupported by character, work and true principles, would end in wreck. Poe's life was a splendid subject for such a demonstration, and the Doctor used it to great advantage.

Wednesday night Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn, N. Y., delivered one of the strongest baccalaureate sermons ever heard here. His subject, "The Standard and Measure of Worth in Heaven and Earth." The distinguished preacher proved in a most powerful and impressive manner that that standard is self-sacrifice. He upheld Christ on the cross as the highest type of self-sacrifice. Throughout the divine handled his

subject in a manner worthy of a Dixon, and impressed '93 with many great and good principles of life.

The sermon was followed by the alumni banquet, to which all had looked forward with great expectations. Mr. Dughi, the Southern Delmonico, was the caterer, and, it is needless to add, none of the one hundred and fifty banqueters were disappointed.

Many toasts proposed by that prince of toast-masters, Dr. Pritchard, were responded to in eloquent style by the various speakers, and every alumnus present was bound more closely to his *alma mater*. At the conclusion of the toasts an effort to endow the Royall Memorial Chair of English was made, and over two thousand dollars were raised, of which '93 contributed one hundred and seventy-five. Thus did a most enjoyable day culminate for the good of Wake Forest and mankind.

Thursday—Graduating Day. The salutatory by Mr. C. P. Sapp began the exercises. His subject, "The Downfall of Dogma," was handled in a manner which showed close thought and thorough acquaintance with the Christian creeds. More than this, he was kind enough to spend only one minute in welcoming the audience after he had delivered his oration. Followed by Mr. E. Y. Webb on "Jefferson Davis." The subject was very appropriate at this time, and the orator stirred the patriotic fire of his hearers. The next speaker, Mr. J. C. Kittrell, on the "Sphinx of the Nineteenth Century," was excellent. His characterization of the broken-down politician was exceedingly well put, and well received. Rev. S. J. Porter, on "Our Southern Sister," spoke of his future missionary field, Brazil. This oration was repeatedly applauded by the large audience. Mr. Weaver presented in a pleasing manner some deeply philosophical thoughts on science, theology and civilization. He showed thorough acquaintance with the leading thinkers of the day. Mr. I. T. Newton, on "Epicureanism," delivered a very graceful and very learned effort. His arraignment of "Society" was excel-

lent, and throughout he held the close attention of his hearers.

Then followed the valedictorian, Mr. Hobgood, the descendant of valedictorians. His address was short, terse, to the point, and he is to be most heartily congratulated on the "uniqueness" of the effort. His farewell to the young ladies brought tears to our eyes.

Mr. Hobgood received the valedictory only after a hard fight and by making a very creditable average. He had been a student of Wake Forest only two years, and before entering had not received school instruction in three years. Under these circumstances; his performance is considered exceedingly creditable.

With a few appropriate words Dr. Taylor presents the diplomas, and a thunder-storm cuts short the remarks of acting chairman of the Board of Trustees, Hon. J. C. Scarborough, all of which were very good.

In the evening the band gives a concert in Memorial Hall, the College is invaded by the "Harrycanes," and the annual reception is held in the literary halls, where young men and fair women do nothing else, to all appearances, but hold sweet converse until the lights go out.

Thus was the passing of '93.

We regret very much that circumstances are such that we cannot prepare a fuller report, but even now the "floating" music has ceased, the dog howls once more; it is 3:30 A. M., and time for all good people to be in bed.

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

J. W. BAILEY—'93.

Among the young ladies attendant on the exercises we note: Misses Hobgood, Shepard, Dennis, Oxford; Miss Jones, Virginia; Misses Rogers and Newton, Durham; Miss Allen, Raleigh; Miss Person, Franklinton; Miss Petty, North Carolina, and all the young ladies of the Hill.

J. W. B.

DEATH OF MR. D. M. GADDY.

Mr. D. M. Gaddy, aged twenty-seven, died at Wake Forest College June 1, 1893, after an illness lasting ten days.

Mr. Gaddy had been a student of Wake Forest College for the past three years and was awarded the degree of B. A. a few hours before his death. Throughout his career here he had always deported himself as an earnest, hard-working, unassuming student. He made no enemies, and was blest with many faithful friends. He died, as he had lived, in faithful service of his God.

Death at all times is sad, but in the circumstances that attended the death of Mr. Gaddy it is peculiarly sad. Young, earnest, hopeful, and on the threshold of a career which, though not always brilliant, is in every case honorable, his end, in our eyes, was most untimely.

The funeral services were held on the day after his death in the Memorial Hall, after which his remains were transported to Polkton, where the interment took place. At the funeral touching addresses were made by two of his more intimate friends in testimony of the love and esteem in which he was held.

At the last meeting of the Senior Class the following resolutions of respect were adopted:

"WHEREAS, Our Father has seen fit to take our class-mate, brother D. M. Gaddy, from our midst; therefore be it

"*Resolved, first*, That, while we deeply feel our loss, we recognize the all-wise dispensation of God and bow before His will.

"*Second*, That we take this means of attesting to the true worth and sterling character of the deceased.

"*Third*, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the grief-stricken parents and relatives.

"*Fourth*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents, to the *Biblical Recorder* and THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT for publication.

"J. W. BAILEY,
"Chairman Committee."

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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Vol. XII.

WAKE FOREST, N. C., JULY, 1893.

No. 10.

A POOR BOY'S CHANCES AT WAKE FOREST.

The two essential qualities in the successful Wake Forest student are character and capacity. Possessing these, a young man may enjoy the friendship of his fellows, the respect and confidence of the Faculty, and the esteem of the citizens of the town. He can stand first in the class-room, first in his Literary Society, and at the head of his class on Commencement day. The possession of money does not pave the way to his success, nor does the lack of it bar the road to his progress or promotion.

Of course, many of the patrons of Wake Forest are wealthy and of high social standing, and many of the students have all the money they want. But there are no temptations, even to the sons of the rich, to spend money needlessly or lavishly. The people of the village, while possessing more than usual of culture and refinement, are simple in their tastes and economical in their habits, so that there is nothing in the student's surroundings to foster in him a spirit of extravagance.

It is the purpose of this article to discuss the chances of a poor boy at Wake Forest.

It is no reflection on the honor and industry of the people of North Carolina to say that they are poor. The blighting

hand of war made them so. No extravagant pensions or highly protected industries have helped them in their efforts to better their circumstances. After thirty years of struggle they are still poor. Their sons are poor. But their poverty is no bar to their education at Wake Forest.

The Bostick Loan Fund, established by that greatest of all benefactors of the college, the late J. A. Bostwick, of New York, gives poor and worthy young men time for the payment of their tuition fees. The student gives his note, without security, to be paid with interest at four per cent. when he has completed his education. Could any offer be more liberal than this? He does not compromise his self-respect, destroy his independence or weaken his sense of manhood by receiving his tuition as a gift, but he has all the time that he can reasonably desire in which to pay for his education.

And it can be shown that the student's necessary expenses are no greater at Wake Forest when he pays tuition than at some other institutions where tuition is given in the form of scholarships. In other words, a student can pay all his expenses, tuition included, at Wake Forest with a sum no larger than is required to pay his expenses, exclusive of tuition, at some of the other institutions where incidental expenses are necessarily greater.

The Students' Aid Fund, amounting in all to about \$8,000, is loaned to individuals and secured by first mortgage bonds on real estate. The interest from this fund is loaned to needy students. These give their notes, bearing four per cent. interest, with approved personal security. It is hoped that this fund will be largely increased in the near future, through the beneficence of friends of the College. During the session just closed about a dozen young men were aided by it. About the same number have applied for help next session, so that the funds available for the present are already practically disposed of. Further information regarding the nature and methods of this fund may be had by addressing Prof. W. J. Ferrell, Treasurer.

The student's expenses are reduced to a minimum. Board in a hotel or boarding-house costs ten dollars a month. For several years the "club" system has been in operation with marked success. A number of students unite, elect a steward, and engage some lady of experience to superintend the preparation of their food and preside at their table. For this service they pay her a stipulated sum for each member of the club. The steward makes all purchases, keeps a strict account of all expenses, and at the end of each month gives to each member his proportionate account, which must be paid promptly. In this way the student pays only the actual cost of his board.

About seventy-five of the students were in clubs during the past session. Among them were to be found some of the best students in the college. Two of them are on the editorial staff of *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* for next year, two are Anniversary representatives, and two were marshals at the late Commencement.

One of these students gives the items of his monthly expenses during the past session as follows: Board, \$6.67; washing, 75 cents; room-rent in dormitory building, 60 cents; other incidental expenses, \$1.25, making a total for the month of \$9.27. Continuing, he writes: "I will say that with \$10 per month an economical young man at Wake Forest can meet all necessary expenses, exclusive of tuition." The month here referred to is the calendar month, so that the entire expenses of the student, with tuition (\$60) included, for the nine and one-half months of the session, from September 1 to January 15, are only \$155.

Two years ago a student paid all his expenses with \$150.

These facts and figures show that the poor boy at Wake Forest can win society, class, and college honors; that he can get the time absolutely necessary for the payment of his tuition; that he can borrow money from the Students' Aid Fund; and that he can get board, lights, wood and washing at actual cost.

J. B. CARLYLE.

The editor ventures to add to Professor Carlyle's admirable article an extract from a discussion of the same subject by John A. Broadus, published several years ago by the Trustees of Richmond College:

There is no use in talking, you say, about your son's going to college. It is too expensive—you can't afford it. Colleges are just intended for rich men's sons, or those that get their money easy in some way; you made your money by hard work, and can't afford to spend it so fast.

Why, the very object of college endowments is to *cheapen* education for the sake of those who are not rich. If your son were to get instruction from a single one of these select professors, with his talents and high scholarship, it would cost him twice as much a year as his entire college fees. Rich men could employ several such instructors if they choose, but you and I could not. And if our sons can have the privilege of being taught by these professors, it is for the reason that a large part of their support is drawn from endowment; and usually it is a support most meagre and unworthy, when we consider their choice abilities and severe labors. In fact, college education is one of the cheapest things in the country; and we who are comparatively poor, get a great bargain in it, a first-rate article for one-third the cost.

Ah! but you didn't so much mean the tuition, it is the other expenses. Yes, and you begin with counting all that is spent for clothing, and forget that the fellow would spend money for clothes if he stayed at home. And if it be said that at home he would only need a Sunday suit, and could wear plain and cheap clothes all the week, I answer, so he can at college. If a student's general appearance and personal habits are good, if his hair and his hands, his boots and his linen are always scrupulously clean, and the rest of his clothing, however cheap and even coarse, is well brushed and free from stains and spots, then, with good manners, he will be accounted a thoroughly genteel young man by all those whose opinion is worth regarding, young ladies included. Thirty years ago two young men entered the University of Virginia, paying their way with money saved from teaching, and during the first winter wearing plain jeans coats all the week among those aristocratic and dressy youngsters from the Cotton States. Both found hearty welcome in the professors' families, and formed choice friendships among the students, besides gaining unsurpassed academic honors; and one of them is now among the most distinguished educators in Virginia. And to-day there are students in great number at our colleges who spend scarcely a cent more on their clothing than they would do in a country home, and yet make a good appearance, and are respected and well received in society.

As to the board, it is already very cheap at many colleges, and can be made cheaper still, if students choose to abstain from mere luxuries, and set their heads on economizing. A rapid and salutary change is going on

among us. It used to be the case that college fashions were mainly set by rich fellows, who went to college simply as a thing proper for a gentleman's son to do, and so others were ashamed to show their poverty by living plainly. I hope to see the day when, as in the German cities, a student can live on as few cents a day as he pleases, and it will be nobody's business; when not only those of moderate means, like your son, but the very poor, can work their way, by hard struggles and various helps, and God's favor, through a college course. So it was centuries ago in Europe; so it is now in Scotland, in Germany, and to some extent in New England. The present head of one of our most important Baptist institutions stated in my presence that at one period of his student-life he lived on bread and molasses for a considerable time. Kingman Nott, when at the academy, lived some months on bread and milk, and when prices rose, then on bread and water, and bought them with money made by sawing wood. Some English noblemen are remembered in history only by the fact that, when students at Oxford, they got their boots blacked by a charity student named George Whitefield. Ho, for the poor young men! Look them out; call them forth where they have brains, and cherish vague, wild longings after an education which seems far on the other side of an impassable gulf; help them if you can, show them how to help themselves, and stir in them by encouragement that high resolution, which in the young and gifted laughs at impossibilities and conquers the world.

But after all, your son is not utterly poor; and when you come to think of it, college education may be so managed as not to be very expensive. If, through his own good sense and your good influence, he is disposed to economy, he will assuredly find plenty of students at the present day to keep him company, and students who stand high both in the lecture-room and in society. If once you made up your mind that it was really and exceedingly desirable for him to go to college, you know very well that you could manage to provide the means. And how else, O thoughtful and loving father, can you use the same amount of money so much for his advantage? Pray, think that over. A college education, or a thousand dollars, in land or goods or cash—which would be most profitable to him as he enters upon active life?

WAKE FOREST'S LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The solid foundation upon which rests the greatness, past and prospective, of Wake Forest College is the fact that it is the beloved child and educational centre of the Baptist denomination of North Carolina. This great body of Christians stands pledged for its protection and support.

One conspicuous advantage which it possesses, as compared with many other institutions of the same grade, is the moral atmosphere which surrounds it and pervades its work.

The glory and power of the college is the faithful service rendered by its corps of scholarly and faithful, but modest, teachers. Were the friends of the college less modest, they might challenge comparison with the best institutions of the country of the same grade as to the extent and thoroughness of its work, the usefulness of its *alumni*, and the manifold opportunities it offers to talented and aspiring youth.

But, after all, among the most potent of all the agencies in the work of the institution are the two great Literary Societies. They are the right and left arms of the college.

The Literary Societies of Wake Forest College easily rank among the first of their kind in American colleges. Generous expenditure of money and cultured taste have provided commodious and beautiful halls for these Societies, but their glory is not in this outward adornment, but in their efficiency as gymnasia for the development of youthful minds. They furnish an invaluable arena for the training of intellectual athletes.

The peculiar work they require of their members and the high standard of its quality render them singularly conspicuous as factors in the education of every student who has attended this college and tried to make a man of himself. It is difficult to overestimate their value, because nothing can take their place as a factor in college life. If the distinguished graduates of Wake Forest College were consulted, and requested to give the special reason why they have been able to outstrip their comrades and distinguish themselves over their fellow-men, they would doubtless reply that the Euzelian or Philomathesian Society had much to do with it,—perhaps more than any other single cause.

The recitation-rooms, Library, and Reading-room of the college furnish all the wholesome food necessary to stimulate

and nourish the healthy mind of every ambitious student; their diet is thus measured out to them, and they are required to take all they can receive, but the Literary Society is the place where its healthy digestion is promoted. A well-fed child without exercise, and without the opportunity to take it, cannot grow up into vigorous physical manhood and show to the world the strong man which the possibilities of the child made manifest. This is true of the physical man which is seen, but the same is more emphatically true of the mental man which is unseen. Neither can reach maturity and attain to the limits of its power and expectancy without having the normal supply of healthy food, each of its appropriate kind, and the proper exercise to stimulate natural growth. The college supplies the nourishment for the mind and requires that it shall be taken, or the student cannot long remain here, and the Literary Society furnishes the place for its independent exercise, and requires that it be taken where mind shall wrestle with mind and the conflict shall be mental, and that the honors of this field shall be awarded to the mind which has the most muscle, greatest activity, and has succeeded best in cultivating the graces of oratory and in mastering logic and rhetoric.

The Societies are filled with critics. Some of the most lasting impressions made upon the mind of the writer have been the criticisms for blunders made in one of the Societies. They are improving to the highest degree. Here we were first compelled to think for ourselves, to have an idea and manfully contend for it; here we were first taught to look well into the exactness of our statements; here we learned from personal experience the power of truth and treachery of error as we had not realized before; here we received our first impressions of the power of language and of the beauty of diction; here we first discovered that there was a germ in almost every man which could be fertilized, cultivated and developed until he became a speaker capable of exerting

greater or less power over his fellowmen; here we first felt the spark of ambition kindle into a flame, and became conscious of latent powers of influence and usefulness.

The reputation of Wake Forest College as a great institution of learning needs no eulogy from my pen. It is a well-known fact that one of the brightest stars which glitters in the diadem she wears among the sister institutions is her power to turn out brilliant speakers. What is the secret of this power? Watch the plainly clad young men, fresh from the farms of North Carolina, as they make their way to Wake Forest College. See them walk up to the Bursar and President of the college to have their names registered as students. They are embarrassed and feel ill at ease at first. Follow them for a few weeks into the recitation-rooms, etc., and see them join one of the Literary Societies and enter into the debates with young men who have been here three, four, or five years. They are awkward and make mistakes of grammar, of mispronunciation of words, etc. When the debate is over, the critics deal mercilessly with them. They are severe and cutting, but kind and generous withal, for they remember how it was with themselves four years ago; and the beginner sees and is made to feel that it is all for his good, and appreciates and appropriates it as he goes. Now pass over two or three years, and these rugged fellows will show you that they are becoming trained and sandpapered, and they already commence to show signs of vigor and polish as speakers. Now let them strive for the honors and medals of their respective Societies; let steel clash with steel, and brass go to the ground; let them feel that here merit alone wins, and that every gift must be stimulated to let out the last link of its power, and there is revealed a faint glimpse of the reason why Wake Forest College excels at this particular point.

It is easily seen, therefore, that the Societies play an important part in the education of a Wake Forest student. More attention is given to the work of the Literary Societies at this

institution than at any other which its graduates and students have attended. They deserve and receive the life-long affection and support of their members. In them students are all required not only to debate upon all the important questions of the day, but to write and deliver Junior speeches and other addresses, to write compositions and practice declamation. Besides, they are taught here parliamentary usage from such authorities as Mell and Cushing, and any student who has done his duty in one of these Societies is able to preside over any deliberative body.

Truly, therefore, they are the speaker factories; and with their aid Wake Forest College can take any young man who is made of the right material and develop him into a thinker and an orator. Such a man can push his own way to recognition without the intrigues of demagogues to help him into position.

J. B. POWERS, M. D.

THE DUTY OF A COLLEGE GRADUATE TO THE PEOPLE.*

I confess to have been greatly troubled in the selection of a theme upon which to address you this evening, and it has caused me much anxious thought. And as day after day and week after week I have considered the matter, I have been profoundly impressed with the unwise selection that you made, for, and I speak meaningly, I approach the performance of this duty with an embarrassment that comes from my inability to discuss a subject fit for the occasion and the audience.

I had thought when I was so highly honored—and, believe me, I do consider it an honor—as to be chosen your speaker for the evening, that I would present some subject new and interesting, something out of the usual line, but in my searches and selections and conclusions I have never been more convinced than I am to-night, that, so far as concerns me, there is nothing new. Do not understand me as being so presumptuous as to deny the existence of novelty; I only mean that I cannot find it. Then I have looked patiently and diligently,

*Address delivered before the Alumni Association of Wake Forest College, May 30, 1893, by Walter E. Daniel, Esq., of Weldon, N. C.

and even laboriously, in limited current literature for some suggestion upon which to base my remarks, and after patience and diligence and labor has come the weariness that must have been King Solomon's when he wrote: "Of making many books there is no end."

It is impossible for me to deliver a literary address, for the reason that the calling to which I have given my time has almost ceased to be a profession and has become a business, and the rough contact with the rushing, busy, hurrying world has dimmed and blurred and effaced whatever literary relish and finish I was supposed to have had when, several years ago, I left my *alma mater*.

And who is there of us that can look back over fifteen years of such contact full of triumphs and disappointments without a heart overflowing with pity and hope for him who is to make the beginning and the race? And it has occurred to me that something might be said from the ground of advantage upon which we are supposed to stand, to remove some of the difficulties from the ways of those who are to come after us; or, in other words, as graduates to more clearly define and lay down our duties and relations to the masses of the people around us who are not so fortunate as to have received the benefits that we have received.

I wish that I could speak some word to-night that would encourage the sympathy that ought to be felt by everyone for his neighbor. It is a fact, and our system of education is partly responsible for it, that we know too little, and care less, of that which is true of those who are in the throw of a stone of our own doors. We are following our own enterprises, and we are not allowing our souls to be burdened with the thought that we are our brothers' keepers. I mean that there is too great a distance, and a distance which my experience shows is widening, between the educated classes and those who are uneducated. If this is true, then college trained and college benefited men ought to know it; and knowing it, they ought to think upon it; and realizing its importance they ought to have the courage to grapple with the problem. It should be their duty to remove the gap if possible, to begin the work by lessening it, certainly.

Let me give expression to the wish that it was in my power to bring some idea, some thought, some principle, fresh from the people, with the smell of the fields upon it, clothed even in the garment of poverty, that would quicken your philan-

thropy for them, your patriotism for their country. I would consider my task done to my satisfaction, if I could kindle in your minds a resolve to know more of those of whom I speak from the higher plane of thought and culture in which you live. And I have heard them called by so many names: the masses by social writers and political economists, labor by capital, the producer by commerce, the people by politicians and statesmen, and that which makes us all akin, immortals by religion. For the purposes of this hour, I will designate them by a name which, though given because of the fall, has the merit of antiquity: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." *

How little we know of them! Their hopes, their aspirations, their conditions, their difficulties, their hardships, their despair!

And yet here is the same world for us all; the light that comes and blesses makes no distinction, and it is written that a dying Savior, with healing in His tender words, forgave and saved a thief.

It is the duty of a college graduate *to know the people*, to understand their thoughts and to know their lives. Do not understand me as taking the position that he should know them after the manner of the average demagogue who makes frantic appeals at stated intervals for the apparent purpose of preventing the ruin of the country, but he should know them in order to benefit them, in order to do good to those with whom he comes in touch; he should know them that he may make an effort to improve their condition, to elevate their ideas, to give them the true idea of an education which has failed in its object if it makes a man anything but a worker. Unfortunately for those who are called educated, they are regarded and judged by this class as prepared and equipped to make their living and build themselves upon their brawn and their muscle and their lives worn out in ceaseless toil, and that, too, without manifest exertion.

There is a widespread distrust existing, and we may as well face the question. I will have to confess my inability to explain the causes; there are many plausible and ingenious reasons given and supported by strong argument. I can only call your attention briefly to those pertinent. If you have ever attended a political discussion you have heard them set forth by all manners and kinds and measures of statesmen. But we may accept this fact as true, and these results have

brought about this feeling of distrust that the people feel for each other, that those who have made a study of economic questions have satisfactorily proved that in the past ten or twenty years there have been great changes and disturbances. One portion of the people has become poorer, while another has become richer; the purchasing power of one class, who, because of the simplicity of their wants, ought to be independent, has become less and less, their economy more stinted and more stinted, until now it is not a question of economy, but it has reached the point where it becomes almost a struggle for sustenance, for existence. This is true, and it is true in North Carolina, and I am not overdrawing the picture. I do not intend to detail to you the horrors of a tenement in some crowded city, where large families are huddled together and where children are growing in squalid vice, breathing a hatred for order, maturing at last into a menace to our institutions, but I am telling you as to men who ought to know and who doubtless have observed, who, having received the benefits of a more enlightened system, should prepare for these problems. And I do state that this feeling of distrust and unrest is showing and manifesting itself right here in North Carolina where we boast of a native population and of least outside influence.

It is the duty of a college graduate *to study the causes* that have brought about such conditions. As I have already suggested, those who have made a study of the supposed causes and questions differ. Some say, and I have heard eminent men take this position, that we are simply paying a debt placed upon us by the civil war and the subsequent evils that followed in its horrible train.

Others say that it is the burden placed upon us all by the iniquities of a war tariff, which has been increased into a Chinese wall for the sole and exclusive benefit of those who control the manufacturing power, that it has become a veritable Old Man of the Sea upon the back of the producer, pressing him down and down and down at every effort he makes to relieve himself of his burden.

Then, patriotism and politics have increased a pension list by extravagant legislation until no standing army in armed Europe costs so much. This character of legislation has indirectly, and insidious and dangerous because indirect, drained from the pockets of our people a vast Niagara of money for which there is little or no return. On the other

hand, the products of the fields have year after year been sold at less than the cost of production. And what is the result? The New South which a few years ago was foretold by every one has not fulfilled the promises of its prophets. The fact stares us in the face that the great majority of our people are in debt and we are helpless. And what is debt? Have you ever thought on the subject? After making every effort to meet obligations, one is like the man caught by the sea with its tide surely, slowly, mercilessly rising to his death. Debt! It bows the strong man like a reed and breaks his will like a straw. I heard an eminent lawyer once speak of this curse as a spectre at the elbow, a shadow at your side that walks when you walk and runs when you run, that follows you to your home, that comes between you and the wife of your bosom, and drives the little children from your knees, until at last hope leaves, and then with this condition as a companion the aimless struggle begins. It hampers genius, it curbs ambition, it blights and wrecks promises and prospects. You who are before me have probably never been called upon to face this enemy, because I should say that when it is the result of economic changes and disturbances, it commences with those who are nearest the earth first and comes to you last, but you have only to go through the homes and belongings of those of whom I speak to grant the truth of that to which I call your attention.

Again, there are others who say that these changes have been caused by the financial system of the country, by a contraction of a currency, which so many profess to understand and explain, and do not. To many holding this position the remedy is easy. It is only necessary to stamp the promise of the nation upon anything to make it money; or that the government should lend its currency upon the products of the fields and the face of the earth as pledges; or to coin the white metal which is dug in such wonderful quantities from the mines of the West and which is opposed so bitterly by that class who already have nearly all the money in their strong boxes. In other words, in these latter days it has become the fashion to go to the State, the Government, for everything, like a child to its father, and I am even told that higher education asks and receives large appropriations of taxes wrung from the pockets of poverty, and that in the face of the fact that the minds of thousands of children are starving for the elementary principles.

And the ignorant and deluded and helpless are knocked hither and thither like shuttle-cocks, hoping and believing that there is legislation in the minds of their leaders which, if enacted, will bring to all peace and happiness and wealth and prosperity. So the play goes on upon the credulity of those who ought to be the objects of the tenderest care of those who are the most favored, the intelligent, until sometimes I fear there will come an awakening which by reason of their wretchedness will bring momentous results.

I fear that I am transgressing the usual lines of addresses to the members of this Association, but I am speaking to men who ought to be the leaders of thought and action and patriotism in their communities, to those who ought to be, from the positions which they hold, in sympathy with those who labor with their hands.

A collegiate education ought not to remove one man from another, but it is often the result. Primarily we use its benefits for our own good, but its divine object is the helping of others. There should be a connection between all men, and the lifting of one ought by this link to lift the other; and any system of education which, because of that education, breaks the chain, in my own humble judgment in some measure, at least, is a failure. When one is benefited and the other not, when the one grows and the other decreases, then follows this separation and distrust that have grown up between men, and which has become so hurtful in every branch of our social and political life. What is needed is an education of mind and heart that will dignify and uplift labor, that will elevate a work-bench, and that will make a workshop as respectable as an office.

I know that it is a favorite saying that labor is honorable. As an abstract principle I am willing to admit that this is true, but I charge that in practice it is not true, and the difference is becoming more and more apparent every day. For a number of years this difference has been growing in life, in thought and in sympathy between him who makes his living by his mind and him who makes his living with his hands. You may call the one the aristocracy of intellect, if you please, but when the distance becomes too great the structure will fall of its own weight and involve us all in a common ruin.

Unfortunately, an educated man does not regard a calling of this character as commensurate with the talents he is sup-

posed to possess. Run over in your minds the large number of young men who leave our colleges and who crowd the professions. How many of them are adding anything to the material wealth of the section, how many of them are producers? How many of them are even causing two blades of grass to grow where one grew before (I believe that is the minimum of benefit to mankind according to Jonathan Swift)? And in the consequent depletion of the productive classes by the withdrawal of the best minds, carrying with them, too, an abhorrence of the station and labor from which they came, sympathy is lost, humanity and brotherhood are forgotten, and those who are left regard themselves as the least favored of all classes; they are certainly the illest paid in the blessings of life. Their toil is not sweetened by intelligence, but made bitter by poverty; what they do has been done in the same way with slight improvements for generations; they cannot hope to rise above their labor.

I sometimes think that the poet had a conception of this poverty of sympathy as well as necessity when he wrote:

“Work, work, work,
My labor never flags—
And what are its wages, a bed of straw?
A crust of bread, and rags?
A shattered roof—and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.”

Society must look at these things because it creates such conditions. Ignorance is not always an evidence of weak-mindedness, and such a class constitute themselves courts, and they try you. They consider the questions of difference, whether Society, or the State, or Knowledge, or anything that you may call Power, has the right to draw these lines between the beggary of want and the lavishness of luxury. These questions are asked and answered; they pass judgment on you and they hold you responsible for their suffering, and whenever circumstances arise they do not hesitate to hold the supposed causes to a strict account.

I do not wish to be considered as radical in my views, but I am not prepared to say that they have not strong reason on their side. Let me cite just one illustration. I was reading some time since that a man who had accumulated a princely fortune, and who lived in all the magnificence of Eastern

luxury, said that the true solution between labor and capital was the difference between a man and a dollar. He said: "Lay the dollar upon the shelf for a year and at the end of the period it would be still a dollar, no less; put the man there, and without work, he becomes either a skeleton or a criminal."

It ought to be a source of thankfulness to us that we have been spared the extremes of riches and poverty that are found side by side in the more thickly settled portions of our country; but apart from that the portentous omens are gathering like storm-clouds, there is everywhere an unrest that is deep-seated, there comes up from the people a cry for a change. We may not be able to understand or control it, but it would be well for us that it be heeded.

We are told that on one occasion there was a meeting of England's government to consider some question of surpassing importance. They had gathered at their place of meeting, and there were the chancellors and councillors, mighty in wisdom and skilled in government, the Lords of the Treasury, and so forth. But one member was absent. The Prime Minister enquired concerning his absence, when some one suggested that they wait no longer, that the absent member, as was his custom, was doubtless walking the streets of London listening to what the common people were saying, and ascertaining what they wanted. "No," said the Minister, "we will wait for that man, for above everything else we want to know just what the common people are saying and what they want as to this question before us." There is need for men who study the people, there is need for men who have their hands upon the arteries of the great masses when the conflict comes. Great principles and great reforms have often been hindered and delayed by unholy combinations for present political advantage, and when enthusiasm born of ignorance threatens to sweep even truth from its fastenings, the only hope for the truth lies in those who, lifted above the vagaries of an agitator, can meet and quell and direct the tumultuous passions of the populace.

How can this be done if you are not in sympathy with those whom you should and ought to influence? In your education, in your patriotism, in your faith in Him who leveled all ranks in Himself, you ought to stand with them. If you have not done so, if you are not doing so, you are not doing your duty to the principles upon which this institution

is founded, nor to the lives of the men who have fostered and cherished it.

Having studied the people, it is the duty of a college graduate to take an intelligent interest in their politics. There are many educated, cultured men who think that it is not becoming to their dignity to take even a passing interest in the political matters around them. They insist that politics is corrupting, and that there is no principle in these degenerate days in the conduct of a political campaign, nor in the expression of the popular will, and that the meetings of the people have finally become the avenues and agencies for the advancement of the selfish interests of the few. Without expressing an opinion as to the truth or falsity of such charges, but for the sake of the argument admitting the alleged fact, the trouble lies at the doors of those who take no interest in the people, and who without even a protest, until the danger is done, leave their management and welfare to those whom they loudly condemn.

Politics is the science of government, the art of statesmanship, and those who are the best and wisest men of any community, of any section, of any State, ought to devote their most consecrated energies and power to the establishment of the politics of their country upon a higher and purer plane. A lack of interest denotes an absence of patriotism, and opens an easy opportunity for the aims and purposes of the unscrupulous.

I know of nothing so demoralizing to the youth of the land as a public sentiment which causes them to reckon of little value or moment the citizenship with which they are invested. And if the time ever comes when the public plunderer has his hands in the pockets of the people, I verily believe that the blame can be laid upon the shoulders of those who in their educated selfishness have left the conduct of public affairs to others who have neither their ability nor their integrity. The wiles and schemes of those who seek their own selfish ends cannot stand before the co-operation of good men, and a government based upon the eternal principles of truth and justice, breathing and instilling into every law equal rights to all, but special privileges to none, would naturally come as the result of their labors.

I have spoken generally; pardon me for a moment if I am personal and particular. I believe that it is true of our *alumni* that they hold themselves aloof from the politics of their sections, their modesty overshadowing their merit. Why, my

dear brethren, you have as much right to aspire to political management and leadership as anybody, and you have only to assert the right to be recognized. The truth is that you have left these "lesser matters" to other minds and other hands, and I believe that they are patriotic and faithful, until the shell of conservatism has grown so hard that it is difficult to break the fetters that hamper and bind our people. Let us go into the race with others in the establishment of the welfare and advancement of the glory of the State, and let us resolve to press forward to the goal with them, rendering always, and under all circumstances, a generous and honorable rivalry.

Lastly, it is the duty of a college graduate to insist that in all things, and at all times, and under all circumstances justice shall be done. He should stand for justice to all men.

It is a sad commentary that such is not always the fact. Oppression often rides triumphant, and injustice presses the chalice to the mouth of the helpless. The fault is not with the laws, but with their administration, and primarily with the people themselves. In a country where the laws are the works of the people and their will, public sympathy is generally on the side of justice, and in such a country the quickest way for reform is not by violence, but along the path and the way of honor and integrity and patriotism. "There is nothing so radical as justice; it is the one safe cure for all social and political evils."

Therefore those who know these things should teach such principles to the people, who would follow manly and just leadership. A high regard for law, a high regard for obligation, a solemn regard for justice administered fairly and impartially, should be imbedded in the hearts and souls of the men who are to teach and lead the people. The masses always reflect the characters and lives of their leaders. A corrupt lawyer, a vicious public man, will leave his influence and his trail upon a generation.

Oh, for the revival of the patriotism and the simplicity and the justice of our fathers! If there is ever coming for us the lifting of the people to higher ideals, to a more solemn conception of the rights of others, to the true plane and aspiration of citizenship, the effort must come from those who are supposed to be fitted and prepared to lead; the leaven must start at the top and work downward.

I fear that in what I have said I may not have been as practical as I ought to have been; my excuse is that I know that the highest and noblest characters have been formed from the contemplation and emulation of ideals. The painter caught a glimpse of Divinity in his soul, and then his brush made the likeness, not for a moment, not for a day, but for all time and for all men. So it is with us that we can never reach the heights in blessing and doing good, and widening the lives of the restless throbbing masses around us, if our lives are lived only for ourselves, within a narrow and always contracting circle of educated and cultured selfishness.

I cannot leave this presence without giving expression to a thought as to our relations to this institution.

This college has a "local habitation" here, but it lives in every man who has gone out. We are the college, and she is judged and measured by our lives and influences. She is making just so great an impression on the times and on the people as we are making; she is relieving just so much sorrow as we are relieving; and our sympathy is the measure of her humanity for all.

If this is true, the question asks itself, What are we doing? Are we workers? Having been sent out crowned with her blessings and armed with her preparation, have we come up to the measure of our responsibilities? Can we point to anything that we have done that has increased the usefulness of our foster-mother, or, like the slothful servant with the one talent, do we come and say, "And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth!" The conclusion forces itself upon us, and to our shame be it said that we have done so little.

Brethren of the Alumni Association, as an association we must strike from our energies and our purposes the indolence that binds us, or the crowds of young men who ought to come here will fill other halls. This is our college, and our duty is here. Granting to all that which belongs to them, she is entitled to our allegiance and our loyalty always.

Her past and present prosperity lives in the sacrifices and the faithfulness of the few who have borne the burdens, but I want to charge upon you that we who come from among the people have a duty to perform. We should co-operate with and strengthen them; we should hold up their hands even to the going down of the sun.

And the day will come—I see its dawn—when our *alma mater*, marching in the front line of progress with her sisters, will bless all peoples and climes in the beneficence of her influence. And we, her sons, will prosper in her glory; and as it is now, it will be doubly so then, that it is our pride that we are graduates of Wake Forest College.

WALTER E. DANIEL.

RELIGION AT WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

By the faith, prayers and contributions of our Baptist fathers, Wake Forest College was founded for the promotion of Christian education. And from the beginning it has received the fostering care of the Baptist State Convention. As stated in the Constitution of the Convention, “the primary object of the Convention is to encourage and support Wake Forest College.”

It is a Baptist institution. As a matter of fact, those who compose the Board of Trustees and the Faculty are members of Baptist churches. All must be Christians who believe the Bible to be the inspired Word of God. The peculiar views of Baptists are not taught, or even mentioned, in the classroom, yet they are taught in the Baptist church, which, for the present, worships in one of the college buildings. Not a few of other faiths have been students at the college. No effort has been made to weaken their allegiance to their own views, though in some cases their prejudices against Baptist doctrines have been greatly lessened. It would be only reasonable to expect that in a college so decidedly Baptist in all its appointments a strong Baptist influence would prevail.

And with such a state of things one could reasonably hope to find a healthy religious influence pervading the community. The spirit and influence of Wait, Wingate, Walters, Brooks, Simmons and Royall are still felt by all who have been students at the college and by all who have lived on the Hill. This

influence will still be felt by all who shall come in the years that lie before us.

Many have come to the college "sowing their wild oats," and have gone away true, humble believers in the Lord Jesus. Some of these are now serving God and their generation by preaching the gospel. In all the history of the college the rule has been, and now is, that the young man goes away a Christian. Of course to this rule there are exceptions. And unusual concern may well be felt for those who have slighted such opportunities as are afforded at the college.

There are two prayer-meetings every week. The Young Peoples' Prayer-meeting on Monday evenings is conducted entirely by the students, and has for many years proved very helpful in their religious growth. The Wednesday evening prayer-meeting is held for all the people of the town, as well as for the students. There is preaching in the Memorial Hall twice every Sunday. The first Sunday night in each month, however, is given up to the Wake Forest Missionary Society. The meetings of this society are rendered interesting and instructive by discussion, in addresses and carefully prepared papers, of the fields and features of mission work in all parts of the world.

Every member of the college, both professors and students, is expected to attend prayers in the College Chapel every morning before entering upon the regular work of the day.

There is probably no better Sunday-school in the State than that which is conducted under the auspices of the Wake Forest church. More faithful and efficient teaching of God's Word cannot be found anywhere. To the classes of this school all the young men are invited. And there is no place in the wide world where they could spend an hour with greater profit.

At some time during every session the pastor holds a series of meetings protracted from night to night. To aid in these he secures the preaching of the ablest and most judicious

ministers. During the session of 1891-'92, Dr. W. E. Hatcher, of Richmond, Virginia, preached a few days and nights. Many and great blessings attended the preaching of the Word. Last spring Dr. J. D. Hufham preached with great clearness and power. Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn, New York, will aid in a meeting embracing the second Sunday in October, and it is more than probable that next spring Dr. Hatcher will again preach at the college for a few days.

At no college in the world is more careful attention given to the religious culture of the students, and at none is the moral and religious tone higher.

The lives of some young men at college, though they are church members, are very far from what they ought to be. Others come to college unconverted and remain so until after they leave. But it is remarkable that the men educated at Wake Forest, as a rule, sooner or later become useful members of the churches. They might, of course, have become such if they had never come to the college. It is not said that they would not, but so strikingly is this the rule that it has been spoken of by the alumni in all parts of the State. And it has been observed by many who are acquainted with the men who have gone forth from the college. There seems to be an influence at the college which is potent for moulding character and determining destiny.

The reputation which the college has for moral and religious influence has in some cases had the effect of throwing young men off their guard. They have thought that here they would meet with but few temptations, and that there would be but little to hinder them in their Christian growth. And neglecting prayer and other means of grace, they have soon found themselves without the joy of salvation. In every case, however, they have been ready to take all the blame to themselves, and have felt themselves doubly guilty because they have neglected the unusual religious privileges offered at the college.

For Christian young men who will avail themselves of it, there is a wide field of usefulness during their college life. They can sympathize with and be helpful to those who are tempted and those who have begun to neglect their duty. No one can get so close to a young man who is undergoing trial amid new scenes as his fellow-student can. What an opportunity is afforded to the Christian youth to encourage his Christian associates and to win others to Christ! Many have been the times when such work has been done in the institution.

It may be doubted whether any period of a man's life affords better opportunities for doing good of a far-reaching nature, or for making growth in Christian character than the years he spends at college. Especially is this true of a Christian college, where he has a strong religious influence to back him.

Scores of young men while students at the college have decided to preach the Gospel. A year hardly ever passes during which some one does not settle it in his mind and heart that this must be his life work. And not a few have, before leaving the college, decided that they ought to become foreign missionaries and carry the Gospel to the heathen.

Very many of those, also, who are not preachers, either at the college or soon after leaving it, form resolutions to live lives of higher usefulness, according to the advantages which they have enjoyed. Wherever found they are, as a rule, in hearty co-operation with the pastors in all the work of the churches. And of the college men who are private members of our churches it is, as a rule, the men who have gone forth from Wake Forest who are in the most hearty and active co-operation with all the work of the Baptist State Convention. The exceptions to this rule are not numerous. The writer has had an observation extending through a third of a century, and knows whereof he is writing. The college is the greatest human agency to which *we* must look for doing the Lord's work in our State.

Wake Forest College was founded in the interests of Christ's kingdom, and it must ever be strictly a religious institution. And if it should ever cease to be such, the earnest desire of its friends is that it shall die and be buried so deep that the hand of resurrection can never reach it. But it must and will live, for it was founded in faith and in love to God. It was founded to be a factor in the building up of Christ's kingdom, and to teach His religion,—to teach it at a time when it was not taught by any other institution in North Carolina, for it was the first founded of the Christian colleges for young men in the State.

This is the institution which our fathers built and consecrated to the glory of God and the good of mankind. *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* might well be inscribed over its every portal, for that was the thought and purpose in the hearts of the founders. Their successors should build upon their idea, for in seeking to upbuild the college they are working wisely for the prosperity of the churches. The Baptists of North Carolina should give to it of their substance, should commit to its care their young men, and, above all, should seek for it the Divine blessing.

W. R. GWALTNEY.

A RETROSPECT.

It was twenty-eight years ago this June. The war had just ended. A young man, still wearing a faded gray uniform, was stretched prone upon the ground under a beech-tree which stood in front of a weather-beaten little country school-house. The last of the children had disappeared through the encircling forest. The teacher had lingered because he wanted to be alone. The wisest may advise us, and the kindest may give us their sympathy, but each must make for himself the struggles and decisions which affect his future; and such battles are best fought and won in solitude.

The young teacher's meditations were not in logical sequence or orderly arrangement. They were painful rather than pleasant. He not only felt, with ten thousands of others, the humiliation of defeat in war, but long-formed and cherished plans for his own life had been swept away. Behind him lay the beginnings of a course of college study suddenly and rudely terminated by the secession of his native State. The present was gloomy; the future absolutely dark. His personal belongings were little more than a change of raiment. His pockets contained only a broken knife, a diary and a Federal officer's certificate that he had been regularly paroled. The little school had been accepted on the way home from the army, because there seemed to be absolutely nothing else to do. Its patrons, like its teacher, had no money. They could offer him a comfortable home among sweet rural scenes, but only vague possibilities of anything more. And anything was better than his own home, which had been occupied as headquarters by a Federal General, and was surrounded by a brigade of negro infantry.

The teacher, now no longer young, has never forgotten the struggles and aspirations and resolutions of that long summer afternoon. Never was there a more peaceful picture than was afforded by the little glade, which was framed in by the surrounding woods and overarched by the cloudless blue. But within his own breast was a tumult of emotion. Memory, pride, resignation, resentment, ambition, hope, were all partakers in the stormy and protracted debate. When at last he arose and turned his back to the sunset as he walked homeward, some questions had been settled and some purposes had been formed. For the first time he was able to say to himself, "The war is over." Reverently, tenderly, and with a thrill of emotion too deep for expression, as he thought of loved and honored comrades who had fallen in vain, some of them by his own side, he turned his face sternly toward the future and was distinctly conscious that he was entering a new era.

What this new era contained for himself or for his country he knew not. But whatever might be disclosed by the slowly lifting curtain, he had resolved to fit himself for that future as best he might be able. He knew something of the power of knowledge and of the mastery that comes of discipline; and, conscious of his own ignorance and lack of training, he was dominated by one controlling purpose. That purpose was, cost what it might in time and toil, to secure the very best education possible for him.

The next day was Friday. The duties of the school-room were, doubtless, rather perfunctorily discharged, for the teacher's heart was on that day elsewhere than in his work. When the week's lessons were ended, he rode until late into the night to the home of a relative, where he was sure of finding sympathetic advisers. The distance was not very great, but his steed was slow. Like himself, it had seen service; but, unlike himself, it had lost all ambition. The deep brand, "C. S. A." was on its flank, and the chafings of artillery traces still marred its sides.

On the afternoon of the following Sunday he returned. And he rode homeward to resume his duties with a more buoyant heart, not merely because he had found those who cordially approved and seconded his plans, but because he carried with him the promise that efforts would be made to secure for him a loan of the funds necessary for their execution.

The good people of the "Border States" had largely sympathized with their Southern sisters in their struggle for independence, but had felt none of the losses of war. And all through the dreadful days of 1865-'66 their hearts and purses were open for the aid of the conquered people. It was a friend in the State of Kentucky, whom he had never seen, who, in response to a letter from his relative, advanced the money necessary for the young teacher's college course. The debt, with added interest, has long since been paid. But the gratitude of the borrower outlives the obligation.

Then came the counting of the days which were to intervene before the college of his choice was to open. He longed for the time when his little school would close, not because his work would cease, but because the labor which was to develop his own manhood was to begin. Eagerly his heart leaped forward in glad anticipation of the coveted privileges.

Oh, the happy, happy years—all too short—of student life!

The quondam teacher found himself at last a member of that wondrous microcosm, a college community. Men to be shunned were there of course. Some were, and deserved to be, despised. And there were egotists and pedants and other fools. These were only laughed at. But all these were few, compared with the strong, brave, true men whom he learned to admire and love. Many there were whose intellectual vigor and scholarship and eloquence dwarfed his own little pretensions until he felt himself a pigmy. And there were not a few whom he learned to love, even as the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David. Surely, the world knows not many such strong and abiding friendships as those which we form in our college days.

Then, as the months and years sped by, all too rapidly, the student came to know that he was getting some mastery over his own powers of acquisition and thought and expression. And though each forward step only disclosed new vistas of darkness, he discovered that light was widening around him. The pages of strange languages, ancient and modern, he saw to be open gateways into fair and fruitful fields. Dreary paradigms and definitions, theorems and problems, he found to be only ladders by which he rose to larger vision. And at times he felt as if scales had dropped from his eyes, or as if he had been ushered into a new world. The whole world was rendered new to him by the disclosures of scientific study. Many mysteries vanished as he advanced with the torch of investigation, but lo! a new, strange mystery pervaded all things. Henceforth, nothing was common or unclean.

Yes, there were obstacles and discouragements. Perhaps it is best that there were and always will be. For is there not the highest authority for believing that "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth"? To wear plain clothing where others are apparelled with elegance and taste, to strive in vain to read a puzzlesome Greek chorus, to put away the unsolved problem with a feeling of despair, to be compelled to recognize the superior abilities of others—all these things are hard, but, because they are hard, they are educational and indispensable for life's higher discipline.

At length came the end. Yet not the end, but only a new beginning upon a higher plane. The student—still a student, though again a teacher—reviewed the years of his college life. Not a waste of time and money, as sincere but short-sighted friends had assured him that they would be, but clear gain they appeared to be to his maturer judgment. He can see that he might, perhaps, have been a wealthy man if, when halting at the parting of the roads, he had made a different choice from that which has been described. But with all his heart he believes that "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he hath." What the years of reflection and study have brought to him and wrought within him he would not exchange for the ransom of a king. Had he the chance to live his life over again, many things done would be undone, and much left undone he would seek to do; but, so far as the plans and purposes of his college career are concerned, he would make no change. He still looks back upon them as, in many respects, the best years of his life, and remembers with unmixed joy the decision of the struggle that long afternoon in June when the war was ended.

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THE LABORATORY AS A MEANS OF CULTURE.

Two agencies more than any others have contributed to the progress of science in the present century,—the organization of scientific societies and the equipment of scientific laboratories. The first served at once as a stimulus to ambition and industry and as a check upon hasty observation and unsupported theorizing. But valuable as this indirect agency has been, the laboratory, by its direct contributions to the increase of natural knowledge, has been even more powerful.

It appears that not Liebig the chemist, but Purkinje the physiologist is entitled to the credit of having established the first laboratory. Modest as it was in comparison with the foundations of the present time, it was nevertheless the germ of all subsequent laboratories of biology, physics and chemistry. It was at Breslau and was open as early as 1826. It was devoted to physiology. The Johns Hopkins biological laboratory, opened in January 1884, was the forerunner of its class in America. There are now probably more than fifty. In some of them the functions of investigation and instruction are combined, for the same facilities and methods which promote the one are also the most efficient for the other.

Science instruction in this country probably owes more to Louis Agassiz than to any other man. His preëminence as a teacher was hardly second to his preëminence as an investigator. When he began his first course of lectures on zoology and geology at Harvard in 1848, there were neither collections nor laboratories connected with his department. Excepting the illustrations which he had brought with him from Europe, his entire outfit consisted of a lecture-room and a blackboard. He could not be content with this equipment. A wooden shanty supported by piles on the Charles river caught his eye. It had served as a bathing or a boat-house. Agassiz put into it shelves to receive his collections and a table or two for dissection. From this humble beginning grew up the Museum

of Comparative Zoology, and, what is more important, from this same poor boat-house, the laboratory method in the teaching of the natural history sciences in this country took its rise. In 1873 he established the famous summer school on the island of Penikese off the coast of Massachusetts. It survived his death but one session, but some of the leaders in science teaching caught there the enthusiasm of this great apostle of science and learned his methods. And so it has come to pass that the spirit of Agassiz, like a presiding genius, is present still in hundreds of institutions throughout the land.

The essential feature of the laboratory method of instruction is that it brings the student into direct contact with nature. He does not study about nature; he studies nature. A book he values as a guide and help, but no matter with what authority it speaks, no matter how full and adequate the treatment, it is not allowed to come between him and his actual dealing with nature itself. The same is true of the teacher. His function is to stimulate, to make suggestions, to lead the way; and when he begins to retail to the learner what the learner can discover for himself, he in so far becomes rather a hindrance to scientific culture and subtracts from the total training which the laboratory would otherwise have given.

Indeed, there is no other way to become acquainted with the facts and laws of nature. The student who has not seen and handled acids and bases and salts does not know chemistry, no matter how full his text-book or lecture-notes. One who has merely read a book on botany is invariably confused and hesitating when he stands in the midst of plants. I once met at the seashore a lady who seemed to be familiar with zoology. I happened to have in my hand specimens of the common ascidian. She did not recognize it. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "is that the ascidian? I have been reading so much about it and its bearing on the evolution theory."

But for the purposes of a liberal education the training which is incidental to the acquisition of the knowledge of

nature is more important than that knowledge considered in itself. Now, what are the characteristics of the training given by laboratory courses in college? In the first place, the critical faculty is directly stimulated, and the observing powers are, of course, in constant exercise. The student acquires an intelligent respect for nature and for what is natural as opposed to what is merely formal and artificial. A wholesome self-reliance is cultivated. I have observed remarkable development in this respect in a single five months course. He learns to trust his own powers and grows strong in the assurance of first-hand knowledge. He tests and observes for himself, and receives nothing upon mere authority. No other exercise so develops the freedom and confidence of independent thinking. To these add manual skill and a certain equipoise and stability imparted to the whole round of mental accomplishments, and it will be seen that the laboratory as an instrument of culture is indispensable.

What has Wake Forest College done to supply this need of the young men who seek mental discipline at her hands? In 1888 the munificence of the late Mr. Sidney S. Lea, of Caswell county, made possible the erection and furnishing of the "Lea Laboratory" at a cost of about \$16,000. This building put Wake Forest at once in advance of any institution in the State in equipment for science instruction. It has, exclusive of the basement, nine rooms supplied with gas and water. Half of the building accommodates the School of Chemistry, the other half the School of Biology and Geology. Here the classes which have taken lectures in the forenoon meet in the afternoon for the study of animals and plants with scalpel and microscope, each student being supplied with a specimen, a set of dissecting instruments, and a compound microscope;* or, in the other wing of the Laboratory, for the direct observation of chemical phenomena, the student having a full set of chemicals and apparatus. In both departments laboratory

* The Laboratory has twenty microscopes.

notes are required, and the examinations are to a large extent based upon the work done.

It may be added that the Lea Laboratory offers excellent facilities for special students in pharmacy and medicine.

W. L. POTEAT.

COLLEGE LIFE AS A SEASON OF MORAL DISCIPLINE.

While it is the distinctive office of the college to train and furnish the mind, and not to mould or mend morals, it is nevertheless true that no one leaves college the same man, morally, that he was when he entered. It is also true that if the college educated the intellect but undermined the moral nature, this would be an unanswerable objection to collegiate education.

The religious and moral influences brought to bear upon the student at Wake Forest College are discussed elsewhere. Our purpose is to consider college life in general as a season of wholesome moral discipline.

The improvement of the intellect is itself a stimulus to sturdier morality. Some are disposed to question this, taking the ground that education without religion is not a blessing but a curse. This seems to be a misconception arising from the failure to distinguish between things in themselves and in association with other things. A bad man sick is less to be feared than the same man well. Yet health is universally esteemed a blessing and sickness a calamity. Vice leagued with opulence may be ten or a thousand times more potent for evil than when joined with penury. But poverty is in itself no blessing; and certainly no father would reproach his son with immorality for honestly accumulating property. A fleet horse might enable the incendiary or the highwayman to multiply his havoc a hundred fold, but this would be no argument with which to disprove the usefulness of the horse to mankind. The greater blessing any talent or attainment may

be, the greater power it confers upon him who possesses it, for good or for evil. To this statement genius itself, a gift direct from God, is no exception. Nay, the very gospel of the grace of God may be so treated as to prove the savor of death unto death. The robustness imparted to the moral nature by college training is exemplified in the fact that young men who have enlisted as soldiers from colleges have stood the strain of war in a manner altogether unaccountable, unless it be admitted that educated intelligence is one of the strongest allies of moral principle. Men with mental resources have borne up under wounds and recovered, when those without such resources have sickened and died. Of all those who were expelled from France after the French Revolution, it is said that the educated nobility bore their exile and wanderings with most heroism. They were more self-helpful than their fellow-exiles from the humbler walks of life, though by their previous condition these might be supposed to have been better prepared for the hardships they were called upon to endure. Men of culture pass from high position and opulence to obscurity and poverty with much less danger of moral bankruptcy than those whose minds have been untrained. "When the Hungarian expulsion brought Kossuth and his noble band to this country, no equal number of men ever justified culture more, by adapting themselves to their circumstances, and, without complaint or repining, meeting the hardships of their changed methods of livelihood."

But the difficulty in the minds of many parents is not with what the college proposes to do for their sons, and will do, if they improve their opportunities, but with the dangers that crowd the way leading to the goal. That there are dangers cannot be denied. It has been well said that the college highway is not like one along which the vicious horse may be driven all day without hazard to the traveller, though the reins be in the most inexperienced hand; the smooth macadamized road being so walled in with its beautiful embank-

ments and hedgerows that the animal can neither bolt from it nor overturn the vehicle. The college is not an institution for the training of refractory youth or the reformation of the vicious. No graver calamity can befall it than a reputation for doing this kind of work. Some years ago a professor in an institution not a thousand miles from Wake Forest received a letter from a father urging him to take charge of the education of his son. The boy was rather young to be sent away from home and the father was so advised. He felt that he had put a clincher to his plea when in reply he vouchsafed the information that he was utterly unable to manage his boy, and for that reason insisted upon transferring the responsibility. This was done in all seriousness, and in the honest belief that it was the business of the man at the college to perform feats in character-straightening. Now, while no young man may be safely sent to college who has not been under good moral influence at home, it may safely be affirmed that there is no path by which a youth leaves his home for the great thoroughfares of life that is not beset with dangers as great as those that meet him on the college highway. Moreover, on this highway are influences of a wholesome nature, restraining, modifying, and impelling.

One of the first lessons affecting character that the youth learns on coming to college is the proper measure of himself. He comes, it may be, with inflated conceptions of his own ability, but destined soon to realize that many in the intellectual arena can measure lances with him, and that not a few are his superiors. With humbled pride he finds his level, the best for him of all discoveries. Another comes distrustful of himself and depreciative of his powers, until at length it dawns upon him that others count him in the van. He finds *his* level, too.

The lessons of self-reliance and self-restraint, so essential to all masterful endeavor, are to be learned under auspices nowhere more propitious than at college. While friendly

advisers are here to counsel and admonish, there can be no such leaning upon these as upon indulgent parents, who, too often, anticipating the foibles of their sons, obtrude the helping hand. Here, when temptation comes, there must be conscious and intelligent resistance or deliberate and shameful surrender. Often among his associates, whose good opinion the too readily yielding youth has learned to covet, are those who are strong where he is weak, whose example and words of cheer help him to wise decision and noble action, whereas under other circumstances he would have succumbed to natural bent and habit.

The college environment is peculiarly adapted to the development of a spirit of honor and manliness. Quite frequently the student himself does not realize this, but is tempted by episodes in his college life to hold the opposite view. The very strain, however, that is put upon many a young man right here, though for the time he may bend and almost break beneath it, is the making of his manhood. An analysis of the processes leading hither may be impossible. The facts are numerous and unquestionable. The college has been called by a great educator a miniature world. Elements good and bad appear side by side. Its spirit is that of a democracy, itself no feeble element in moral discipline, affording as it does occasions for the assertion or surrender of one's independence of mind, often fixing character in this particular by noble resistance or shameful yielding.

In an institution in which a majority, or even an influential minority, have matriculated with an honest purpose to improve their minds and acquire knowledge, the pressure is very strong on the side of order and obedience to reasonable authority, than which no more valuable auxiliaries to virtue can be named. The very outbursts of pent-up young blood are not infrequently followed by the most heartfelt reaction. The following is an authentic account of what occurred once at a college. Certain members of a class got into a brawl one even-

ing with some low characters, and, being arrested by the civil authorities, were fined. The sum being considerable, they, or their friends, proposed, for their relief, to levy the fine on the class, which would be about a dollar each. A meeting was called and managed with much address to carry the measure through. The authors of the scheme having spoken, the motion was about to be put when a member arose and said:

Mr. Chairman—I think it may be well to inquire how this fine has been incurred. If it has been unjustly imposed, I am ready to vote for their relief. But if gentlemen have allowed themselves to commit improprieties demanding the notice of the civil authorities, I, for one, am not disposed to sanction their misconduct, nor to make myself a party to it, by the measure proposed. [Hisses.] Hisses are not arguments, Mr. Chairman; with me, at least, they are not, however they may be with those who use them. They, I doubt not, think them weighty, as being the kind of logic most likely to be effective with themselves. [A voice: "I move the gentleman be excused for his part, since the payment of a dollar appears to be so onerous to him."] Nor am I any more to be influenced, Mr. Chairman, by the insinuation of meanness, as though I grudged a dollar. I am content to bear that stigma in the eyes of those whose magnanimity attributes such a motive to me. I shall feel it much less than the self-reproach I should suffer by making myself an abettor of such disgraceful doings as these mulcted gentlemen are said to have been concerned in. [Hisses.] But for these interruptions I would have spoken my mind in fewer words. If others choose to take on themselves the fine, and along with it, the credit of this business, I make no objection, certainly; but for myself, I neither vote nor pay the levy. And since our *honor* is appealed to, I must express my surprise that the gentlemen concerned should allow that appeal to be made. Honor? What does honor in fact dictate in a case of this kind? I pledge myself that if ever I am found in similar circumstances, I will deem it honorable in me to bear both the penalty and the disgrace of my fault myself, without calling on others to share them with me.

As the speaker sat down there was for some time only hissing and scraping, no one showing any disposition to join him. The resolution was passed and the meeting adjourned. It was not very long, however, before little groups of those who had participated in the meeting might have been heard rehearsing what had occurred censuring their own action, and extolling for his moral courage the man they had hissed. And so

the hissed man, who was a minority of one in the meeting, now found himself in the large majority. "There are moments when interest, prejudice, and passion blind men, especially in masses, and for the time the worse appears the better reason; but we may rest assured that ere long the mist will clear away and the right prevail." In many instances the resultant forces assert themselves only after the college career is ended and influences temporarily obstructive have ceased to operate.

It will not be out of place to conclude with the assertion that the tendency of college influence is toward the strengthening of faith. A young Christian's faith is sometimes shaken while he is at college to its very foundations, but rarely with other effect than that of final confirmation and establishment. The hour of testing, whenever it may come, is an hour of crisis. Happy he who meets this hour surrounded by those who have passed it and are ready to sympathize and help. The sympathy may seem to meet with no immediate recognition and the help to have been proffered in vain, but from how many who have gone from college apparently wrecked in faith, does the testimony later come that the antidote to doubt began its work while yet they lingered in the halls of *Alma Mater!*

W. B. ROYALL.

WHAT A LAW SCHOOL SHOULD DO FOR ITS STUDENTS.

According to the law of North Carolina, before a man is allowed to practise as an attorney in the Courts of the State, he must be thereto licensed by the Supreme Court. The rules of the Court require that all applicants for license shall furnish certificates of "good moral character." This any applicant can easily do; but it is also required that a certain prescribed course must be read and that the applicant shall stand a satisfactory examination on the same. Now, in order to enable

young men to meet this last requirement, various persons have at divers times and places offered their services as teachers. They have served their purposes very well; their students have passed the examinations, obtained the coveted licenses, opened offices, and set themselves up as lawyers. Thus far all has been plain sailing, now all is changed. Heretofore the vital question has been, "What does the book say?" Now it is, "What is the law?" To his extreme discomfort and disgust the student now learns that much he has been learning has been obsolete for a century and much more repealed by statute twenty-five years ago. Imagine if you can a young man of intellect, with good educational advantages, who has led his class in a law school, and stood a brilliant examination before the Court, being told by a Justice of the Peace who can scarcely read, that he is wrong about a simple question of practice. If there is anything more embarrassing for a young attorney than this, it is when the solemn truth dawns upon his mind that the Justice is correct.

The learning of the course prescribed is useful as the foundation of a broad education in the law, but it does not of itself prepare a young man to meet the difficulties attending his chosen profession. The result is that many brilliant young men become disgusted at their own mistakes and quit the business. Thousands of questions arise to puzzle and annoy them. Whatever they do is clothed with uncertainty, and it is a leap in the dark. They do not know how to prepare pleadings, questions of jurisdiction perplex them, the validity or invalidity of deeds, wills, etc., must be passed upon and their opinions given. Being totally unprepared for this work, the only resort of most young men has been to seek refuge under the wing of some kind brother who has been longer at the bar, and to get from him the information that ought to have come from the instructor in law. We have omitted on purpose all reference to our client's misfortunes,

the loss of money, property, or possibly life, by such blunders, for it is unpleasant to think about these things, and unprofitable to talk about them.

Now these things ought not so to be. The time of our young men is too valuable to them to be wasted. Instead of teaching what was the law a hundred years ago in a foreign land beyond the sea, they should be taught what is the law to-day in our own State. Advowsons, tithes, dignities, corodies, etc., might have been necessary in Blackstone's day in England, but they are of no practical benefit in North Carolina to-day. It is time that this fossil hunting in law be dispensed with, and attention turned toward fitting young men for the work they will be called on to do when they enter the profession. Let them learn the rules of practice, of evidence; let them be familiar with our own case law, our statutes, code, pleading, etc. Then they will know how to begin an action, and when and where to begin the same.

It is to be hoped that the new Wake Forest Law School will direct its work, not only to preparing its pupils for examination, but also to fitting them to meet and master the difficulties which beset a lawyer's life.

G.

CLASS POEM.

Twenty and two kind friends you see
Who graduate in ninety-three.
Our story runneth like a myth
Of intermingled woe and bliss.
Four years or more we've labored on
Through circle, sphere, ellipse and cone;
Periphrastics first and next,
Our minds with verbals have perplexed;
We've murdered verbs in Classic Greek,
And read in French four books a week.

The chain we've dragged, "stick stuck," all round
The worlds in space; we measured sound,
Traced man from monkey, cut up worms,
And learned to know rare fossil forms,
Analyzed chemical compounds,
And studied acids and the wines.
In literature we liked to dwell
Upon the words that sweetly fell
From him who now in angel throng,
Swells the charms of heavenly song.
Great man and good! thy faultless life
Shall guide us on through scenes of strife,
Until at last we hope to prove
Our love for thee in climes above.
Moreover there was other toil
In our loved Society halls;
But now we leave the tenderest tie
That joins to mothers Eu. and Phi.
Man 'gainst man in athletic sports
We realized our fondest hopes;
Side by side with friends we've played—
With friends who'll last till death's grim shade
Green spots these two in mem'ry clear
With none more precious, none more dear.

But now this fabled work is done,
The vast unknown is just begun;
The life of each henceforth depends
Upon himself and not his friends.
Now some we hope will make our laws,
Some will plead in Justice's cause,
Others collect the merchant's bills,
And one compound and roll out pills;
But one as editor will write
Of politics from morn till night.

A part will lead aspiring youth
In search of knowledge, fame and truth
That vulgar classes do not seek;
Some may drive the plow, sow the seed,
Garner the harvests of the land;
Nor happier will be any man.
Few servants of Hippocrates
Sit at his feet to learn disease,
To know of the physician's art,
That for man's ills may do their part.
The rest will point to homes above
When life is done and spent in love,
And for sin's poisons, swift and sure,
Prescribe the Great Physician's cure.
At home they'll minister this grace,
Or to some long benighted place
Bear high the torch of light divine
And burn, with its love-light benign,
The wooden images of Jove,
And in their place fix heavenly love.
Within these fields of work and thought
The names of some will here be wrought
On some low slab, mayhaps 'twill be,
Where men may search and still not see
Imbedded deep the germ of truth,
That in the years when past its youth
The "Mustard tree" o'er man shall stand,
And shield him from the world's cold hand.

Before fame's altar meekly bows
Each youth who plights his sacred vows,
That her high worth may raise him up
To sip from her o'erflowing cup,
And twine around his youthful head
The envied wreath of silvered thread.

Ye older men once had such dreams,
Which took their flight like sunlight beams;
So now with us be not severe,
To us these dreams are just as dear,
And in due time we'll realize
Within ourselves the power lies.
Let each of us do well his work,
And ne'er from duty try to shirk,
And thus reflect in all we do,
The ways of wisdom, firm and true,
Of those who've tried to lead us on
From error's gloom to truth's bright dawn.
Now armed with learning for defense,
The College sends us onward hence,
Our *Alma Mater* to sustain,
And in life's battle lose or win.
The strife is fierce, but let each heart
Do well a brave and manly part;
However great may be the deed,
However small, the heart must lead.
If strong may be the intellect,
The world its best work will expect;
Set down for profit, not for ease,
Each day that fate for you may seize.

If winds and dust and sands shall beat
In our face, and just ahead steep
Ways climb up that angels cannot
Rend apart, we might feel our lot
Undone, alone in the drear gloom
Of deceptive hope. But life's noon
May just be reached. Some sweet plants need
Be crushed and bleed before they yield
Their sweetest odors. So with life.
Man pressed down, blinded to delight,

May yet give forth, in God's own time,
The brightest works of human kind.
Pleasures sought is but time spent poor,
They vanish like the April snow;
'Mong untrod ways true worth is met,
Press on, be valiant, this is great.

In state-craft our Carolina
Has need for men, men to guide her,
Men who count as nought promotion—
She looks to you—her native sons.
No common field of labor this;
A fairer land the rain ne'er kissed.
In her cause be ne'er wanting, there
Her name, her honor, you shall wear.

C. W. WILSON.

Wake Forest College, May 29, 1893.

EDITORIALS.

THE END OF VOLUME TWELVE.

With this number *THE STUDENT* completes another year of its existence, and the editorial staff which has had it in charge during the past year is released from duty as its editors only to assume a larger duty as its supporters.

Year after year it has been customary for the outgoing staff to deliver the magazine into the charge of their successors with whatever lessons they may have learned from their experience, and in this instance this not unpleasant office falls upon the writer. Though it has been customary in other days, we hardly deem it fitting on such an occasion to dwell on the past in soft and sickening sentiment, or to paint our lurid imaginings of the future. Nor do we feel called on to regretfully tell of what we might have done, or what we might not have done; nor yet shall we rehearse the sad tales of the many insurmountable obstacles, natural, unnatural, human and inhuman, that have opposed our efforts. What has been done, is done; the present condition of *THE STUDENT* and its editors speaks for them. We have no apologies to make, no lines to rewrite, no regrets with which to weary a long-suffering public.

When we entered upon our work two great ambitions were the aim of our efforts: to make *THE STUDENT* a better magazine; and to make its publication less expensive. The figures on the books of our business manager testify to the accomplishment of the latter; as to the former, between the disgruntled croakings of the ever-present critic and the mild flattery of over-zealous friends, we hold two horns of an inexplicable dilemma. This much can be truthfully said of the

present staff: We have ever held it our office to make this magazine an exponent of the Wake Forest College students, at the same time guarding as faithfully as we might the name of the societies which chose us as their representatives, and the name of the college which the societies represent. We are not, and have never claimed to be, infallible. We can only ask that our friends attribute our shortcomings, not to lack of zeal or good intentions, but to inexperience and ignorance; our disgruntled critics may attribute them to what they may. Whatever the decision, '93 is satisfied with its work, now that it cannot be undone, feels no hesitancy in stating in our last words to friends and foes that neither in intention nor deed has it been malignant or careless. What has been done, is done—is past undoing. Therefore whatever our regrets, it must be accepted with calm, stoical and philosophical resignation.

To the new staff a volume of advice might be written, pages and pages might be consumed in pointing out the “straight and narrow way.” But it would be in vain. They must learn from our common teacher, unbending and unyielding experience. She taught us well, but we lack her great impressive force.

THE STUDENT may be improved in a hundred ways, but we only ask our successors to improve it in two. If they succeed in conforming its cover page to the plainness and simplicity of its contents, if they succeed in raising the literary standard of its contributions to a level with its editorial pages, they may rest in sweet assurance that their names will resound through the annals of North Carolina journalism in honor and glory “forever and a day.” In their personal efforts it can only be asked that they zealously endeavor to make the magazine a faithful exponent of Wake Forest College in the classroom, the literary halls, and the athletic field. We could ask nothing greater, nothing more difficult of accomplishment. Yet such should be the aim of this and every editorial staff of a college magazine.

As a training school for mind and body they will find it the severest and the best in school-boy life. As editors we are in daily contact with every condition of college existence, with every discouragement of inexperience and ignorance on the part of ourselves and of others. Such has been our history for the last twelve months. Yet we have managed to live through it in personal peace and happiness, having asked neither the charitable silence of would-be critics nor the easily gained laudations of would-be friends. Such an end has been attained, not through natural ability or fitness, but through a philosophical determination to publish whatever we thought best, in whatever manner we thought best, at whatever time we thought best, with malice toward none, with charity for none, independent of all. That it has appeared otherwise to some is no less than we anticipated.

However it be, or has been, it is with mingled sensations of pleasure that we have done our duty as best we could, and of regret that we can do it no longer in this capacity, that we deliver this magazine into the hands of expectant '94 with the assurance that their course shall be watched by us with eager interest, that whatever can be done by us for the good of the magazine shall be done, that they shall never ask in vain for the co-operation and encouragement of '93 in whatever good ends they may be engaged.

J. W. BAILEY.

THE STUDENT AND THE ALUMNI.

We hope that there is no alumnus of Wake Forest College living who is so forgetful of his *Alma Mater*, so self-absorbed, so regardless of fond memories of former days, that he will not admit that there is a place in the life of the college and in the hearts of her alumni for a monthly publication of the character of THE STUDENT. But this is only a hope; there

are hundreds of alumni of Wake Forest College who have, year in and year out, disinterestedly allowed THE STUDENT to be supported by the students of this college as a heavy burden on two hundred school-boys. For twelve years it has depended on the students for financial and literary support, and the time will shortly come when it must depend on others.

We have no means and no right to assign causes for this seeming negligence on the part of our alumni. To us they seem without excuse. The few who have attempted to explain themselves have weakly alleged that THE STUDENT, the composition of youthful and inexperienced minds, possesses but little interest to them. And in this they accuse themselves. In the first place anything from their *Alma Mater* in the shape of a representative of days that are and a reminder of days that have been, should be of more than ordinary interest to them, and, in the second place, with their co-operation and support, it can be made of interest and value to every alumnus, and they know it. Should they care to write, its pages are always open to them, and surely they can make it of interest and value to each other, as well as to the college, the students and the world by sensible contributions. In alleging that THE STUDENT lacks interest and value they accuse themselves of negligence, of short-sightedness and lack of interest. Without their financial support it can never be made more copious, but should even three hundred alumni pay their subscriptions yearly, we would be enabled to make room for fifty pages of contributions and twenty-five of editorial matter; it could reach the pinnacle of Southern college journalism, and would be of interest and value not only to alumni, but to everyone interested in education as well.

Very little is asked of the alumni by THE STUDENT, and nothing is asked which is not richly merited. No one can sensibly maintain but that it does not richly merit their support as subscribers, and surely they should be glad to communicate with friends long since forgotten through its columns,

should be glad to contrast the past and the present and draw lessons for the guidance of their *Alma Mater* in the future.

It is a reflection on our college and her sons that such is the condition of things; it is a reflection on the fair names of Philomathesia and Euzelia. But it is a reflection that can be removed and forgotten.

We have hesitated to revive this subject, long since rendered odious by oft-repeated pleas and accusations, but such is the condition of THE STUDENT that it must have support other than is obtained from the students. It has it within its power to become a lasting monument to Wake Forest College, a useful instrument in the education of her students, and a means of union of her elder sons. And this power is held by the alumni. It seems to us that in the very nature of things an alumnus of a college could not be actively loyal to his *Alma Mater* without being actively loyal to his college magazine, the one means of communicating her progress as the months pass to friends however distant, the one unending link that could bind her sons in brotherhood the world around.

Yet the college lives, the alumnus lives, and THE STUDENT lives, without mutual co-operation. How much grander would be the life, how productive of good, how mutually blessed could it be in unity through THE STUDENT!

This issue will be read by at least one thousand former students. Why should not three hundred of them pay \$1.50 for a year's subscription, and why could not twenty of them pledge to give it their attention in the matter of contributions? Such a move would place THE STUDENT at the forefront of college journalism, and could not but redound to the everlasting honor of our *Alma Mater* and her sons. Your co-operation will do it, and your co-operation costs you little. For such an end it should be given freely.

J. W. BAILEY.

OUR DUTY TO OUR ALMA MATER.

"The monarch may forget the crown,
That on his head so late hath been:
The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his own but yester's eve:
The mother may forget the babe
That smiled so sweetly on her knee;
But forget thee I will ne'er,—my Alma Mater,
And all that thou hast done for me."

A sentiment more richly and strikingly, and more truly appropriate to the occasion than that above expressed could not have been used by the orator of the class of 1893; and now, as we realize that our last words are to be written to our former schoolmates in our capacity as editor of *THE STUDENT*, we feel that nothing could be more appropriate to our last editorial than an exhortation to the newly-made alumni especially, and to all alumni generally, to take the above sentiment to their hearts, and make it of living, active worth to Wake Forest College.

The life of a college is always in the hands of its alumni; it depends on them for its name and character; it depends on them finally for support and growth; its life is their life. This, though not often considered seriously, cannot be doubted. Our college may receive millions of dollars endowment, may be guided by the wisest and truest of Faculties, and yet, if its alumni are not worthy, or, if they are worthy and are not actively loyal, its existence must be of short duration. Such being undisputably the case, then how urgently important it is that we, the sons of Wake Forest College, be worthy of her fair name, and being worthy, be actively and zealously loyal to all her interests.

It is hardly necessary for us to remind you of the many obstacles that confront us even now. More and mightier are to be met. Time will be when we shall be tempted to forget our college in the absorption of business life or in the disappointments which surely await each and all of us. But should

each one of us feel that he represents Wake Forest College in the battle, that he is fighting for her, that his record is her record, that his success is her success, that his failure is her dishonor, we are sure that the obstacles would soon become less powerful, and the disappointments far less grievous.

Our duty to our Alma Mater is not burdensome. It is no more than she who has watched over us and nurtured our talents through four years, and has finally given us to humanity as men able and worthy to maintain our civilization, could expect of us. Work confronts us, tireless, ceaseless work, and through it all we bear the name of Wake Forest. In our first efforts, before fame is more than a schoolboy's dream, she has honored us with her name; therefore, let us so live that in the evening of life, when fame and honor may be ours, that we will be an honor to her. Through all our years it shall be our duty to guard sacredly the trust and honor which she has imposed upon us, never failing to succor her in time of need, or to encourage her in all her progressive steps, caring for her as she has cared for us, aiding her as she has aided us, encouraging her as she has encouraged us, ever living to honor her as she has honored us.

J. W. BAILEY.

THE COLLEGE MAN IN POLITICS.

There is a prevalent opinion among men who would set a high price on practical training that the college man is not a success in the affairs of every-day life, and that four years of his life spent in college render him no better fitted for conducting a campaign or filling the higher offices which only men of unusual attainments should seek. If this be at all true, it is in the low, degraded sense in which the word "politics" is generally used. All that is necessary in this lower sense is a hardened conscience and a readiness to do

whatever may best serve to his own individual promotion, regardless of the consciousness of right or wrong. Doubtless a scholar of refinement and feeling would not succeed where those baser traits are required.

But politics, in the better sense, is a science that demands the attention of every man in the republic, and should receive special study by those of the brightest intellects. I doubt whether its importance is secondary to theology, and it certainly offers a wider range of thought and demands more varied attainments than perhaps any other profession. Success in politics is attained only by those who have successfully mastered the fundamental principles of political science, and nowhere else can this be learned so well as in the college. Some public men are self-made, and it was by a strenuous effort that they acquired their knowledge. This, too, is always confined to certain limits, and cannot be general. All such men confess that they might have been more useful if they had been favored with a college course of training. It is a fact that the men who have done most to mould our form of government were college-bred men. From the best institutions of those days came Jefferson, John Adams, Hamilton and James Madison, who contributed most to the formation of the Constitution. Webster and Calhoun, two of the greatest leaders in public debates, were college graduates. It is estimated now that three-fourths of the men holding the highest offices in church and state are college graduates.

Every American citizen has a share in legislating, and it is his duty to be a politician in a certain measure. The safety of our country depends upon the enlightenment of her people, and, above all, the leaders and office-holders. "The ends of good government are promoted in proportion as the standard of morality and education is raised." The relation, then, that the colleges of this country sustain to the welfare of the State is of greater importance than thought by many to be.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor

The progress of Wake Forest College in the last four years, and the unmistakable indications of the progressive steps that are to be inaugurated with the opening of the next session, should be cause for general congratulation to the friends of higher education throughout the State, and especially to the friends of the institution itself.

In course of her half century of existence as a denominational institution, this College has undoubtedly fully come up to the expectations of her founders. And now we believe she is about to surpass herself. During her past years she has taken but few backward steps, and in hundreds of instances has made slow, but decided, conservative and permanent improvement. To-day her curriculum has been thoroughly revised and reorganized; the objectionable features, made apparent by the test of years, removed, and the new order of things set forth in a catalogue that speaks of improvement even on its cover pages.

Nothing can be predicted with absolute certainty of its fulfillment by the future, but unless all signs fail, within the next decade Wake Forest College will take its natural position in the forefront of Southern institutions of learning, whether denominational or undenominational. This is the natural position for the educational nucleus of the greatest and most powerful denomination of North Carolina, and we feel that we are by no means over-sanguine in our expectations. We know that such predictions have been made time and again, without basis of fact, that have never reached successful culmination. But just now the spirit of progress, of enterprise, of energy, is pervading our atmosphere. We all know the

prime causes of this spirit; it is not a long tale. We were forced to it, and now that it is making itself felt in no uncertain degree, we are glad that it came, whether by necessity or not. Those who were so fortunate as to attend the late Commencement exercises need no testimony from us as to the extent and strength of this spirit. It was in the air, and, far more than this, it was in the hearts of the Faculty, Board of Trustees, alumni and every student of the College. The spirit of aggressive progress is upon us, and that alumnus is cold indeed who cannot feel its influence.

You, who cannot feel it, can surely see it in the new catalogue. And to it let us turn our attention.

To begin, the standard of requirements for matriculation are raised to a higher and worthier plane. We must confess that time has been when a candidate for admission might enter here with hardly a smattering knowledge of Greek, Latin, Mathematics, English or Biology. At present we read in the catalogue that the candidate should have completed two years work in Latin, Greek and Mathematics; should possess a good and serviceable knowledge of the English language, and a fair acquaintance with rudimentary Biology. Moreover, where only a short oral examination was required formerly, we have the assurance that examinations, which will be thorough tests of knowledge, will be required of each candidate hereafter. Neglect of such examinations in the past has been one of our most grievous faults, and we rejoice to see it corrected.

While we are speaking of preparation for entrance, let us say that there is absolutely no preparatory department in the college, although at the same time we would inform those who haven't the time or the money for preparation, that arrangements have been perfected whereby the applicant for admission may receive special instruction in Latin, Greek and Mathematics, under the direction either of the head of the school itself or his assistant. No arrangements have been made for preparation in the other schools.

Again, there is but one school in the entire curriculum which has not been made considerably more extensive. In Latin and Greek, lectures on the philology and character of the works of the authors read, and especial instruction in the history of their times, are to be added. And what should be hailed with rejoicings by the specialists in those languages, the long-felt want of systematized postgraduate work has been supplied by the institution of Latin and Greek seminaries. These are the only two courses of their kind in this State, and should be an inducement to student of the classics.

In English the most radical and most valuable changes have been made. Instead of a condensed two years course as heretofore, we are to have a complete, well-rounded four years course. Instruction is given in Old and Middle English, and extensive parallel reading throughout the course is required. But above all this we believe that the most valuable move was made when it was decided that the student of English should be required to prepare essays each month. Exercises are required of the student of foreign languages in every institution, but it seems that the modern instructor in the English language usually takes it for granted that the student can wield his mother tongue to advantage. And here he makes a mistake. It is seldom that one has the pleasure of reading an article in these days that is written in a readable style. Let Wake Forest but teach her English students how to use their mother tongue in a manner that is simple, entertaining and pure, and we shall never care three straws whether they can quote Shakespeare's gods and discuss his devils or not.

We hope that the Faculty will allow an essay medal to be attached to the new English course. Just here we have not space to discuss the merits and demerits of medals in colleges, and will only call the attention of the authorities to the value of the one already awarded by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr. Are you not witnesses of the desire which the late contestants

manifested to consume time in work which otherwise would have been lost? Will not each of the contestants testify that his work was most valuable? We have nothing to say in regard to giving medals for proficiency in other schools, but in this day of "bad English, and lots of it," too many inducements cannot be offered to the rising generation to cultivate a closer acquaintance with their mother tongue. The higher universities are already complaining that the colleges do not afford sufficient knowledge of the English language. Let Wake Forest College take a step in advance and encourage her students to redoubled efforts toward this end. With her course faithfully pursued as set forth in the catalogue, she only lacks the ever-enticing glitter of gold to lead the student into paths of careful, thoughtful and useful study.

Another feature that is of decidedly practical value appears in the scientific schools: In Chemistry the facilities and scope of the applied course have been greatly increased, with the aim of instructing the student in practical analysis and assaying. The school of Astronomy has been rendered more practical and effective by the addition of apparatus, and hereafter the course of instruction will extend through the year, instead of a single term as heretofore. In Surveying and Navigation, a series of lectures on road-making, and practical engineering work in the field are added. Instruction in this school extends throughout the year also.

The school of Political Economy, under President Taylor and Professor Sikes, should be second to none in the South. These are times that demand that every citizen should be thoroughly acquainted with the fundamental principles of political and social science, and we believe, with the present resources and arrangements, that Wake Forest cannot be excelled in this State, so far as instruction in these branches is concerned.

Another departure that has already met with general approval throughout the State is the new School of Law under

the direction of the well known jurists, Judges Walter Clark and George V. Strong, LL.D., and Mr. N. Y. Gulley. Wake Forest has been slow to make this step for many reasons. And now that it has been inaugurated, after the mature deliberation of our most conservative men, there is no reason why it should not be a success from its incipency. It is the opinion of many of our best men that the School should have been established many years ago, and indeed there has always been a crying need for it, and just at this stage there is a greater need for it than ever. No longer shall our Baptist boys be compelled to seek other institutions for a full equipment for the legal profession. Here at Wake Forest they can find equipment and instructors the equal of any in the State. That this move to the front should be encouraged by every citizen of the State, that this School should receive a fair share of the patronage of all young men who look to the legal profession, that the Baptist denomination, above all others, should cherish and support it liberally, are duties too apparent to admit of argument. The Law School is at last established on a permanent foundation, and we feel no hesitancy in predicting that no young man will regret having received instructions under its able and distinguished directors, and that it will be but a few years before our great denomination shall look upon the day it was established with pride and rejoicings, and will ever regard it as one of their most fortunate additions to Wake Forest College.

Now let the equipment of our preparatory course of Medicine be extended to compare favorably with that of our School of Law, and truly Wake Forest College will be second to no institution of its kind in the country. It will come, and the year of its coming is not far distant.

We only wish that time, patience and space would allow us to dwell on the increasing advantages and consequent inducements of the improvements in other departments, especially of that leading to pharmacy, of the great facilities of our reading-

room, library, laboratories, literary societies, location, etc.; all of which combine to make Wake Forest College an institution of unsurpassed advantages.

We are in the line of progress, and the sooner the general public are made aware of the fact, the better for all concerned.

This, the midsummer issue of *THE STUDENT*, might fittingly be called our special college number. All of the contributions and a large part of the editorial pages are devoted to articles that we have thought of interest to the general public. In everything that has been written the aim has been to give the reader a true idea of the progress of the college, and the large inducements which it offers to young men of almost every sphere of life. We would invite those into whose hands a copy of this number may fall to read it carefully, and, if not interested in education, to give it to someone who is contemplating a collegiate education.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RUFUS WEAVER, Editor.

THE Harpers publish this month in book form the romance, *The Refugees*, by A. Conan Doyle, which has been appearing in *Harper's Magazine*.

MISS MARGARET SYMONDS, the daughter of the late John Addington Symonds, is the author of a new novel called *The Doge's Farm*.

Catherine Elsmere's Widowhood is the title of a book by E. Chabot, which purports to be a sequel to Mrs. Humphrey Ward's well-known novel, *Robert Elsmere*.

The Dictator, by Justin McCarthy, is the recent contribution to an increasing type of fiction that is both didactic and entertaining. [Post, 8vo., cloth, \$1.25; Harper Brothers.]

The Women of the Valois Court is the first volume of a series of books by Imbert de Saint Amand, describing the lives of the leading women who have shaped very largely the destinies of the French people.

IN *Social Struggles* Prof. H. H. Boyesen has delineated with skill, vigor and grace the laughable efforts of a Western millionaire and his family in forcing their way into the select circles of New York society. [12mo., cloth, \$1.25; Scribner's.]

A Cathedral Courtship and *Penelope's English Experience* are two clever sketches by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin. There is a courtship in each story, and the experiences of the heroines are so laughable as to utterly destroy the most distressing attack of the blues and to bring sunshine wherever they go. [12mo., \$1; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS spent the closing hours of his active life in revising the proof-sheets of *The Life of Michael Angelo*. Of this work *The Academy* (London) speaks as follows: "As a labor of love, as the tribute of a lover of beautiful things to the maker of them, it merits all praise; as a dictionary, a solid contribution to history, it has the unique advantage of being based upon hitherto unexplored sources of evidence; as a work of art it stands out as the best and sincerest work its author can give us."

The Victorian Age of English Literature, by Mrs. Oliphant, is the latest work of this tireless writer. It appears in two volumes, nicely bound in cloth. The charm of her style, the justness of her criticisms and the thorough knowledge that she possesses of English literature will make this work much sought after by students of literature. "The lives and writings of five hundred literary celebrities are passed under the author's discerning review in these volumes, which likewise contain the history of the inception and development of innumerable magazines, newspapers, etc., more or less known to fame."

BRET HARTE'S latest collection of short stories, *Sally Dows and Other Stories*, is considered by some critics to be superior to anything that he has written since *The Luck of Roaring Camp* aroused the disgust and admiration of the literary world. The volume opens with a Southern story of the war and reconstruction period. The others describe Western life, and have much of the old California atmosphere. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

"Shall I complain because the feast is o'er
 And all the banquet lights have ceased to shine?
 For joy that was and is no longer mine;
 For love that came and went and comes no more;
 For hopes and dreams that left my open door—
 Shall I, who hold the past in fee, repine?
 Nay! there are those who never quaffed life's wine;
 There were the unblest fate one might deplore.

To sit alone and dream at set of sun,
 When all the world is vague with coming night;
 To hear old voices whisper, sweet and low,
 And see dear faces steal back, one by one,
 And thrill anew to each long-past delight—
 Shall I complain, who still this bliss may know?"

—*Louise Chandler Moulton in Scribner's.*

"WHAT shall I read during the summer?" is now the common query. Read, during these hot days, what you want to read. In the lighter forms of literature you will find no book more interesting than *The Little Minister*, strong, humorous, pathetic. Criticism will give no clear conception of the work, and since, in paper, it costs only fifty cents, you can afford to try it. *Stories from Scribner* are good, especially the railroad series. *Tess of D'Urberville*, by Hardy, is praised by critics, but I found it dull, though his delineation of character is strong. *Without Dogma*, by an unpronounceable Polish writer, is creating more interest than any other book, except Maarten Maarten's *God's Fool*. You, perhaps, notice that the leading novels of the day are the productions of foreign soil. Why it is I do not know.

If you are theologically inclined and interested especially in higher criticism and the recent heresy trials, Prof. S. R. Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament* will be of service in carrying on your investigations. *Christian Ethics*, by Newman Smyth, is a noble book, full of rich, forcible thought. In a more recent work, entitled *Apologetics*, Prof. Alexander B. Bruce states the effect of the present trend of religious belief upon Christianity. These, together with *God in His World* and *Amiel's Journal*, will furnish sufficient theological food.

The admirers of the world's greatest thinker, Herbert Spencer, will peruse with thoughtful interest his second volume of *The Principles of Ethics*.

The amatorial letter-writer will find a collection of poems, edited by William Watson and entitled *Lyric Love*, of great value in describing the divine passion. By the way, Watson's *Lachrymæ Musarum* is an excellent poem, tender and beautiful in expression and full of poetry.

I have just finished Dr. Holland's *Sevenoaks*, and if you have not read it, do so by all means, and may you derive the rich enjoyment from its perusal that I did. Good night!

ATHLETICS IN COLLEGE DURING '93.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

All are gratified who have closely watched the workings of athletics in Wake Forest since the establishment of indoor and outdoor sports, and many who at first were unfriendly to it, are its strongest supporters now that they see the intimate relation the park and gymnasium bear to the class-room. Under the management of Prof. Sikes, physical culture, this year, as never before, has impressed its merits upon the

people, and demands the recognition and support of all liberal-minded men. Ten years ago collegestudents completed a four-year's course, all broken down in health, and needed a year or two to recuperate before they were fitted in body for the work chosen. They were suggestively called book-worms—dyspeptic, nervous, hollow-eyed and pale. Many of them came here strong and healthy lads from the farm, and in four years went home with slender white hands and a wasted physique, requiring narcotics to make the night bearable.

The present system of physical training has reversed this state of things. Those who enter college sallow and thin from the office or shop, leave with the hue of health on the face and the activity of the athlete in the step. The course of training in the gymnasium this year has been thorough and attended by all students, and the weaker parts of the system received special attention. On the park the training has been vigorous and enjoyed by many, and in the ten match-games in football and baseball, that great bugbear, immorality and injury, has been conspicuously absent. Not a single injury received by any player, nor a wager laid.

A more robust set of students never went out from the institution. Even the forties, when agriculture constituted a part of the college course, could not boast of a student-body of physical manhood superior to that of ninety-three. Along with the physical training the moral deportment of the student-body has been better. These sports distract the mind from so much rowdyism, and now it is a thing almost unknown in college. And likewise the work in the classroom has been of a superior nature. Those students who were first in athletics were by no means last in text-books, and the harmonious relations between athletics and the general work of the college are satisfactory to the Professors, and when the course is completed in this way, the student himself and his parents will be better pleased with his education.

C. W. WILSON.

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. T. BUXTON, Editor pro tem.

—'49. W. C. Parker is principal of Seaboard and Roanoke Institute, at Seaboard, Northampton County. As an educator, Mr. Parker's name is at the head of the list. This is a flourishing school and has just closed one of its most prosperous sessions. In no other section of the State is there such need of a good permanent school, and we believe Mr. Parker is the man for the place.

—'61. Dr. G. W. Sanderlin has recently been assigned an office in the U. S. Treasury Department, which he well deserves.

—'79. E. F. Aydlett is a prosperous and popular lawyer at Elizabeth City. He has already established a state-wide reputation in his profession, and is rapidly growing in popularity.

—'81. C. W. Mitchell is a thriving merchant at Aulander, Bertie County, and deserves special mention. He was an active and useful member of the last State Senate, and fulfilled with honor to himself and his *Alma Mater* the duties of his office. Would that more of Wake Forest's sons would devote their time to the political interests of the State.

—'81-'82. Dr. M. Bolton is located at Rich Square, Northampton County. He is a physician of talent and promise, and has a large and growing practice.

—'82. J. W. Fleetwood serves as Register of Deeds in Northampton County. He performs faithfully his official duties, and exerts much influence for good in his community.

—We were glad to have with us for a short while, some time since, Dr. A. C. Liverman ('82-'86), the popular and thriving dentist of Scotland Neck.

—'85-'86. Rev. H. T. Williams, of Seaboard, is pastor of two churches in Northampton County. He is a good preacher and a whole-souled, faithful and energetic pastor. He is honored by his members, and has a warm place in the hearts of all who know him.

—'86-'88. F. R. Harris is a progressive lawyer at Jackson, Northampton County. He is a young man of special talent, and having been at the bar only a short while has already attained great success.

—'88. Claude Kitchen, Esq. is a growing young lawyer of Scotland Neck. He is in copartnership with his father, the staunch Democrat who did such mighty work in the last campaign. Mr. Kitchen is a popular young man, and has a growing practice.

—'88. E. F. Early is collecting agent for the *News and Observer*.

—'89. W. W. Early has recently completed the medical course at the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Early, while at school, established quite a reputation as a student and graduated with high honors. We feel confident that he will attain success in his chosen profession.

—'89. H. M. Shaw is a successful and popular young lawyer at Oxford. We predict and wish for him a successful career in the profession of his choice.

—'91. C. B. Williams, valedictorian of his class, who is now pastor of churches in Hertford County, has received a call from the First Baptist Church, Fayetteville.

—91. Rev. F. M. Royall, having finished with credit his course at the Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, leaves for China, his future field, next November.

—'92. Rev. James Long (Essay and Oratorical Medalist '92) is attending the Theological Seminary at Rochester, N. Y. He will preach to churches in that State during the summer.

—'92. J. A. Williams is pursuing a medical course at the University of Pennsylvania.

—'92. H. T. Aydlett is studying medicine at the University of Virginia. THE STUDENT wishes him much success in his chosen profession.

—'92. W. W. Vass is pursuing the law course at the University of North Carolina. Our best wishes are with him.

—'92. Rev. W. R. Cullom, who has been attending the Seminary during the past year, will supply the churches of Rev. J. W. Lynch in and around Danville, Va.

—'92. O. H. Dockery is pursuing the commercial course at Poughkeepsie.

—'92. Rev. J. G. Blalock will supply the church at Hickory during the summer.

—'93. F. P. Hobgood has accepted a position as teacher in the Oxford Female Seminary. He is well qualified for this position, and we have no doubt but that he will attain success as a teacher. The patrons of the school are to be congratulated upon their choice.

—'93. Rev. J. D. Moore has accepted a call to the church at Beaufort. While at college Mr. Moore was a faithful student and we believe there is a bright future before him.

—'93. Rev. S. J. Porter, who is now spending a short while at his home, will sail for Brazil, his future field, in July. May he meet with success in his calling to rescue the heathen. We will be glad to hear from him through the pages of THE STUDENT.

EXCHANGES.

C. W. WILSON, Editor.

With this last word the Exchange Editor hands his pen over to another man who knows little of the nature of the work that he is to do. He may worry and sweat and wish he had not aspired to such an honor when he is called upon to submit meekly to the taunts and thrusts and criticisms of exchanges; but withal the work of the closing year has been pleasant and interesting. With peculiar interest we have watched and studied the nature and work of the various magazines, and in most cases the development has been pleasing. Some few are too much occupied with oratorical contests, publishing the winning oration and essay the whole year round. This, we dare say, is not interesting to those most closely connected with the institution, and is far from pleasing to those abroad who read. We would not eliminate this entirely, for many of them are worthy of publication, but some living question is more instructive and satisfactory. These questions are difficult for a school-boy to handle, because he is shut out from the world and his research is limited more nearly to history; still such should be encouraged among the students of America. It is they who will, in a few years, have to shape the destiny of our republic. Brains will rule, and, although a surplus is not found in a great number of college students, it is among this class they are looked for; and the earlier the student-body can be convinced of this fact and the importance of the living questions, the stronger will be the bulwark against the evils threatening our country.

It is encouraging to note that a majority of our exchanges are looking in this direction. They are putting off boyishness and attending to things of more weight. The work

of the college press to-day is decidedly ahead of that of the past, and still its possibilities are increasing; a greater work is yet ahead. THE STUDENT wishes to thank her many exchanges for their frequent visits during the year. We have criticised and commended according as we saw fit. It was all done in a generous spirit, and in any case wherein we disagreed with others it was simply an expression of our individual opinion, which, however, can be worth but little, but given for all it was worth.

We credit the incoming corps of editors with better taste, both æsthetic and literary, than we had, and feel that we can assure our readers of a neat plain cover next year instead of the gaudy display of pictures that has characterized this volume. We express a hope that the next volume of THE STUDENT may be improved, both in appearance and literary character.

THE HILL AND THE CAMPUS.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor.

To-day, almost two months have passed since the graduates of 1893 conversed with the genial Hill-folk and rested beneath the kindly shade of the campus oaks for the last time as students of Wake Forest College; and all of us, no doubt, have severely realized among what pleasant people and in what pleasant places our lines had fallen during our college days.

We do not care for weakly sentiment, we could never abide idiotic and empty flattery, and surely we would not vainly long for a day that is dead, but it seems to us that this last effort of the editor to fill the pages allotted to the Hill and the Campus cannot be more opportunely or fittingly devoted to other than the people and the scenes which we leave behind

us, and incidentally to an attempt to give the troubled would-be Freshman an idea of the social environments of college life.

We are glad, verily glad, that we have had no complicated wheel-of-fortune and misfortune, foppish, foolish, fanatical, inhuman and ungodly social organization to harrass and hamper our existence as a student.

Many and varied are the students who come and go with the years, but the residents are ever one and the same, gentle, sympathetic human beings, ever zealous for the welfare of the troubled Freshman, ever charitable to the haughty Senior. We believe that nowhere on earth could be formed or found a social circle which so combines simplicity, gentility and piety that each and every stranger can be made to feel that his situation is congenial and that his social obligations never strained, irksome or wearisome. Yet this is true of Wake Forest. Her people are as hospitable and as genial as the shady nooks of the campus are to the examination-weary student in May. It is a development of half a century of active acquaintance and study of college life, and its results are most gratifying. The city youth needs neither a letter of recommendation from the McAlister of his burg, nor the apparel of a city fop; the country lad needs only a God-given respectability to gain entrance into the purest, most congenial and most truly civilized society to be found. Would that the idiotic apes of the New York "four hundred" in our lesser Southern cities might once mingle with these people, whose only guide is a simple regard for the laws of God, and whose only aim and ambition is to make others happy. The world must come back to this state in time. The process may be ever so long, hearts may break, brains may topple, fashion bazaars may reap fortunes, a generation now rising may be accursed with its existence a few years longer, but the end must come—an end heralded by respectability and good sense, and demanded by civilization. But we are digressing. The Hill is congenial. What of the Campus?

Naturally the situation is one of the most beautiful within the limits of the State. By many it has been pronounced unsurpassed for a college anywhere. We will not attempt a description in an article so limited.

The pleasures of college life are never over-estimated, and we know they could not be at Wake Forest. What friendships are formed among those who meet from far-diverging points! What talks and plans and dreams are indulged in by guardian-professor and charge, by student and fellow-student—yea, by man and maiden—on those old rustics, when day's work is done, and there's nothing else to do but sit in the evening breezes in the moonlit shadows of those old and rugged but kindly, time-honored and time-worn oaks, and talk and plan and dream! Years will pass, other friends will be made and forgotten, but we know that the friendships and the pleasures of those days can never die.

Day, too, has its joyous hours—has its mornings of work, afternoons of reading and athletics and various diversions; but night alone brings complete peace to a college student.

"For the nights shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arab,
And silently steal away."

One by one the class go, slowly but surely the residents are removed, but the college remains the same. The village gentility is "bred in the bone," and neither time nor its varied changes can erase it. It is as everlasting as the Hill itself.

The doubtful Freshman need have no fears. Wake Forest College, in the smiling faces, jovial dispositions and kindly hearts of its residents, is quite different from the cold and formal hospitality of other institutions. The fellow-feeling that pervades the student-body in the Literary halls, on the ball-field and over the campus makes college life far more congenial to the home-sick Freshman than he would ever imagine. In his first few weeks he may be the victim of many a practical joke, but he may always rest assured that he is in the

hands of gentlemanly friends, whatever the time of night or however dubious the surrounding faces may appear.

Yes, Wake Forest is inviting from the very nature of its location, in its residents, professors and students; and the tasks imposed are no more and no less than are calculated to instil in the growing mind of the student the principles of a successful life.

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM HARTWELL PACE.

The life of every successful man whose career is ended is, in a true sense, a public possession. Biography, as well as history, is philosophy teaching by example. Divine revelation consists largely of the record of human lives as object-lessons of good and evil conduct, and we do well to mark well the lives of our own contemporaries, that we may discover, by close analysis, the causes of their success or failure.

Not merely, therefore, because of the esteem in which he was held by the writer—not as a matter of empty sentiment, but with the hope of educing lessons which may be valuable to the young and aspiring, and with the desire of stimulating a worthy ambition, it is proposed to notice some of the relations in which the writer has personally known the late WILLIAM H. PACE, of Raleigh, N. C.

My first meeting with him was in one of the old Society Halls on the fourth story of the Dormitory Building of the College. I was a young professor, who had recently taken a chair in his *Alma Mater*, from which he had graduated about eighteen months before. He was a law student in Raleigh. The interview was brief, but I remember it with the greatest distinctness and pleasure, not only because it was the beginning of a friendship which was only terminated by his death, but because of the impression which he made upon me at the

time. There was in his manner a vivacity, a geniality and a friendliness which charmed me then, and which was never wanting in any of our subsequent interviews.

It was not long before, as pastor of Wake Cross-roads Church, I came to know him better. Though he lived in Raleigh, some miles away, he was rarely absent from the monthly meeting of the old church which he had attended from his earliest infancy; and he came, not as a matter of social enjoyment, but in order that he might be useful. He took an active part in the Sunday-school, never failed to respond when he was called upon to take public part in the devotional exercises, and contributed to every worthy object that appealed to the beneficence of the church. Dr. Pritchard, who was at that time pastor of the Baptist Church in Raleigh, has stated since the death of Mr. Pace that he declined for some time to remove his membership to Raleigh, on the ground that he could be more useful at his old church. His example in retaining membership in a country church instead of joining one in the city in which he lived is not presented as one to be universally followed—he himself would have condemned such a policy—but it is certain that his presence and influence in the Cross-roads Church were exceedingly stimulating and helpful.

It was during this period that I spent several days with him at his father's home in Wake county. In long walks together, in the hours spent fishing on his father's pond, in the communings of long twilight hours, protracted under the starlight of summer skies, I came to know him well and to enter sympathetically—for we were nearly the same age—into his plans and ambitions, his struggles and hopes.

It was about this time that he had some political aspirations, and, having been nominated for the Legislature, made a brilliant canvass of his county. He probably came as near succeeding as any man of his party could have done at the time. I think that while he ever after valued the lessons which his experience had taught him, he never regretted his defeat.

Henceforth, though always an interested and active servant of his party as a patriotic citizen, he would never allow himself to be brought forward again as a candidate for office.

During the twenty years of his career as a lawyer in Raleigh I had frequent occasions of observing his assiduity and faithfulness in many relations. His capacity for work was marvelous. It was no lucky turn of fortune's wheel, but ceaseless industry and unremitting energy that brought him his unusual success as a business lawyer. He was not satisfied until he had mastered the details and the legal principles of every case committed to him. No matter of business placed in his hands was too trivial to claim his careful, conscientious attention. He was prompt in his correspondence and engagements. He had no tolerance for needless procrastination. I cannot remember an instance in which any one of my hundreds of business letters to him was not answered by the next mail, unless he was absent from home; and in correspondence and interview he knew how to go right to the heart of a question. Sometimes I have sat in his office, waiting for an interview with him, while a score of clients, from country and city, came in to consult him; and it was marvelous to witness the clear and straightforward way in which he would sift out the essential points from confused statements, and then indicate the course to be pursued. And not only in his legal practice and his business transactions did this practical tendency manifest itself; he was always plain and outspoken in the expression of his opinions. No one was ever left in uncertainty as to his views, if he undertook to express them at all. He always struck straight out from the shoulder. Yet there were very few cases in which his candor and honesty of dealing wounded the feelings of others. He commanded the respect even of his opponents, by the sincerity of his purpose.

During all these years of unremitted work in his profession Mr. Pace was equally active as a Christian layman. Few lives have more strikingly illustrated the inspired ideal, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

For the service of the church, of which he was a consistent and useful member, and of the Sunday-school, of which, as scholar, teacher or superintendent, he was a never-failing attendant, he gave freely his time, labor and money. As a member of important boards, and as a member of the Baptist State Convention, over which he for two years presided, he exerted a wide and salutary influence. He willingly represented various departments of Christian work at the District Associations, and, though welcomed in the highest social circles, he never hesitated to mingle and co-operate with the humblest of his brethren.

No alumnus of Wake Forest College has ever been more thoroughly loyal to it. No friend of the College has been more practically helpful. He took a genuine interest in everything pertaining to its interests, and gave much thought to the ways and means by which it could be made a great and useful institution, and his judgment, whether in matters of general policy or of minor detail, with scarcely an exception, proved unerring in its wisdom. And it may be doubted whether in any of the numerous public enterprises, secular and religious, with which he was identified he will be more missed than in the counsels of the Trustees of the College.

Such a life, full, as it was, of manifold activity in Christian work, was the natural outcome of a vigorous intellect and imperious will, moulded and shaped under the influence of the Gospel of the Grace of God. He believed the Bible, and sought to be guided by its teachings. He had little patience with new theologies. His convictions as a Baptist and his tolerance as a Christian were equally intelligent and decided. There was a manliness and an absence of religious affectations in his religion which compelled all men to respect it. The profession to which Mr. Pace belonged is not unfrequently spoken of as unfriendly to the development of any high type of piety or usefulness. But such characters and careers as his prove that, even in the legal profession, there is no essential incompatibility between business and devotion.

T.

